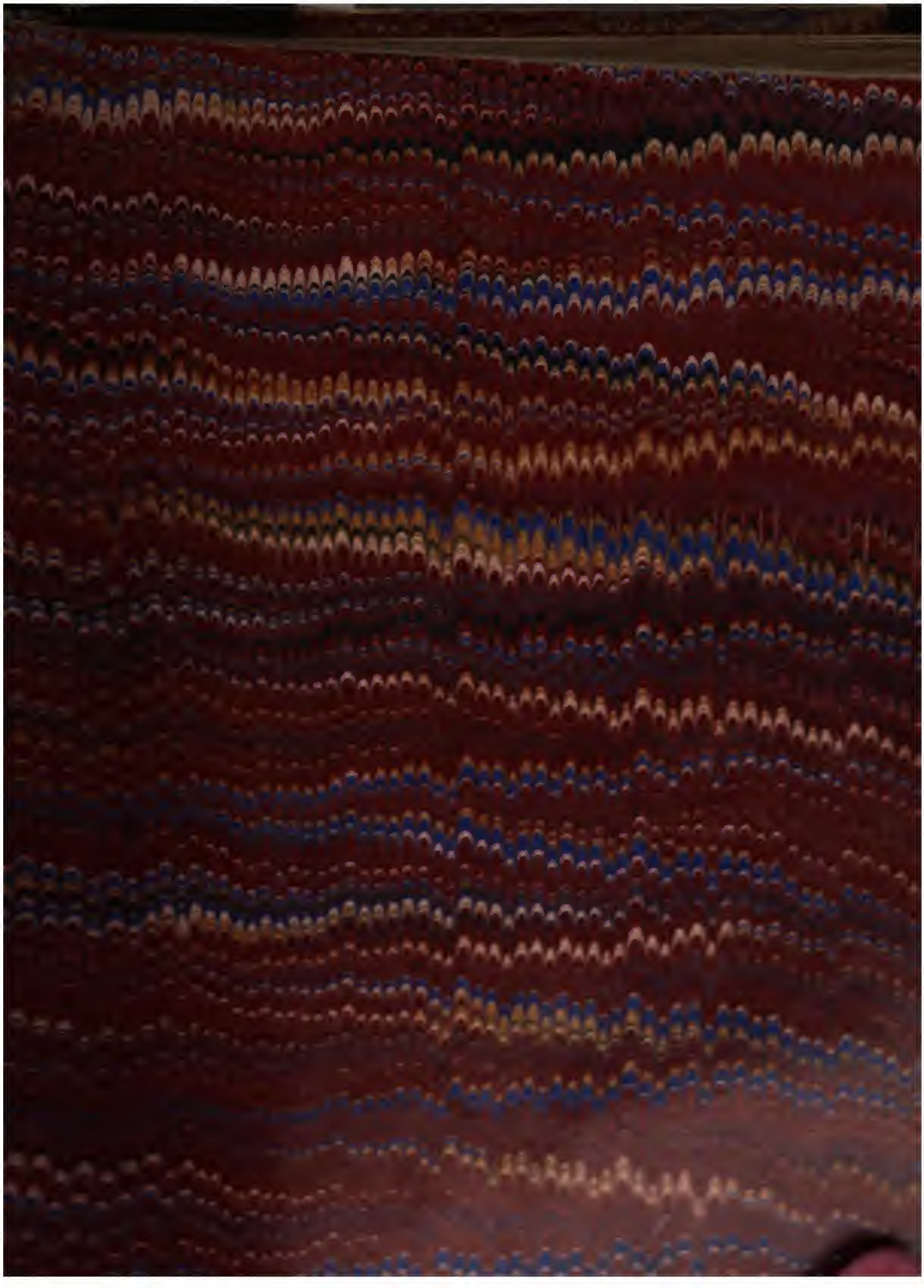

XXXI

ALBA.

THE MONTH'S MINDE

OF

A MELANCHOLY LOVER.

BY

ROBERT TOFTE, GENTLEMAN.

(1598.)

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Bibliographers—earlier and later—have with less or more completeness and less or more accuracy, recorded the title-pages of the various books of 'Robert Tofte Gentleman'; but no one has so much as tried apparently to recover aught about himself. Even JOSEPH HUNTER'S vast (literary) Waste-paper Basket, yclept 'Chorus Vatum,' yields not a single syllable on him—indeed, strange to say, does not even register his name in any one of its numerous lists of names. An additional vexation in pursuing my researches has been the (relatively) abundant notices in all kinds of topographical and genealogical authorities of unremarkable Tufts and Tofts, and especially of the notorious impostor, the 'Rabbit-Breeder' Mary Tofts. Over and over I would hap on the name and expect light; but lo! it was invariably some unsought-for Tuft or Toft or the inevitable Mary Tofts!

By my usual good fortune, I have got at the personality of our Worthy; but alas! little more. As is so frequently the case, a Parish-Register of his death, is the first guiding *item*, as thus:—

Buried at St Andrew's Holborn
16$\frac{1}{2}$$\frac{8}{9}$ Jan. 24 Robert Tofte, Gent, out of Widow
Goodal's house near Barnard's Inn.

This entry—which was furnished me by my always-helpful friend Colonel Chester of London—suggested search for his Will; and to my great joy it was almost immediately discovered for me by the same good friend. I have the satisfaction to print it *for the first time*, and *literatim*, as follows (slight punctuation only added):

In the name of God amen Anno dominj one thowsand six hundred and Eighteene and of March the thirtieth. As man ys mortall, so is his fleshe corrupt, and as Deathe is most sure soe is the hower thereof most vncertayne.

Nothing is here in this worlde but what is transitorie; onlie the Soule yf yt doth well enioyeth Immortalitie. To prevent therfore the sommons of sodayne Deathe, mans state beyng so tickle, his life so fickle and his End so doubtfull, I nowe purpose by gods grace to dispose of that litle wealthe which god hath blest me withall, before any suche chaunce should happen, that making an end with this worlde I may live in that other to come which hathe no end for ever: Least deferring it from daye to daye I be ourtaken of the suddayne with deadlie sicknes and then allthoughe I be willing yet cannot I doe what fayne I desire and would. And therfore I ordayne and make this my last will and Testament as foloweth Revoking and Disalowing all other Willes whatsoever: ffirst I Robert Toft of London gent beyng well in bodie and sound in mynde (thanckes vnto the highest for the same) bequeath my soule vnto my Savyoure Jesus Xriste and my bodie to be buried where I shall appoynte, affirming my ffaithe and beleife to be suche as is the auncient Catholicke and Apostolicke faith and Creede and suche as the holie fathers, Patriarkes Prophettes Apostles and Martirs did profefse, I knowing and acknowledging my selfe to be a most vile and wretched Synner and that thoroughe synne I haue deserved euerlasting deathe. But by the grace and mercy from aboue hope to enioye etearnall life, not beleving nor once ymmagining to be saved by any Deede or meritt of myne owne (for alas good is none nor godlilie can any one doe of hym selfe but onlie by the pafsion and precious bloud of oure only Savyoure Jesus Xriste Whoe cam into the worlde to save Repentant Synners, of which nomber I acknowledge my selfe to be one: And therfore vndoubtedlie perswade my selfe I shalbe saved by his Deathe and that I was borne and predestinated (as beyng his chosen childe) vnto Salvation, and the contrary to this neither the fleshe the worlde nor the Divell hym selfe shalbe able to perswade me, suche and so stronge is my sound faithe in this poynte not vnlyke an vnpregnable rocke which is never to be removed come what tempest storme surge waves or Seas whatsoeuer: As for that smale estate which god hath bestowed vppon me, as yt came from my freindes so will I bestowe yt where I haue found most truest freindshipp. I houlding yt a matter of conscience not to bequeathe yt vnto my neerest kyndred and some other of myne acquayntannce rather then vppon strangers or on some of my kynnesfolkes whose vndeserved vnkyndenes and ingratitude towardes me hath estrannged my harte from them: ffirst therfore I giue and bequeathe vnto my young Cosin Thomas Vrrie the sonne of Thomas Vrrie of Thorlie Courte in the Isle of Wighte gentleman ffyve hundred markes of lawfull english money, which my Executor hereafter named shall paye vnto hym beyng of the age of Twentie one yeres: But yf yt fortune that my Cosin M'ris Jane Vrrie the foresaid Childes mother shall survive her husband Then my will is that she her selfe shall haue the benefitt therof vntill her childe shall come to full yeres, and then to repaye backe agayne the sayed somme of fyve hundred markes vnto hym: And yf the foresayed childe should happen to dye before that tyme (which god forbid) Then my Will is that theise fyve hundred markes shall goe and be vnto my foresayed Cosin his Mother for euer. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my foresayed young Cosin Thom's Vrrie the yonnger, one ffeatherbed one Bolster one Downe pillowe and a Tapistrie Coverlet: All wch are nowe in the house and Custodie of Robert

Lamborne ffarmer of Trinitie Barton by Winton. Item I giue vnto my foresayed young Cosin Thomas Vrrie one Bason and Ewer of silver and guilte with my Coate or Armes thervppon beyng abowte the valewe of twentie poundes: And yf my Cosin Jane his mother survive hym: Then she to dispose thereof as she shall please. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my good Aunte M^rs. Elizabeth Daye widowe twentie poundes: And to her Daughter my foresayed Cosin Jane Vrrie, a casting bottle of silver and guilte and a fyne pillow beere wroughte ouer with fyne blacke silke and twentie poundes in money. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my Cosin Mary Daye the nowe widowe of Beniamyn Daye Deceased Twentie poundes: And to my twoe Cosins her Children twentie shillings a peece And to my Cosin Mrs Margaret Burrishe her sister a Ryng of twentie shillings, praying her to accept of yt in good parte and not to take exceptions herein, considering the meane estate of her Sister Marye in Respecte of her owne: Item I giue vnto my Cosin Margaret Daye wife vnto my Cosin George Daye of West drayton in the Countie of Middlesex gent a little sweetebagg of Crymson Taffata and an umbrello of perfumed leather with a gould fryndge abowte yt which I broughte out of Italie: Item I giue vnto my litle Cosin John Daye the sonne of my foresayed Cosin George Daye of West drayton twoe hundred poundes in money, one ffeatherbed one Bolster a Downe pillowe a blanket and a duble Coverlett of Arras with the Bedstead Curtaines and vallances belonging to the same: All which stuffe is in my Chaumber at Mrs Goodhall's house in Holborne. Item I giue vnto Robert Lamborne ffarmer of Trinitie Barton ffarme by Winton Twentie poundes in money And to Tristam Locke Taylor nowe Dwelling at St Crofses by Winton Twentie Nobles. Item I giue vnto Mary Vrrye the daughter of William Vrry of Hill place by Thorlie in the Isle of Wight tenne poundes of money: And to Stephen fframpton of Whippingham in the same Iland yeoman, the somme of fyve poundes. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto Dorothie Popley the daughter of Captaine Oliver Popley Deceased, the somme of one hundred poundes of lawfull Englishe money to be payed to her either at the Daye of her marriage or when she shalbe twentie one yeres old: Provided that the saied hundred poundes be put out to maynetayne her till she be marryed and that she will fullie cast not her selfe awaye in marriage but have the good Will of my Executor hereafter named abowte her choice. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto the aforesayed Dorothie Popley all suche of my plate as shall haue theise twoe Letters D: and P: vppon the same and halfe of all my Lynnen whatsoeuer: And the other halfe of my Lynnen, I giue and bequeathe vnto my goddaughter Rebecca Hancock and fyve poundes in money. And so likewise I giue unto Hester Hancock her Sister fyve poundes more, I say ffyve poundes. Item I giue unto the righte worshippfull S^r. Anthony Benn my kynnesman and nowe Recorder of London, a gould Ryng with a turkey stone therein, Desyring hym to weare yt for my sake. And to my Cosin Annabella Benn his Daughter a litle ffrenche Chayne or Bracelett of gould. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto the righte vertuous the Ladie Jane Benn, To myne old cosin M^rs. Elizabeth Benn widowe, To my Cosin Mary Benn and to her twoe sisters all fyve in number, to eache of them a gould Ryng enamiled of an Anngell price, with this posie engraven: Donum Morientis Amicj. Item I will and

bequeathe fyve poundes to the poore of St Andrewes parishe in Holbourne wherevnto I will that three poundes of the same be bestowed on the poore of Whites Alley in the same parishe and of the sayed three poundes goodman Maddox or his wife to have thirteene shillinges fower pence yf either of them be then lyving, and all suche firewood as I shall then leave, to be bestowed amongest them. Item I give to every servaunt then beeing in the house where I shall happen to die fyve shillings a peece and fortie shillinges to that parishe wherein I shall fortune to be buryed. Lastlie I give and bequeathe vnto my loving Cosin George Daye the elder of West Drayton in Midd. gent whome I make and appointe my sole Executor of this my last will and Testament All my goodes Landes Chattells Leases money plate and all what soeuer els is myne (except onlie what I have before given and is by me allreadie giuen in this my last will and Deede) And I appointe my Cosin Mr. Thomas Vrrie of Thorlie the elder myne Overseer, vnto whom for his paynes I bequeathe the Somme of fyve poundes. As for my debtes, I thancke god they are none, yet are there some poore men that owe me money, but because of theire disabilitie and want I request myne Executor not to demaund any thing of them in my name but onlye of suche men as are very sufficient to paye and soe honest as I doubte not but that they wilbe willing to repaye my money kyndelie vnto hym with whose handes (by gods grace) hereafter I will acquaynt my foresayed Executor, I hartelie Desyring and requyring hym to paye all the foresayed Legaceys mentioned by me before in this my last will within sixe Monethes at the furthest after my deathe. As for the Charges of my funeralls which I wishe to be suche as shalbe fitting for me: I referre vnto my Executor's discretion to whome I shall leave sufficient to declare the same every ware. And withall (I hope) a kynde testimonye of my love and good will towardes hym, I leaving divers thinges unmentioned in this my last will vnto hym amounting vnto a good somme of money. And thus once more praying and desyring hym to see satisfied and performed theise forsayed Legaceys by me bequethed after my deathe and beseeching god to forgive me as I forgive every one in this world, I committ myselfe whollie to his Divine protection and power: And so I end this my last will and Testament the daye and yere above written. I having set my hand and seale thereunto in the presence of theise two witnesses whose names are vnderwritten. Robert Tofte. Sealed and subscribed in the presence of Jo Hancocke. Thomas Dowuen.

Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London coram venerabili viro D'no Will'mo Bird milite legum doctore Curie Prerogatiue Cantuariensis' Magistro Custode siue Commissario legitime constituto Tertio die mensis Januarij Anno Domini iuxta cursum et computac'o'em Ecclie Anglicane Millesimo sexcentissimo Decimo Nono Juramento Georgij Daye Executoris in eodem Testamento nominat. Cui comissa fuit Administrac'o' bonorum Jur et Creditorum dicti defuncti de bene et fideliter administrand &c. ad sancta Dei Evangelia Jur.

There can be no doubt of the identity of our Robert Tofte with the Robert Tofte of the burial register entry, and of the

Will. With reference to the former, it so happens that he dates his *Blazon of Jealousie*, (1615) "From my *lodging* in Holborne," while the latter includes among its names the Day family as relatives, thus explaining how, among the commendatory poems before 'Alba,' there is one signed 'Richard Day,' who was probably a son of William Day, Bishop of Winchester; and so of the Days in the Will, *ut infra.* The incidental mention of one little bequest as brought from Italy likewise tallies with his coming and going thither, and the dating of his several poems from the chief cities of Italy, *e.g.*, Roma, Venice, Florence (Fiorenza), Pisa, Mantoa (Mantua), Padoa, (Padua), Napoli, Sienna, Pesaro.

Of the names that occur in the Will, I have only been able to ascertain these slight *data* — Thomas Urrey (sometimes Urry or Urrie) of Gatcombe, Isle of Wight (son of David Urrey of Thorley, Isle of Wight) married as his second wife Jane, daughter of Thomas Day of Drayton, in the County of Sussex *—according to the pedigree in Berry's *Hants, not* West Drayton, Middlesex, as in the Will — nephew of Bishop Day (there were two brothers, George Day, Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1556, and the already-noted William Day, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1596). It would thus appear that our Poet's 'aunt' Elizabeth Day was sister of Thomas Day (*ut supra*). She occurs in the Bishop of Winchester's Will.†

* The Vicar of Thorley (Rev. Abraham Peat, M.A.,) informs me that in his Register is the following entry — "Mr. Thomas Urry Gent: died 25° Decr. 1631," and that there is a monumental brass to his memory in the Mortuary Chapel of Thorley.

† The Will of Bishop William Daye is at Somerset House (72 Drake). It is dated 11th September 1596, confirmed 15th September 1596, proved 2nd October 1596. Besides legacies and provision for his wife (no name), and his son William, and daughters Elizabeth, Ridley, Suzanna, Rachell, he leaves to his son Richard (Tofte's commendator and friend) "all his books, save such English books as his son William shall choose," and the residue of his estate between his sons "William and Richard."

SIR ANTHONY BENN, Recorder of Kingston on Thames and subsequently Recorder of London, was a somewhat notable personage in his day. He died 29th September 1618, in his fiftieth year, and was buried on the 30th at Kingston. A monument was there erected by his widow 'Lady Jane' but who she was does not appear. Their daughter Ammabell was baptized at Kingston 3rd September 1607. She became the wife of Francis (Fane) Earl of Westmoreland. "My old cousin Mrs. Elizabeth Benn widow" was no doubt the "Mrs. Elizabeth Benne widow" who was buried at Kingston 2° August 1621. The Will of Sir Anthony Benn gives no clue to his connection with Tofte.*

It is but a dim glimpse these slender new facts afford us. May they lead to more from fellow-inquirers!

Equally shadowy is our information on what must have been — if his poems are to be credited — a main factor in the life of 'Robert Tofte Gentleman,' to wit, his fruitless love and 'wooing' of that fair lady to whom in his surreptitiously published first volume he gave the name of 'Laura,' and in his self-published one in the same strain, 'Alba,' and in both furnished her real name, married or maiden, as thus in 'Laura' (2nd Part, xxxiii):

> " 'gainſt all ſenſe makes mee of CARE and IL,
> More than of good and ComfoRT to have will,"

and so in 'Alba' (p. 70, st. 4):

> "Then conſtant CARE, not Comfort I do craue,
> And (might I chuſe) I CARE with L. would haue."

Super-added to this — as in his Bibliographical Catalogue recorded by Mr. J. Payne Collier — is an apparent localiza-

* His Will is also at Somerset House (97 Meade). It is dated 26th April 1618, and was proved 28th October 1618. To his wife and mother he leaves "lands, goods, and monies," and to his son Charles, eventually, "all his lands," &c. To his daughter Amabell — remembered by Tofte — he leaves 2,000*l.* at age of seventeen, "and to be guided by her mother in bestowing herself in marriage." In the event of the death of the aforesaid Charles, she was also to inherit the estates, &c.

tion of this 'Carill' or 'Caryll' in Warrington, Lancashire (p. 48, st. 3):

> "WAR IN that TOWNE, LOVE Lord like, keepeth ſtil,
> Yet ſhe (ore him) triumphs with chaſteſt will."

Three of our best Lancashire antiquaries, after painstaking enquiries and consultation of their full 'Notes' for me, can trace no Careill, Carill or Caryll in either Warrington or Lancashire. The only Caryll of about this period whom we can in any way associate with the part of Lancashire in which Warrington is situated, is Mary Caryll, daughter and coheiress of Sir Thomas Caryll, Knt., of Bentone, in the county of Sussex. She married Sir Richard Molyneux of Sefton, near Liverpool, afterwards Viscount Molyneux, and was mother of Richard, second Viscount, killed in the battle of Worcester, 1651, and of Caryll, third Viscount Molyneux. There is the other difficulty, that while certainly '*Warre in* that *town*' does seem to point out Warrington, the Poet himself can never have been there or known the district, seeing that he makes the 'Mersey' fall into the 'Trent'—as noticed in our Notes and Illustrations on the place (p. 13, Answer, ll. 2, 4).* As also noted therein, the lady must have been a 'young widow' with a posthumously born child (p. 24, st. 1). It seems clear that she refused her ecstatic lover until the bitter end, and that he died a bachelor, having not loved wisely but too well. The impression left on one is that the Lady held herself for higher than her wooer; but 'played' with him after a womanishly capricious not to say cruel sort. I suspect 'Robert Tofte Gentleman' was—if the vulgarism be allowable—spoony. More self-respecting manhood and less sentimental lack-a-

* One might imagine the name Mersey to have slipped in by mistake for 'Devon,' a river which really does flow into the Trent, and near which I. M. must have lived. Since the 'Mersey' occurs in each of the two next pages, and must have been habitually in Tofte's mind, it is at least possible that it was here inadvertently written. He designates his 'Alba's' home a 'Northwest Village.' (p. 28, st. 2.)

daisical whining had perchance succeeded better. But more on this onward, in the light of another poem by Tofte.

I would now notice the title-pages of Tofte's successive books:

(*a*) LAURA, 1597—see it *literatim* on page xxvi, onward of this Introduction. (sm. 12mo.)

(*b*) ALBA, 1598—see it *literatim* on page 1 of our present reproduction. (sm. 12mo.)

(*c*) Orlando inamorato. The three firſt Bookes of that famous Noble Gentleman and learned Poet, Mathew Maria Boiardo Earle of Scandiano in Lombardie. Done into Engliſh Heroicall verſe. By R. T. Gentleman. Parendo impero Imperando pereo. Printed at London by Valentine Sims, dwelling on Adling hil at the ſigne of the white Swanne. 1598. (sm. 4to.)

(*d*) OF MARIAGE AND WIUING. An Excellent, pleaſant, and Philoſophical Controverſie, betweene the two famous Taſſi now liuing, the one Hercules the Philoſopher, the other, Torquato the Poet. Done into Engliſh by R. T. Gentleman. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be ſold by Iohn Smythicke, at his ſhop in Fleet ſtreete near the Temple Gate. 1599. (cr. 8vo.)

(*e*) ARIOSTOS SATYRES in ſeuen famous Diſcourſes, ſhewing the State, 1. Of the Court and Courtiers. 2. Of Libertie and the Clergie in generall. 3. Of the Romaine Clergie. 4. Of Marriage. 5. Of Soldiers Muſitians and Lovers. 6. Of Schoolmaſters and Scholers. 7. Of Honour and the happieſt Life. In Engliſh by Gervis Markham. London Printed by Nicholas Okes for Roger Jackſon. 1608. (sm. 4to.)

(*f*) HONOURS ACADEMIE. On the famovs Paſtorall, of the Faire Shepheardeſſe Ivlietta. A worke admirable, and rare, Sententious and graue: and no

leſſe profitable, then pleaſant to pervſe. Imprinted at London by Thomas Creede. 1610. (sm. folio.)

(*g*) BENEDETTO VARCHI'S, THE BLASON OF IEALOVSIE, tranſlated into Engliſh, with ſpecial Notes, by R. T. London Printed by T. S. for John Buſbie. 1615. (sm. 4to.)

Before examining 'Laura' and 'Alba,' it may not be deemed superfluous briefly to notice these other books, all of which are substantially 'translations' from Italian.

'Orlando Inamorato' is singularly unequal; but shews familiarity with the language and dexterity of versification. Any one who comes across it, might do worse than 'study' it. I found myself ever and anon marking a felicitous image, or a resonant Drydenic line and even couplet. I limit myself to the opening and close. These as containing personal references to 'Alba' and to one of the Poet's other lady friends, BROOKE, are of interest. In the 'Argument' (st. 2, 3) we have this:

> "Famous Orlando was the Man I meane,
> And faire Angelica that vſde him ſo,
> Theſe two muſt be the ſubiect of my Theame,
> If my deare ALBA ſo much fauor ſhow,
> Who in her hate to mee is too extreame,
> (Like ſea that neuer ebbes, but ſtill doth flow)
> My comfort's this, though high my Thoughts be plac't,
> If I obtaine not, None ſhall, Shee's ſo chaſte.
>
> And thou faire Brooke, whence ſprings ech ſweet Conceit,
> Where Beautie bides in her perfection,
> Thy Gracious Aſpect humblie I entreat,
> (As happy Planet) me to ſhine vpon,
> Whilſt I in Others, of thy ſelſe repeat,
> Volumes of Praiſe, due to thee long ago." (p. 2.)

The 'Conclusion' thus runs:

> "Faire Shadowe of a Subſtance paſſing Faire,
> The Picture of my Miſtris Excellence,
> Receiue theſe lines impoliſhed and bare,
> For vnto thee, and none elſe are they meant,
> Daine to accept them what ſo ere they are,
> Since for thy ſake, few idle houres I ſpent:

So criſtall-like, ſtill cleare may run thy BROOKE,
Worthy, on whom all eyes may gaze and looke.

The time may come (ah that t'wold not be long)
If my dread ALBA, leaue in cruell wiſe,
My harmleſſe heart (ne're ſtainde for faith) to wrong,
My Muſe now dead, againe to life ſhall riſe,
Singing anew, Orlando's louely ſong,
Through vertue of thoſe Diamond ſparkes, her eyes,
When her and thee, Love's Twins borne of Delight,
He (Herald-like) diſplay, in Coullours right."

Il Disgratiato. R. T. G.

It would seem that *Orlando Inamorato* preceded *Alba* of the same year (1598), and that *Alba* was the speedy fulfilment of the hope in the line above, "The time may come (ah, that t'wold not be long)." Had I not better things to give from his other writings, I might have been tempted to linger over 'Orlando Inamorato.' It is not so uncommon as the rest of his poems. A copy is in the British Museum — as indeed there are of all save the real rarities of 'Laura' and 'Alba.'

'Of Mariage and Wiuing' is extrinsically interesting, as shewing how Tofte's whole thoughts ran on the same lines, whether he was 'translating' or poetizing for himself. There are 'girds' at woman in the two Tasso tractates that it is manifest gave the Translator a spice of pleasure to make 'speak English,' as thus:

(Friend) marry when thou pleaſe, yet ſhalt thou find
Thy wife bad alwaies, and but vſe her ill
And ſhe is worſe, but vſe her well and kind
She is worſer then, and ſo continue will:
Yet is ſhe good (if ſhe but once would die)
But better, if ſhe packt before thy ſelfe,
But beſt of all, if ſhe went ſpeedily,
Leauing behind to thee her hoorded wealth.

What ſo he be that takes a wife!
Is sure to take griefe, ſorrow, paine and ſtrife.
What ſo he be that wants a wife,
Is ſure to want griefe, ſorrow, paine and ſtrife.

Man's bodie, goods, his ſoule and ſtrength,
His ſight, his voice and all,
Wife deſtroies, conſumes, kills, foyles,
Blindes, mars, and makes him thrall.

To cogge and lie, to whine and crie,
To prate and neuer blin;
To ſpin and weaue, ſhift and deceaue,
Theſe women's dowries bin.

A Woman's Sathan's Firebrand hot,
A ſtinging Roſe corrupt, a poyſon ſweete,
Readie to do amiſſe, though ſhee's forbid,
Prone to all ill, but for what's good, vnmeete.

Wo vnto thee and double ſmart,
If to a wife once yoakt thou art.

Of course the most luscious grapes are sour when the fox can't reach them!

'Ariosto's Satyres' bear on their title-page the venerable name of Gervas Markham. Ordinarily one would have accepted this as final on the authorship of a given book. But Tofte, in his Epistle "To the Courteous Reader" prefixed to his translation of Varchi's *Blazon of Iealousie*," thus reclaims the book for his:—"Courteous Reader, I had thought for thy better contentment, to haue inſerted (at the end of this Booke) the diſaſterous fall of three noble Romane Gentlemen, ouerthrowne thorow IEALOUSIE, in their Loues; but, the ſame was, (with ARIOSTO'S SATYRES tranſlated by mee out of Italian into Engliſh Verſe, and Notes vpon the ſame) Printed without my conſent or knowledge, in another man's name: ſo that I might iuſtly (although not ſo worthily) complaine as Virgil doeth:

Hos ego Verſiculos feci tulit alter honores."

All I will say is that Gervas (or Jervis) Markham was a 'fine old English gentleman all of the olden time,' and a most industrious toiler with a vivid poetical faculty of his own; and I for one will be slow to believe that it was other than a Bookseller's trick that placed his popular name on this

title-page — never possibly himself. It so chances that I have seen no exemplar of the work that contains the story of the 'diſaſterous fall' mentioned by Toſte as accompanying the 'Satyres.' But a 'story' kin with them is appended — as we shall see — to the *Blazon of Iealousie.* There are good *bits* in these 'seuen famous Diſcourses,' and the versification is at once facile and faithful, and the 'Notes' matterful.

"Honovrs Academie" I tried valiantly to read; but it beat me. I found it so far from "admirable and rare, ſententious and grave, and no leſſe profitable than pleasant to peruse," that it early proved tedious and ill put together. The verse especially is cumbrous and unmusical.

The "Blazon of Iealousie" owes nearly its entire *quickness* to-day, to its numerous marginal notes. The original is itself thin and poor, save in occasional gleams; but the 'Notes' must arrest the most cursory Reader. And yet I do not find that our literary authorities know anything about them. Even the Bibliographers, *e.g.*, Collier and Hazlitt, fail to mention them. I have gleaned such as belong to contemporary English literature.

First of all comes the rest of the Epistle "To the Covrteovs Reader," with its pleasant praise of Gascoigne and Turberville. As before quoted, he has mentioned his intention to have added "the diſaſterous fall of three noble Romane Gentlemen," and its suppression for reason given. He then proceeds — "In lieu whereof, I make bold to acquaint thee with another like Subiect, of an Engliſh Gentleman, a quondam deare and neare friend of mine, who was ſo ſtrangely poſſeſt with this Fiend IEALOUSIE, as (not many yeeres ſince) through a meere fantastique and conceited Suſpicion, after hee had long enioyed the friendſhip of a fayre Gentlewomen, he (on the ſodaine) ſtroake her off, and vtterly forſooke her, ſending her (for her laſt Farewell) this moſt bitter and vnkinde LETTER following, vpbraiding her with many extraordinary Courteſies done vnto her by him:

which ſhe tooke ſo inwardly at the Heart, as it coſt her her beſt life, and hee had (almoſt) caſt away himſelfe, through that raſh and ſtrange courſe hee tooke. A Caveat for all young Gentlewomen to take heed how they ſettle their affection on ſuch humerous young Youths, as are not well ſtayed, nor ſetled in their mindes, remembring this ſaying:

> 'Too oft 'tis ſeene, that LOVE, in yong men lyes,
> Not (truely) in their Hearts, but in their Eyes.'

"As for the Verſe, I muſt confeſſe tis like the old Venetian Hoſe, of an auncient faſhion: but thou muſt conſider, that ſome (though not many) yeeres are paſt and gone, ſince this was made: at what time, it was well liked and much ſought after. But this nice Age, wherein wee now liue, hath brought more neate and terſe Wits, into the World: yet muſt not old GEORGE GASCOIGNE, and Turberuill, with ſuch others, be altogether reiected, ſince they firſt broke the Ice for our quainter Poets that now write, that they might the more ſafer ſwimme in the maine Ocean of ſweet Poeſie: and therefore, all old things muſt not be caſt away, becauſe they may now and then, ſtand vs in ſome ſtead. The world is mutable, and ſtill changeth, and it hath been often ſeene, that Eue's worne Kirtle, hath made old Adam a new payre of Breeches. And thus hoping thou wilt ſhew thy ſelfe to be of a right gentle ſpaniel's kinde, and not proue a ſnarling Mungrill Maſtiffe, I wiſh no worſe vnto thee, then thou doſt to thy ſelfe. R. T."

In the marginal notes (*ut supra*) there are memorable quotations illustrative of the text. Passing from the commencement onward, these following have struck me as specially worthy of preservation and revival. By help of willing friends I am enabled to place within brackets [ ] nearly all their sources.

(1.) "As one saith: [George Chapman: Hymnus in Cynthiam, 1594.]

> The Minde hath in it ſelfe a Deitie
> And in the ſtretchy circle of the eye

All things are compaſt, all things preſent ſtill :
Will fram'd to power doth make vs what we will. (p. 3.)

(2.) ———

Loue is a Friend, a Foe, a Heauen, a Hell,
Where Pleaſure, Paine, Griefe and Repentance dwell. (p. 3.)

(3.) "whereupon an Engliſh Poet, ſetting downe the difference betwixt Will and Wit, writes: [Sir John Davies, *Nosce Teipsum*: vol. i, p. 78, F. W. Lby. ed.]

Will holds the royall Sceptor in the Soule,
And o'er the Paſſions of the Heart doth raigne.
Wit is the Mind's chiefe Iudge, which doth controule
Of Fancie's Court, the iudgement falſe and vaine.
Will puts in practiſe what the Wit deuiſeth,
Will euer acts and Wit contemplates ſtill :
And as in Wit the power of Wiſedome riſeth,
All other Vertues, Daughters are to Will. (p. 4.)

(4.) 'Beautie'— "of which ſubiect the immortal *Muſe* of our euer memorable *Spenſer* ſingeth thus: [*Fairy Queen*; B. v, c. 8, st. 1.]

'Nought under heauen,' &c. (*Ibid.*)

(5.) In note p. 6, again notes his translation of Ariosto 'in another man's name.'

(6.) "Of Care one prettily and briefly writes thus:

'Men dye, and humane kinde doth paſſe away,
Yet Care, that makes them die, doth euer ſtay.'

And mine old Acquaintance and Friend, Mr. Henry Cunneſtable, hauing ſet downe this Paſſion in her right colours, I could not chuſe but acquaint the Reader therewith. [*Diana*, Dec. 5. Son. 7; this is one of the Sonnets modern Editors take from Constable.]

'Care, the cenſuring canker,' &c. (p. 10.)

(7.) "The Fiend Jelouſie, a *quondam* kinde Acquaintance of mine, *Mr. Thomas Watſon*, paynteth forth very liuely in theſe Verſes:

'Pale Iealouſie childe of inſatiate Loue,' &c. (p. 11.)

[This is not Watson's, but is taken from Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 1596, the first form of the Barons' Wars.]

(8.) "Therefore very wittily faith one to this purpoſe:

'Pleaſures, like poſting gueſts, make but ſmall ſtay,
Where Griefes bide long and leaue a ſcore to pay.' (p. 16.)

(9.) "who knoweth not, that

'Reports, at randome runne, whilſt Truth they miſſe
And Hear-ſay ſome to a Lyer counted is.' (p. 19.)

(10,) "according to the ſaying of a certaine graue and wiſe Gentleman:

'Vntainted Honor (not long life) the treaſure is
Which noble mindes doe hold to be their chiefeſt bliſſe.' (p. 21.)

(11.) "Indeede I am of opinion, that the moſt worthleſſe perſons are alwayes moſt ſubiect to this infectious Diſeaſe of Jealouſie, as Mr. George Wither rightly ſaith: [*Abuses Stript and Whipt*, B. i, Sat. 7.]

'There is none Iealous I durſt pawne my life
But hee that hath defilde another's wife.' (p. 22.)

(12.) "For there [the heart] is her chieſe manſion house according to the opinion of a Gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, who to this effect, writeth thus: [Anonymous in the *Phœnix Nest*, 1593.]

'A ſeeming Friend, but Enemie to Reſt,
A wrangling Paſſion, yet a gladſome thought;
A bad Companion, yet a welcome Gheſt,
A Knowledge wiſht, yet found too ſoone vnſought;
From Heauen ſuppoſ'd but (ſure) ſprung firſt from Hell,
Is Iealouſie, and there (forlorne) doth dwell.
From thence ſhee ſends fond Feare, and falſe ſuſpect,
To haunt our thoughts, bewitched with miſtruſt,
Which breeds in vs the Iſſue and Effect,
Both of Conceit and Fiction moſt uniuſt:
The griefe, the ſhame, the ſmart thereof doth proue
That Iealouſie is Death and Hell to Loue.
For what but Hell, moues in the iealous Heart
When reſtleſſe feare workes out all ſugred ioyes,
Which doth both quench and kill that louing part,
And cloyes the minde, with worſe then knowne annoyes,
Whoſe pleaſure farre exceeds Hells deepe Extreames
Such life leades Loue, entangled with Miſdeames.' (p. 41.)

(13.) "The worth of Poets & Poetrie, can neuer be ſufficiently commended enough, although this Iron age hath nothing more in contempt, which is not the fault of Scholers but of those dull Midaſſes now liuing, who make ſo ſmall account of them, and therefore in paſſing, well ſaid hee that wrote this Diſticque: [From Drayton's Epistle of the Earl of Surrey to the Lady Geraldine.]

'The man that ſcorneth Poets, and Art's Schoole,
Lackes but a long Coate to be Nature's Foole.'

Yet in deſpight of theſe worſe than naſty Iaylors, that keepe ſuch ſtore of wealth in their bard Cloſets, and ſecret places, far darker than Lymbo it ſelfe, for thoſe that deſerue it better euery way than themſelues (and all which dunghill muck is nothing but the baſe Excrements of their ſtinking Earth) I will ſet downe here the worke of a Poet (more in value by moſt than their Idolatrous traſh) as that ſweet Muſe of his (who not vnworthily beareth the name of the cheifeſt Archangell) [*i.e.*, *Michael* Drayton], ſingeth after this ſoule-rauiſhing manner:

'When Heauen w'd ſtriue to doe the leaſt ſhee can
And put an Angell's spirit into a man,
Then all her powers ſhee in that worke doth ſpend
When ſhee a Poet to the world doth ſend;

The difference onely twixt the God and Vs,
Allow'd by them, is but diſtinguiſh'd thus;
They give them breath, Men by their Power are borne,
That life they giue the Poet doth adorne:
And for the world, when they diſſolue man's breath,
They in the world doe giue Man life in death.' (p. 48.)

(14.) "Therefore I wil be bold to deſcant vpon it thus: [Chapman's *Hero and Leander*, Sest. 3.]

'What is not Loue? tis all Vertue and Vice,
Humble, proud, witty, fooliſh, kinde and nice;
A golden bubble, blowne big with idle Dreames,
That waking breakes, and fils vs with Extreames.'

Or rather thus:

'Loue backeward ſpeld (put I for O) is Evil,
Add D before the same and tis the Devil.
A Devil 'tis and mischieſe ſuch doth worke
As neuer yet did Pagan, Iew, nor Turke.' (p. 50.)

(15.) There is a droll story of a jealous swain who killed a stranger, with this note. 'I will tell them in their owne natural and mother tongue what our Countreyman young Master Wither writes:

(Whoſe pleaſing Satyres neuer ſhall decay
But floriſh greene, like laurell and the Bay.)'
"In gross saythe hee, and vaine for to vpholde,
That all reports which Trauellers vnſolde
Of forraine Lands, are lyes," &c. (p. 57.)

Besides the delightfully chatty 'Notes' which over-flow into almost every margin of every page, there is not a little that is noteworthy in the appended poem entitled—"*The Frvits of Iealouſie.* Contayning the diſaſterous Chance of two Engliſh Louers, ouer-throwne through meere Conceit of Iealouſie: as in the Epiſtle afore-going to the Reader, you may perceiue more at large." I have a shrewd suspicion from the odd *realism* of incident, circumstance and experience, that spite of his guising and disguising words about a 'quondam acquaintance,' we really have in this singular poem the over-true tale of the upshot of Toſte's *Love's Labour Lost* in his wooing of Euphemia Carill, *alias* Laura and Alba. The vehement Epistle thus opens:

"Since thou (falſe Dame) doſt force me write,
Who doſt my Loue reward with ſpight:

Since thou didſt (firſt) the knot vntye,
Where Loue (long knit) twixt vs did lie:
Since (careleſſe) thou didſt (firſt) him looſe,
Whom thou (for euer) Friend didſt chooſe;
Then thinke not much, although I take
My Penne in hand defence to make,
To cleare my ſelfe from euery Crime,
Committed by fond Lightneſſe thine,
Although thou make me (wrongèd) beare
The *Willow Garland* which I weare."

The 'Willow Garland' is thus worked into each stanza or division. I assume that the following lines are meant to put the Reader off the scent from Laura or Alba by a fictitious lowly parentage. I say 'parentage'; for the word 'Husband' must either have slipped in inadvertently for 'father,' or have been used with another meaning than that of 'spouse.' Had she had a (living) husband she could not have been addressed as she is throughout the poem.

"I then (in prinate) crau'd of thee,
Thy Husband's Trade and Miſtery.
Thy anſwere was a Milliner,
That ſolde ſmall wares, and ſmal ſlight geere:
Yet open ſhop not much kept hee,
But to his Friends ſolde priuily." (p. 69.)

I will now leave further successive representative-quotations to speak for themselves:

1. "And though I ſtand in my defence
And quit my ſelfe through Innocence;
Suppoſe not yet, this ſpeech I make
That thou ſhouldſt pittie on mee take;
For I diſdayne ſo much thy Change,
(Though but of late, thou ganne to range)
That I doe loath to heare from thee
Much more thy flattering Face to see:
So much thy dealing I deteſt,
That I haue (now) ſet vp my Reſt;
Although thou thinking me to grieue
The Willow-garland doſt me giue." (pp. 65-6.)

2. "Firſt when I view'd thy heauenly Face,
Thy ſeemly Stature, gallant Grace,

Thy Haire like curled wyre of Gold,
Thine Eyes like Starres in Winter cold,
Thy milky Necke, thy comely Nofe,
Thy Colour, Lilly mixt with Rofe,
Thy Shoulders flender, and yet ftrong,
Thy fupple Hand, and Fingers long,
Thy ftraight cleane Legge, thy pretty Foote,
Like to the noble Cedar roote ;
I thought not once then in my minde
The *Willow Garland* for to finde." (p. 67.)

3. " The Melancholy vaine then beft
Did mee content of all the reft ;
Oft in that Humor walk't I lone,
Which bred me mirth, yet made me moane ;
It brought me ioy, yet made me fad,
It bred me woe, yet made me glad :
Oh how it did me, mickell good,
To chew vpon that folemne cud,
In vncouth places, where did grow
The palifh Willowes, all a-row :
Full little thinking in that ftound
With *Willow Garland* to be crown'd." (p. 70.)

4. " How oft in filed Profe and Verfe
Did I thy worth'leffe praife rehearfe !
I famous made thee firft of all,
When countenance thine god knowes was fmall :
And by fuch toyes as I had pend
Each one thy perfon did commend. (p. 71.)

I intercalate that 'Toyes' is the sub-title of 'Laura' (1597). There follow queer *bits* on 'bankets,' including purchase of a gift of a pound of cherries that cost him £5 ! He also plays on his pet name of 'Robin Red Brest'—

5. " So didft thou fweare thou wouldft be fed,
With Birds, fuch as, whofe brefts be *Red* ;
In fecret thou to me didft tell,
They 'greed with thee in ftomacke well :
Thou faidft, their flefh was tender, white,
And in digeftion they were light,
That thou didft like and loue them beft,
And didft preferre them, 'fore the reft,
Thou faidft that thee no Fowle did pleafe,
Nor Princely Difh, fo well as thefe :

And wiſht that they might neuer ſeed
On *Willow-Garland's* bitter ſeed. (p. 74.)

6. " Yet th' appetite ſo bad now is
As thou muſt take another Diſh ;
Too long thou haſt on ROBBINS fed,
Now loathſome are thoſe Birds ſo RED :
A PIG forſooth, now eat thou muſt
Els loſt will be thy wanton luſt,
Indeed, meat fit for ſuch as thou,
Thou feedſt on thine owne kinde as now ;
On ſuch like ſtuffe ſtill mayſt thou feede
That ſtill doſt wauer as a Reede,
And mak'ſt me weare with grieſe of minde,
The *Willow-garland* moſt vnkinde." (p. 75.)

He will go on the 'Indian Voyage to the Golden Country' — visions of which Raleigh had flashed before Englishmen.

7. " My Country England, fare thou well,
And louely F. where I did dwell :
Deare Mother, I you bid Adiew,
Full little thinke you what Ile doe,
Full little thinke you what your Sonne,
Through youthfull Folly now hath done :
My ſiſters ſweet, my Brethren all,
I wiſh you well, fayre yee befall :
My Friends and Quaintance euery one,
Adieu to you, I muſt be gone ;
My Ship from others you may know,
The *Willow-garland* it doth ſhow." (p. 84.)

Of a fierce tirade or 'flyting' this is the close :

8. " Be thou a Lazer foule in ſight,
To clap thy Diſh as *Creſſid* light ;
And oh, maiſt thou leade ſuch a life,
As whilome did SHORE's wretched Wife,
Or end thy dayes like ROSAMOND,
Who (burſt with poyſon) dead was found :
Or worſer death, if worſe may be,
With ſhame and grieſe ſoone light on thee,
And ſince to pray I now am bound,
A P—— of God thee (ſtraight) confound,
And all ſuch Flirts, as make men proue
The *Willow-garland* for their Loue." (p. 86.)

I have wholly over-passed a not very decent adventure wherein the 'Lady' was rescued from drowning, One odd word occurs twice, 'Dnabſuh,' as apparently=servant. The whole 'burden' of this 'diſaſterous Chance' seems to me to point to Toſte himself, as illustrating another Poet's saying:

> "Love when injured turns to Hatred
> And when ill-requited ſtarts to Vengeance."

The revulsion would be all the greater that in the beginning he had been passionately, rapturously trustful, or as he himself puts it (using the noticeable word 'Feature' for person):

> "Thy Feature ſweet made me ſuppoſe
> Thou meand'ſt but truth and couldſt not gloſe." (p. 82.)

I have the more willingly quoted fully from the 'Frutes of Iealouſie,' as it appears to have wholly escaped the attention of our literary authorities — as so sorrowfully much does.

We must now turn to the first of our Worthy's productions, viz., his *Laura*, which intrinsically is notable, while from its relation to our reproduction, viz., *Alba*, it was of vital importance that I should be able to give an account of and quotations from it. By the usual prompt kindness of Sir CHARLES E. ISHAM, Bart., of Lamport Hall, near Northampton — scene of Mr. Charles Edmonds' remarkable 'Find' of unique and extremely rare Elizabethan-Jacobean books — I was at once put in possession of his exemplar of it. Only another is known — at Britwell.* I had no desire to reproduce 'Laura' completely for three reasons, (*a*) That as the postscript by the Author's friend in his absence attests,

* Curiously enough, this second copy ought to have been in the Bodleian. It was bought for it; but somehow the (then) Librarian, Dr. Bandinell, appears to have taken it home with him for collation or other purpose, and forgotten about it, and so it was included (unfortunately) in the Sale of his Library, at which it fetched 29*l.* 10*s.* It had been, I am informed, duly entered among the additions to the Bodleian in the year of its purchase.

"more than thirtie" of the (so called) "Sonnets" are not Tofte's, but "intermixt with his." (*b*) The quality, as a whole, is greatly inferior to *Alba*. (*c*) I believe it will be included *in extenso* in Mr. Charles Edmonds' Isham Reprints. *En passant*, Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER (*Bibl. Catal.*) supposes that the initials 'R. B.' appended to this postscript Epistle represent RICHARD BARNFEILDE. I cannot for a moment agree with him; much less that he (Barnfeilde) was the author of the "more than thirtie Sonnets intermixt" with the others. The Poet of the 'Ode' had a far higher inspiration than anything in 'Laura' or 'Alba.'

I have now to present my Readers with all that I have myself found after three critical readings in 'Laura,' worth recalling to the light of our modern day. I begin with the title-page and Epistles, and so on to the closing post-script Epistle (*ut supra*). I have studiously selected such of the Sonnets (so called) as must have been Tofte's from their direct celebration of his lady-love 'Laura.' There are little incidents of their intercourse, meetings and partings, giving and taking of love-gifts, that are biographically of human interest. Here and there will be found an opaline gleam of felicitous image or conceit, and also a true bird-note out of the greenwood. He is extremely ingenious and quaint in turning the most unexpected accident of circumstance to account in enforcing his 'wooing.' I have placed below slight 'notes' on a few of the words and allusions. The Reader may rest assured that nothing of any memorableness has escaped me. And so we proceed, with only this further preliminary word, that '*Laura*' is shewn to have been identical with 'Alba' in *Alba* itself, *e.g.*:

> "Like *Petrark chaste* of *Laura coy* I plaine
> Of whom I (neuer yet) could *Fauour* gaine." (p. 102, st. 4.)

LAVRA
The Toyes of a Traueller.
OR.
The Feaſt of Fancie.
Diuided into three Parts.
By R. T. Gentleman.
Poca fauilla gran fiamma ſeconda.

LONDON,
Printed by *Valentine Sims.*
1597.

The Epiſtle Dedicatorie. (A 2 A 3, 3 pp.)

To the no leſſe vertuous, *than faire, the honourable Ladie* Lucie, ſiſter to the thrice renowmed and noble Lord, Henry Earle of *Northumberland*, &c.

Good Madam, I make bold to preſent vnto you a few Toyes of mine owne trauell, moſt parte conceiued in Italie, and ſome of them brought foorth in England: by which my imperfections, you may ſee (as in a liuely Mirror) your owne perfections; and by the follies of my rechleſſe youth, behold plainly the virtues of your flowring age, hoping your Ladiſhip wil keep them as priuately, as I ſend them vnto you moſt willingly; neither doubt I at all, but that your excellent ſpirit will iudge graciouſly of this my bare, yet bounden Conceit, and to accept the ſame (as a mean at ydle times) to driue away that ſelfe-pleaſing, yet ill-eaſing humour of neuer glad melancholie: which ſpitefull Fortune (ſeeking, though in vaine, moſt iniurioufly to inſult ouer you) laboureth by all

meanes poſsible to inflict vpon you, the vertuous behauiour of your ſelfe being ſuch, as euen in the midſt of all your croſſes, you croſſe her deſignes with an inuincible hart, and with your honorable carriage carrie her with all her deuiſes as a ſlaue to follow you, in al your generous and thrice noble actions, maugre the intricate Laborinth of ſo manie and infinite troubles allotted (moſt vnworthely) vnto you, by the inerreuocable doome of your too partiall and flintie Deſtinie. All which notwithſtanding, you beare and ore-beare with a moſt reſolute ſtaiednes & a reſolued courage of a right PERCIE, and of a minde A per ſe. But additions breed ſuſpitions, and faire words (for the moſt part) are counted the blazons of flatterie; wherefore I will leaue to the temperate iudgement of the wiſe, and to the vncorrupt cenſure of the worthier ſort, your heroical & vndaunted mind, and the integritie and neuer ſtaind proceedings of your ſpotleſſe ſelfe. Onely this with ſubmiſſion wil I ſay, that if the richnes of the ground is knowne by the Corne, the daintineſſe of the Water by the ſweetneſſe of the fiſh, and the goodneſſe of the tree by the rareneſſe of the fruite; then may euerie man giue a geſſe of the internall habit & excelent qualities of your inward minde, by the outward behauior and apparant ſemblance of your exceeding chaſt and more than admirable demeanor in euerie reſpect. And thus, hoping your Honour will as debonairly accept of theſe trifles, as I dutifully bequeath them vnto you, and with the Sun-ſhining fauour of your gracious aſpect deign to read theſe few lines: crauing both priuiledge and pardon for all ſuch faults and defects as ſhal happen to be diſcouered in the ſame; I humbly deuote my ſelfe vnto your Lordſhip's thrice vertuous and immaculate diſpoſition and commaund whatſoeuer. Who am

Bound as a vaſſal to doo
homage vnto the ſame
for euer.

R. T.

To the Reader. (A 3 *verso* and A 4, 2 pp.)

To the gentle, and Gentlemen Readers whatſoeuer.

Gentlemen; as the Fencer firſt maketh a flouriſh with his weapon, before he commeth to ſtroakes, in playing his prize: So I thought good (*pro forma* onely) to vſe theſe few lines vnto you before you come to the pith of the matter. What the Gentleman was that wrote theſe Verſes, I know not; and what ſhe is for whom they are deuiſed, I cannot gheſſe: but thus much I can ſay, that as they came into the hands of a friend of mine by mere fortune; ſo hapned I vpon them by as great a chaunce. Onely in this I muſt confeſſe we are both too blame, that whereas he hauing promiſed to keepe priuate the originall, and I the copie, ſecret: we both haue cõſented to ſend it abroad, as common: preſuming chiefly vpon your accuſtomed curteſies; aſſuring our ſelues if we may haue your protections, wee ſhall thinke our ſelues as ſafe as Vlyſſes did, when hee was ſhadowed vnder the ſhielde of Pallas againſt furious Aiax; ſo we by your coũtenances, ſhal be ſufficiently furniſhed to encounter againſt any foulemouthed Iackes whatſoeuer. To cenſure of this worke, is for better wittes than mine owne; and it is for Poets, not for Printers, to giue iudgement of this

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

From 'The First Part.'

I.

Fortune (cros frend to euer-cõquring Loue)
Our bodies (Ladie) hath deuided farre,
But yet our cõſtant minds ſhe cannot moue,
Which ouer ſtrong for her deuiſes are:
    Woe's me, in *England* thou doſt bide, & I
    (Scarſe ſhadow of my ſelfe) in *Italy*.
But let her doo her worſt, and what is frail
And mortall feeke to ſeperate and vndoo,
Yet what immortall is, ſhe neuer ſhall:
A ſtring too high for her to reach vntoo.
    In ſpite of enuious feeds (by Malice ſowne)
    My hart ſhall ay be thine, and mine thine owne.
Padoa.

II.

Though I doo part, my Hart yet dooth not part;
My poore afflicted bodie parts in twaine,
And doth in peeces two deuide my Hart:
One peece my fainting ſpirit doth ſuſtaine,
The other part I leaue with thee behinde,
(The better part, and of my hart moſt deere)
Then to that part ſo parted, be thou kinde,
And to the ſame impart thy louing cheere:
    That I (returning) may again vnite
    This parted Hart, and finde for griefe, delight.
London.

III.

Like to the blackſome night I may compare
My Miſtres gowne, when darknes playes his priſe:
But her ſweet face, like to the Sunne moſt faire,
When he in glory ginneth to ariſe.
    Yet this no whit the other doth diſgrace,
    But rather dubleth Bewtie in the place.
Contraries like to theſe ſet oppoſite,
So daintie and ſo pleaſing in their ſhow
To lookers on, doo breed no ſmall delight,
And pleaſure great thereby to them doth grow.
    Oh wonder ſtrange, oh ſollace ſweete to ſee,
    In one ſelfe ſubiect Night and Day to bee.

X.

If (*Laura*) thou dooſt burne gainſt me in hate,
Then me ſuch buffes ſweete why dooſt thou give?

Why checkſt thou not the Cheeks which giue the mate,
(The vitall cauſe whereby I breathe and liue)?
Perhaps it is, becauſe through too much ioy
(As in ſweete ſwound) I might away depart:
If ſo thou doo, and thinke me ſo to noy;
Kiſſe hardly, and with kiſsing breed my ſmart.
Content am I to looſe this life of mine,
Whilſt I doo kiſſe that louely lip of thine.

XV.

Thou ſtranger who with wandring ſteps doſt wend,
Thy gazing eyes turne quickly vnto mee:
And too my ſpeech with liſtning eare attend,
In whom foure Elements vnited bee.
Marke well, and as a wonder tell the fame
Of *Cupid's* force, poore Louers' *Tamburlane.*
Firſt this my body's earth, and earth moſt cold,
The fire within my hart in couert lyes,
The aire's my ſighes, mine eyes doo waters hold:
Thus for my Saint he doth me marterize.
Earth is my bodie, ſtrange ſeemes not this fame?
The aire my ſighes, eyes water, hart the flame.

XVII.

Rockt in a cradle (like as Infants bee)
When I was yong, a little wanton childe,
Two daintie dugs did nouriſh life in mee,
Whilſt oft on them with teate in mouth I ſmilde:
Ah happie I, thrice happy might I ſay,
Whilſt in that harmleſſe ſtate I then did ſtay.
But now that I am come to man's eſtate,
Such dugs as nurſt me in delight and ioy
Doo ſeeke my death, by poyſonous ſugred bait,
Whoſe ſight without poſſeſſion breeds me noy.
So what in childhood cauſed me to liue,
Now in my youth doth death vnto me giue.

XXII.

If in the midſt of kindled burning fire
That worthy *Romane* burnt his valiant hand,
I like an other *Mutius* in deſire,
Haue ſcorcht my fiſt likewiſe through Loue's command
In freſheſt moyſture, where my Ladie ſweet,
Her lily hands for coolnes diued oft.
But though deſire betweene vs was alike,
Yet was the matter diuers which we fought,
He choſe to burne his hand with courage bold
In flaming fire, and I in water cold.

XXV.

White was the orient pearle, which on a day
That hand me gaue, which ſcornes the proud compare
Of pureſt white, and beares the palme away,
As of all pearly faires the orientſt faire :
And whilſt ſhe offred vnto mee the fame,
I knew not which the pearle was of the twaine.
So white the hand was of my peerleſſe Pearle,
As it did dazle with delight mine eyes,
And pearle ſeem'd to me, giuing me the pearle :
Which made me ſighing ſay (in whiſpring wiſe)
Ah why once may I not ſo happie bee
This Pearle to haue, which th'other giues to mee.

XXIX.

As burniſht gold ſuch are my Soueraigne's heares ;
A brace of ſtarres diuine, her blackiſh eyes,
Like to the faireſt black the Rauen beares,
Or fairer, if you fairer can deuiſe :
So likewiſe faire's the beautie of her breſts,
Where pleaſure lurkes, where ioy ſtill dallying reſts.
This *Venus* bower, you rightly may compare
To whiteſt ſnow that ere from heauen fell,
Or to the mynes of alabaſter faire :
(Woe's mee, tis ſweete to ſleepe in Cupid's cell)
Whilſt he the hart makes ſurfet with delight
Through golden haire, black eyes, & breſt moſt white.

XXX.

Vnto thy fauour (which when Nature formd,
She went beyond her ſelfe with cunning hand)
I may compare what is in world adornd
With beautie moſt, and with moſt grace doth ſtand :
But euerie mortall whitenes nere ſo white,
The yuorie white of thy white hand exceeds.
So that my Soule (which doth faire whitenes like)
Reſts on faire whitenes, and on whitenes feeds :
For this is thought and hoped of from thee,
White as thy hands, ſo white thy faith ſhalbee.

XXXVI.

Sweet ſung thy Bird in Ebon cage ſhut faſt,
And did delight thy daintie eares ſo much,
As thou vouch-ſafdſt to giue him meate at laſt,
And gently didſt his fethers ſtroke and tuch :
So Ladie, I likewiſe in th' Ebonie
Of thy bright eyes am priſoner, and doe ſing

Thy Beautie's praiſe; and yet not fed am I
By thee, yet liue through thee: a wondrous thing.
Loue to my hart thy Beautie doth ſupplie
For food, which els (throgh famine ſtarud) would die.

XXXVII.

If white's the Moone, thou *Laura* ſeemſt as white,
And white's the gowne which you on bodie weare;
And if her whitely hornes in calmie night
She ſmoothly glyding ſhowes to vs moſt cleare:
You in the day time more and brighter farre,
Your Beautie ſhowe like bright *Auroraé's* ſtarre.
Like brightnes both of you abroad doe caſt,
Though not effect alike *per accidens*;
You ſhine, ſhe ſhines, your powers eternall laſt:
But yet betweene you is great difference,
Her brightnes freezeth, cauſing deadly cold,
Your's doth enflame, and liuely fire doth hold.

XXXVIII.

Euen as the lampe goeth out that oyle doth want,
Or as the Sunne doth fall in th' occident,
So did my hart within me gin to pant,
My vitall ſpirites away by little went:
When (taking on me pittie) graciouſly
My Miſtres hem of garment trailing downe
Toucht mee, and mee reuiued ſuddenly:
Then of ſuch vertue be within her gowne,
Imagin what doth ſtay her corps within,
Which who ſeeth, through ſweetnes needs muſt ſin.

The Concluſion of the firſt Part.

The Macedonian Monarch once did deigne
(In cheerful fort, in kind and louing wife)
To feaſt in Village with a homely Swaine,
Who entertaind him (as is countrey guiſe)
With curds and creame, and ſuch like knaskes* he had:
Whereof the curteous Prince accepted glad.

So Ladie, boldly I preſumed haue
To enuite you to a ſorie Banquet baſe:
Nor to diſdaine the ſame of you I craue,
Though cates too courſe for you, too poore the place.
I cannot (as I would) giue curds and creame,
But milke and whey, my fortune is ſo meane.

* = knacks, niceties.

Yet if you ſhall accept it graciouſly,
And with your Fauour ſweet this Bourd adorne,
The vertue which is in you, preſently
The whey to curds, and milke to creame ſhall turne :
But if your looke you angrie turne away,
The milke ſhall ſtill be milke, the whay still whay.

Then as the Sunne in glorious wiſe doth ſhine
As well on valley low as mountaine hie,
Vouchſafe one cheerefull glimſe of fauour thine
On pouer mee, from out that heauenly eye :
Vnworthie I ſuch grace (I doo confeſſe)
Yet worthie thou to doo ſo, nertheleſſe.

R. T.

From 'the ſecond part.'

I.

If I ſomewhile looke vp into the skies,
I ſee (faire Lady) that ſame cheerefull light
Which like to you doth ſhine, in glorious wiſe :
And if on th' earth I chance to caſt my ſight,
The mooueleſſe Centre firme to me doth ſhow,
The hardneſſe which within your hart doth grow.
If ſeas I view, the flowing waues moſt plaine
Your fickle faith do repreſent to mee :
So as I ſtill behold you to my paine,
When as the skies, or th' earth, or ſeas I ſee :
For in your ſeemely ſelfe doth plaine appeare,
Like faith, like hardneſſ, and like brightnes cleare.

II.

Maruel I do not, though thou doeſt not ſee
My griefes and martires,* which I ſtill ſuſtaine,
For thou the Mole of loue doeſt ſeeme to me ;
But if a Mole, th' art onely to my paine.
How comes it then that ſeeing thou art blinde,
Thou me conſumſt, as if thou hadſt thy ſight ?
Why, as thy nature by inſtinct doth bind
Stayeſt not below ? packe hence, and leaue this light,
Either thoſe eies ſtil ſhut, not me to grieue,
Or vnder ground, in darknes alwayes liue.

X.

My mourning miſtreſſe garments blacke doth beare,
And I in blacke like her attired am :

* = tortures or sufferings ; Italian, martiri, Fr., martyres.

Yet diuers is the cauſe why blacke we weare,
She for another's death doth ſhew the ſame :
I for another reaſon beare this ſute,
Onely to ſhew by this my outwarde weede
Mine inward griefe, although my tongue be mute,
Of tender heart which deadly ſighes doth bleede.
Thriſe happy I, if (as in habite we
Are both in one) our mindes both one might be.

XI.

If April freſh, doth kindely giue vs flowers
September yeeldes with more increaſe the frute :
(Sweeteſt) you haue in boſome (Beautie's Bowers)
Both theſe ſweete tides, whence forth they alwayes ſhute
Both flower and fruite alonely you alone
Can giue me when you pleaſe, or elſe can none.
Oh dainty boſome, boſome rich in priſe,
Surmounting mountaines huge of beaten gold :
Whoſe whitenes braues* the whiteſt ſnow that lies
On higheſt hilles, whoſe height none can behold :
In you my ſoule doth hope without annoy,
Both ſpring and harueſt, one day to enioy.

Roma.

XII.

Drawne (cunning Painter) haſt thou with great Arte,
The ſhadow of my louely *Laura* faire ;
Which obiect ſweet not ſmally ioyes my hart ;
But little didſt thou thinke, nor waſt thou ware,
That where thou thoughtſt my fancie for to pleaſe,
Effect contrary fortes to my Deſire,
So that it breedes in bodie mine, vneaſe
And (ſenſleſſe) burnes my hart with feeling fire :
Oh ſtrange ſucceſſe, what made was for Content,
Doth moſt diſpleaſe, and (liueleſſe) doth torment.

XIII.

When firſt the cruell Faire deignd graciouſly
To looke on mee with kinde and courteous view,
And caſt on mee a louely glauncing eye,
She knew not that I was her ſeruant trew :
But ſhe no ſooner ware was of the ſame
But that ſhe turnd her backe with great diſdaine.
So as the wound I (then) cloſe bare in breſt,
I (now) through griefe, ſhow outward in my face :

* = vies with.

But if that ſhe by whom I wounded reſt,
Liues in compaſsion cold toward me ſanz grace :
Hard harted is ſhe, cruell was ſhe to her frend,
And wicked ſhalbe world withouten end.

XV.

The duskie clowde in skie (with ſhadow darke)
Doth couer oft the Sunne's moſt cleereſt light,
So as his beames we cannot ſee nor marke,
And he himſelfe doth play at leaſt in ſight :
Ah were I ſuch a clowd on earth to couer
My ſweeteſt Sunne, as doth that clowd the other.
But if that clowd doo vaniſh ſoone away,
And dooth as momentarie paſſe and vade ;
Eternall would I bee, to hide her ay,
And of a harder mixture would be made.
Oh happie I, oh fortunate Eclips,
With kiſsing ſo to darken thoſe faire lips.

XVI.

From milke of *Iuno* (as the Poets faine)
The Lilly had his whitenes, paſſing white,
And from *Adonis* blood (that louely Swaine)
The Roſe his colour red, which doth delight.
Thou (pretie Soule) haſt both the colours rare
Of theſe ſweet flowers, which others all exceed ;
Thy Breſt's a bed of beauteous Lillies faire,
Thy daintie cheekes pure damask Roſes breed.
O frutefull Garden flowring, where appeare
The Roſe and Lilly, at all times of yeare.

XX.

Rich is the Diamond, a iemme of priſe
Yet ſuch the nature ſtrange is of the ſame,
That who the powder thereof drinkes, ſtraight dies,
And as (if poyſon twere) doth take his bane :
So thou another precious iewell art,
In name and nature not vnmuch alike,
Since death thou giu'ſt vnto the louing hart ;
If but a kiſſe one ſuckes from thee moſt ſweete,
Whilſt he doth ſwallow downe this ſugred baite,
The ioy's ſo great, it kills him through concaite.

XXI.

The *Grecians* vſde to offer vp their haire
Vnto their Riuers, whom they did eſteeme

As mightie Gods, and them great honor bare,
As if no vertue ſmall in them had been :
Doo thou the like (ſweet *Laura*) vnto mee,
Who for my loue deſerue a greater fee.
Thy golden treſſes on me doo beſtow,
Who hold whole Riuers flowing in mine eyes :
Yet would not I thou off ſhouldſt cut them tho.
Dooſt muſe, and aske how this thou maiſt deuiſe?
Ile tell thee : Giue thy ſelfe to mee for mine,
So ſhalt thou giue vncut thy treſſes fine.

XXII.

One louely glaunce which from the eyes did paſſe
Of Ladie mine, hath changd my gentle hart
From hardeſt Diamond to brittle glaſſe :
And now againe (vnto my bitter ſmart
Through dreadfull frowne) ſhe turnes it ſuddenly
As twas before, from glaſſe to Diamond.
So if ſhe will ſhe may, (and preſently
As likes her) change me, who to her am bound :
If cruell ſhee, my hart is hard to breake :
If pittifull, tis gentle, brittle, weake.

XXVIII.

The Crow makes war with the Cameleon,
And being hurt to th' Laurell ſtraight doth flie,
And through the frute he findeth thereupon
Is heald of hurt, findes food, and liues thereby.
Loue the Cameleon is, the Crow am I,
And battell wage with him vnto the death :
He wounds me deadly, whereupon I hie
To thee (my *Laurall*) to reſtore my breath.
Thou me reuiu'ſt, ſuch vertue's in thee rife,
As thou at once dooſt giue me food and life.

XXXIII.

If loue (wherein I burne) were but a fire,
I quencht it had with water of my teares ;
If water, theſe my plaints, I this Deſire
Had dryde through inward heate, my hart that taints :
But Loue that in my griefes doth take delight,
Both fire and water turnes to worke mee ſpite.
Flie then this Loue, ſince ſuch is his great power,
As waues to fire, and fire to waues he turnes,
And with an abſent Beautie euerie hower,
My fainting hart with Fancie's fuell burnes,

And gainſt all ſenſe makes mee of CARE and IL,
More then of good and ComfoRT to hane will.

XXXIIII.

Riuers vnto the Sea doo tribute pay:
A moſt vnconſtant mooning Sea art thou,
And I within mine eyes (bedeawed ay)
A Riuer hold of bitter teares as now.
Receiue then from theſe moyſtned cheekes of mine
Into thy lap the water I foorth powre,
Of dutie mine and of thy Debt a ſigne:
And mixt together with my ſweet thy ſowre,
So ſhall the water to the water bee
More precious, and the Sea more rich to th' Sea.

XXXV.

Such is the vertue of the Sunnie heate
As ſeazing on the cockle ſhell, which lies
On ſeaiſh* ſhore, whereon his beames doo beate
It makes it brightly ſhine, in orient wiſe:
So that through ſecret power of radiant Sunne,
Of worthleſſe ſhell, a Pearle it doth become.
So Ladie, you through force of Beautie's power,
If you ſhall deigne to glaunce on me your eye,
And raine with grace on me a ſmiling ſhower,
A Iewell rich you make me by and by:
And if no Pearle, at leaſt a precious Stone;
This (onely) can you doo, or els can none.

The Concluſion of the ſecond Part.

This is the ſecond Courſe now ſerued in,
A Courſe too courſe for ſuch a daintie Dame;
Yet (Ladie) though the cheere be bad and thin,
Becauſe it comes of Zeale, accept the ſame:
And though not worthy of your grace it bee,
Yet make it gracious through your curteſie.
Great ſumptuous Feaſts the ſtomacke doth diſlike,
Which oft in bodie dangerous ſurfets breed:
Where diſhes few reuiue our ſenſe and ſpright,
And Nature's pleaſ'd on little for to feed.
This as a ſawce (your appetite to moue)
Accept, where meate's the HaRT, where Cooke is Loue.

Nor thinke the worſe, though I haue ſpun a thread
So fine (I meane your praiſe) I cannot mend,

* Probably a word of Toſte's own coinage.

Since tis a worke to ground* the wifeft Hed,
And marre I fhould this loome, the Cloth not mend :
So Venus matchleffe fhape Apelles drew,
But how to finifh it he never knew.
Farre more's my minde, then is my feeble might,
My penill for thy picture is too weake :
The Sunne is onely for the Eagle's fight,
My ftrength's too fmall, this hardned yce to breake.
Not painted force I thee hane fhadowed here :
This taske's for fuch as hane in skill no peere.

R. T.

From 'The Third Part.'

III.

The fanning Torch (a fhadow of the light)
Put out by loofe hand, doth colour change,
And blacke becomes, which feemd before moft bright :
Nor is it thus a mere meruaile ftrange :
So was I long a finely fire of loue,
The heate whereof my Beefe oft did proue.
But I (at laft by one who mouud my woe)
Extinguifht was, by Pitiill Diffaine :
Then if my colour blacke in face doo fhow,
You need not much to wonder at the fame,
Since (a Signe (by part to know the whole)
That Loue made me a Fire, Diffaine a Cole.

VII.

When She was Nyme, fhe came with fmiling eye
Laughing into the world, a figne of glee ;
When I was borne (to her quite contrarie)
Wailing I came into the world to fee.
Thus marke this wonder ftrange : what Nature gane
Vnto (not to vs) but this infant kept we hane.
She (to vp the humours) doth take great ioy,
Through her laughing die, and languifh moft,
Whilft (but I fear to lose me from this noy)
Our wofe were wonderfull, there is loft
As fhe to change her laughter into paine,
And my complaints into her ioy againe.

VIII.

In Loue his Kingdome great, two Fooles there bee :
My Ladie's one, my felfe the other am :
The fond behaiuiour of both which to fee,

* [illegible] to the ground (cf., to gravel, and the Italian *alterare*).

Who is but meerly mortiall, will say the same
Foolish our thoughts are, foolish our desire.
Foolish our hearts in Fancies flame to fire.
Foolish to burne in Loue's but frowning ire.
But what? Fancies are we none, my song doth be
For who most foolish is and most in loue,
More wise here than others, let doth proue.

XVI.

Joy of my soule, my blindfold eyes doone light,
Cordiall of loue, right Medicinde of loue.
Faire orient Pearle, bright shining Marguite,
Pure Quintessence of heauens delight alone.
When shall I taste what honour graunts me such,
And ease the rage of loue in hope desire?
When shall I free enjoy what I so much,
Doe come, but I feare in vaine, in ayme?
Ah feare not kill my soule thus Tantaline,
But rise through grace, the same impossible.

XVII.

Painter, in lively colours draw Diuine.
Doest aske how that may rightly fashioned bee?
I'le tell thee, if thou first wilt doe the same
My Ladie paint, and then Diuine shalt see.
Fond man dost not beleeue? or thinkest I lie?
If doubtfull thou remaine, then behold the rest.
Marke her but well, and thou shalt in her face
See right Diuine, which stamping from her eyes,
Makes her to looke with most diuinelie grace:
Then if thou feest it so plaine a guide,
Straight shadow her: for this one Counterfaite
Of her and of Diuine shall show the shape.

XVIIII.

With gold and rubies gilleseth her small hand:
But if you match them with her Eyes or haire,
They seeme withouten brightnes [for] to stand,
The other haue such lively colours faire.
O worthie Beautie, peerlesse A PER SE,
To whom all other Beauties are most vile.
O fairnes such, as fairer none can bee,
Thou Grace it selfe of graciousnes dooft spoyle.
With Rubies, thou right Rubies dooft disgrace,
With Gold bright Gold thou staineft in his place.

XIX.

That Iuorie hand a Fanne moft white doth hold,
And to the milkie Breft blowes winde apace:

(And yet is full of chilly yce moſt cold)
Diſgrace to others, to her ſelfe a grace.
But I who wiſtly marke theſe whitenes three,
Vouchſafe (ſweet loue) this boone to graunt to mee.
Diſtill within the rouling of mine eyes
(By vertue of thy power) ſuch hidden flame:
And let it tempred be in ſuch ſtrange wiſe,
That I as I caſt my looke vpon the ſame,
It quite may take away her crueltie,
Melt ſtraight the Ice, and Fanne burne ſuddenly.

XXVI.

The Heauens begin with thunder for to breake
The troubled Aire, and to the coloured Fields
The Lightning for to ſpoyle their pride dooth threat,
Each thing vnto the furious Tempeſt yeelds.
And yet me thinkes within mee I doo heare
A gentle voyce hard at my hart to ſay,
Feare nothing thou, but be of merrie cheere,
Thou onely ſafe fore others all ſhalt ſtay:
To ſaue thee from all hurt, thy Shield ſhall bee,
The ſhadow of the conquering Lawrall Tree.

Fano.

XXVIII.

My Miſtres (writing) as her hand did ſhake
The Pen did daſh, which on her gowne did ſpurt:
One drop more higher than the reſt did take,
And to preſume to touch her Breſt it durſt.
Vpon her daintie boſome it did light,
Wherewith ſhe bluſht, in ſhow like damaſke Roſe:
Preſumptuous Blacke, how dar'dſt thou touch that White,
Wherein a world of gladſome pleaſure growes?
Yet (ſpite of enuie) hapt it for the beſt,
To the white more grace, more bewtie to th' breſt.

XXX.

Vnbare that Iuorie hand, hide it no more,
For though it death brings to my tender hart,
To ſee it naked, where is beautie's ſtore,
And where moyſt Pearle with Azure doth impart:
Yet feare I not to dye in this ſweet wiſe,
My fancie ſo to ſee't, is ſet on fire:
Then leaue that Gloue, moſt hateſull to mine eyes,
And let me ſurfet with this kinde Deſire;
So that my lookes may haue of them their fill,
Though hart decay, He take it for none ill.

Mantua.

XXXV.

When I of my sweet *Laura* leaue did take,
Faire Fano's Cittie for a while to leaue:
Shee gaue to mee (to weare it for her sake)
Of golde and pearle a daintie wouen Wreathe.
Deere was the gift, because for loue it came:
But deerey more, cause Shee gaue me the same.
I looke on't still, and kisse it as my ioy;
Kissing and busing it, with it I play:
Which at one instant brings me mirth and noy,
And sighing oft, thus to my selfe I say;
White pearles are these, yet hath her mouth more faire;
Fine gold is this, yet finer is her haire.

Fano.

XXXVIII.

The hapleſſe Argus (happie in this same)
The glorie of the Sunne's surpassing light,
The brightnes of the Starres (the fire which staine)
With hundred eyes behold them alwayes might.
But I (alas) who haue but onely twaine,
Cannot behold the Beautie of my Sunne:
For which I liue as blinde in endleſſe paine,
And count my selfe for want thereof vndone.
I can but wish that I an *Argus* were,
With hundred eyes to view her euerie where.*

XXXIX.

In vastie Sea, faine would my slender Muse
Wade in thy praise, to praise thy beautie right:
But (Ladie) I for pardon craue excuse,
To breake such waues too brittle is her might:
Meane time with lowly verse, in humble show,
Along the shallow shoare Ile wading goe.
The time may come (perhaps) ere it be long,
That this my quill more bold may write thy praise,
And venture for to sayle in th' Ocean strong,
Though now on ground it scarcelie dares.
And where as now to dip his foote he feares,
He then shall saue himselfe ore head and eares.

Fano.

XL.

When I did part, my soule did part from mee,
And tooke his farewell of thy beauteous Eyne:

* Remembrance of the epigram written to Fano.

But now that I (returned) doo thee ſee,
He is returnd, and liues through kindnes thine,
And of thee looketh for a welcome home.
I then not anie more to ſorrow need,
Now I am come: and if before alone
On ſhadow then, on ſubſtance now I feed.
So, if my parting bitter was and ſad,
Sweete's my returne to thee, and paſsing glad.

The Concluſion of the laſt Part.

Timantes, when he ſaw he could not paint
With liuely colours (to his laſting fame)
Such workes he tooke in hand, and found too faint.
His cunning, ſeeking for to hide the ſame,
He ouer them a ſubtill ſhadow drew:
So that his faults, or none or few could view.
So Ladie, I finding my wit too weake,
With currant tearmes your beautie foorth to blaze,
And that to arriue too blunt is my conceit
Vnto the height of your ſurmounting praiſe:
With ſilence forced am (againſt my will)
To ſhadow my defect, (the want of ſkill).

Yet doo I hope, the ſhadow you'l not ſcorne,
Since Princes in their ſtately Arbors greene
Account of ſhade, as trees which frute adorne,
Becauſe from heate they welcome ſhelters been.
The Shadow ſhields gainſt Sunne your beautie faire,
Which elſe his ſcortching heate would much impaire.
Then though a Shadow without frute I bee,
And ſcarce yeeld leaues to couer this my barke:
Accept theſe leaues thy Beautie's Shade of mee,
Where wealth doth ebbe, good will doth flow from Hart.
Deigne me for all my loue but Shadow thine,
Thy Subſtance's too too high for Fortune mine.

R. T.

A Frends iuſt excuſe about the Booke
and Author, in his abſence.

Without the Author's knowledge, as is before ſaid by the Printer, this Poeme is made thus publiquely knowen: which (with my beſt indeuour) the Gentleman himſelfe (ſuſpecting what is now prooued too true) at my coming vp, earneſtly intreated me to preuent. But I came at the laſt ſheetes printing, and finde more than thirtie Sonnets not his, intermixt with his: helpt it cānot be but by the wel iudging Reader, who will with leſſe paine diſtinguiſh betweene them, than I on this ſodaine poſsibly can. To him then

I referre that labour, and for the Printer's faults paſt in ſome of the Bookes, I haue gathered them in the next page. With the Author beare I pray ye whom I muſt intreat to beare with mee.
R. B.

A blank leaf follows but not the promised *errata.*

The motto of 'Laura' on the title-page is from Dante (*Paradiso,* i, 34); but Toſte's style is formed not on Dante, but on the writers of his own day, with frequent turnings and returnings to Serafino. I suspect that both in *Laura* and *Alba* several of the pieces are translations from the Italian. This I name, not as blaming Toſte; for even Spenser used to translate without acknowledgment.

Besides these fuller quotations, the following incidentally musical and happy lines and words, that occur in 'Laura,' it is deemed expedient to preserve:

"A iuſt reward for ſuch an high aſpire." (Pt. i. viii.)

". . . . . angrie *Iuno* from the Scowling Skies
Thicke ſwinging ſhowers did downward ſend amaine." (*ib.* xiii.)

"Of this vnſtedfaſtnes and watrie brine
Lets faſhion both of vs a nouell Sea,
So heauen the hauen, and loue the bay ſhalbee." (*ib.* xviii.)

"Thus (Loue) thou ſeeſt is changed my eſtate,
She checkes with death, that fore gaue life for mate."
Venice. (*ib.* xxi.)

"The warlike Goddeſſe wrath in humble wife." (*ib.* xxiii.)

"Thou, merry laughſt, and pleaſantly doſt ſmile,
I wofull weepe, and (meſtfull) ſorrow ſtill." (*ib.* xxxii.)

"Giue me that colour which ſo likes mine eine,
If death, then blacke, if life, then Carnatine." (*ib.* xxxiii.)

"Take heed you Louers all of her, and feare
The ſugred baites of this deceitfull trull." (*ib.* xl.)

"The flower of *Greece* Dan Paris coſtly ioy
Through her faire feature the onely cauſer was
So manie Knights were ſlaine at Siedge of *Troy.*" (Pt. ii. iii).

"Thoſe ſauerie ſmackes, thoſe buffes ſweet which bee." (*ib.* xxv.)

"No bodie now, for that by proud diſdaine
Of ſcornfull Shee, diſliu'd was." (*ib.* xxvi.)

"Then *Cupid* worke that I (poore Snake in loue)
This ſdainfull Snake for to be kinde may moue." (*ib.*, xx).

From the 'whiteness' of the skin, and especially of the hand, of *Laura*, came I suppose the first title of his next volume, viz., *Alba*. (Cf., however, *Alba*, p. 48, st. 4, l. 1.) This over and over recurring 'whiteness' makes it certain that Sonnet xxxi of Part 3 was of the "more than thirtie intermixt," and it may here find a place as fairly typical of the others:

"My Mistres seemes but browne (say you) to mee.
Tis verie true, and I confesse the same:
Yet loue I her, although that browne she bee,
Because to please me she is glad and faine.
I loued one most Beautifull before,
Whom now (as Death) I deadly doo abhorre.

Because to scorne my seruice her I found,
I gaue her ore, and chose to mee this same:
Nor to be faithfull (thinke I) I am bound
To one in whom no kindnes doth remaine:
This is the cause, for Browne and Pittifull,
I left a faire, but yet a faithlesse Trull."

It will have been noticed that R. T. signs the introductory Epistle-dedicatory to Lucy, sister of Henry Earl of Northumberland. So that the alleged surreptitious publication may have been a mere *ruse*, as Mr. Collier suggests. One would have been pleased to know the link of connexion with the 'Lady Lucy.' She married first, Sir John Wotton, Knt., secondly Sir Hugh Owen of Anglesey, Knt.,—and died without issue. She was daughter of Henry eighth Earl of Northumberland, by Catherine, eldest daughter and co-heir of John (Neville) Lord Latimer. From the wording of the Epistle it would appear she had endured 'trials' of no ordinary sort prior to her marriage.

The verse-Epistle, "*Alla bellissima sua signora* E.C." seems to point to a Euphemia (as Hazlitt fills in) or Elizabeth C[areill] or Carill, or Caryll (as before).

We are now brought to our present reproduction of '*Alba*. The Months Minde of a Melancholy Louer.' The Poet had semi-promised that if *Laura* were well received by her he might undertake a greater venture of verse-celebration;

and I suppose *Alba* is to be held for fulfilment. Perchance he dropped *Laura* for title of his second book as conscious how distant at nearest must be his following of Petrarch and his immortal *Laura*. Be this as it may, *Alba* as = white was a fit synonym for spotless perfect beauty. 'Month's Mind' is properly a celebration in remembrance of dead persons, a month after their decease (NARES, *s.v.*, where are full examples); but Tofte seems to mean by it, not a dirge for the dead, but a lamentation or series of lamentations in sorrow for the living. By his title, therefore, he signified that he had in his poem put into verse the thought and emotion that had passed through his 'Minde' from month to month, as in address to 'Anne Herne':

> "Once I each Monthe to cruel *Alba* make
> A Month's Mind, yet no pittie she doth take." (p. 3.)

As with *Laura*, there is a preliminary verse-dedication to another 'faire lady'—Anne Herne, and from the related poems to members of the family of Brooke, she must have been a Brooke—albeit I have failed to get any particulars of this family. He dedicates his *Honours Academie* to the same 'Anne Herne.' He must have been somewhat changeful in his feminine praises: For whereas in *Alba* (*verso* of title) the 'Margarite' stanza is applied to *Alba*, it is found doing service in the same year to Lady Margaret Morgan, wife of Sir John Morgan of Chilworth, Surrey (in *Orlando Inamorato*, 1598). Is the explanation that into 'Laura' and 'Alba' alike, he worked in all his verses to whomsoever addressed? *Je l'ignore.*

The preliminary commendatory verses to *Alba* are not of much weight or grace; but, as noted before, that by Richard Day, son of Bishop William Day, is biographically to be re-called in relation to the Will.

Coming to *Alba* itself, the main interest of it centres in two things, viz. (*a*) The incidental allusion to a performance of *Love's Labour Lost*; (*b*) A charming couplet, worthy of ROBERT GREENE.

The former must here be placed before the Shakspereean student:

> "Loves Labor Lost. I once did see a Play,
> Ycleped so, so called to my paine.
> Which I to heare to my small Joy did stay,
> Giving attendance on my froward Dame,
> My mizgiving minde prefaging to me Ill.
> Yet was I drawne to see it gainst my Will.
>
> This *Play* no *Play*, but Plague was vnto me,
> For there I lost the Loue I liked most:
> And what to others seemde a Iest to be,
> I, that (in earnest) found vnto my cost,
> To euery one (saue me) twas *Comicall*,
> Whilst *Tragick* like to me it did befall.
>
> Each Actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
> But chiefly Those entrapt in *Cupids* snare:
> Yet all was fained, twas not from the hart,
> They seemde to grieue, but yet they felt no care:
> Twas I that Griefe (indeed) did beare in breast,
> The others did but make a show in Iest.
>
> (p. 105, st. 1 to 3.)

The student will do well to study Shakespeare's play in the light of this reference of Tofte. There is the adjective 'whitely' in *Laura*, and 'envious frost' (p. 94 of *Alba*), recalling Biron, "like an envious sneaping frost"; but closer examination would doubtless yield other words and things.

The latter, is this, spite of its imperfect rhyme:

> "Loue's prisoner then, begging at Beautie's gate
> Some Almes bestowe sweet Ladie for God's sake.

But while these are the *notabilia* of the poem, I am much mistaken if, regarded as a whole, ROBERT TOFTE'S *Alba*, for its 'smoothness' and musical flow and iridiscent fancies or conceits, do not make its way into after-Anthologies of our 'sweet Singers.' I venture to bring together things that in some element or other — sometimes scarcely communicable — have arrested myself. I begin at the beginning, and so pass forward — giving headings for each quotation.

> 1. A 'slaine heart's' memorial.
> ——"vnto whom shall I (now) dedicate
> This mestfull verse, this mournfull Elegie?

Euen to my cruel Mistresse COVNTERFAITE,
Of Beauties shape, the right Eternitie.
Then to her PICTVRE I present this verse,
Of my slaine Hart (dead for pure loue) the Herse."
(p. 17, st. 3.)

2. All-in-all.

"Thou art my Hope, my Hauen, my comfort chiefe,
On thee alone, on none els I relie:
Only to thee I come to begge reliefe;
In thee it is if I shall live or die.
(DEAREST) remember tis a Gift more rare,
CONSTANT to be, then to be counted FAIRE."
(p. 19, st. 4.)

3. A Portrait.

"Two sparkling stars, fine golde, pure Ebonie,
From whence Loue takes his Brands, his Shafts & Bow,
Two daintie Apples, which though hid from eye,
Through vaile of Lawne, through lawne more faire do show:
A cherrie lip with Iuorie teeth most white,
Where *Cupid* begs within that Grace so bright.

Vermilion Flowers that grow in Heauen above;
Snow, which no wet can mare, nor Sunne can melt,
Right Margarite Pearle which alwaies Orient prone,
A Voyce, that Hart of marble makes to swelt,
A Smile that calmes the raging of the Sea,
And Skie more cleere makes then was wont to bee.

Grace, faied wisdome in yong and tender yeares,
A finely Gate, and Port maiestical,
A Carriage (where in verie *Horse*) appeares,
Lookes that *Disdaine*, and yet delight withall,
Numbers of Fauours, Beauties infinite,
With Modestie, chaste, pure, and milde Delight.

An humble Soule within a Bodie rich,
A lowly Thought within a conquering Hart:
These are the workes which I commend so much
Which Heauens & LOVE haue framde by curious Art:
All these I once enjoyde: but they being gone,
My Note is changde, my Mirth is turnde to Mone."
(p. 20, st. 1 to 4.)

4. Too high aspiration.

"Too well I know and I confesse the same,
That too too hiehe is my proud Desire
My loaring Thoughts deserving mickle blame,

And I, ore bold, prefume too high t'afpire :
Yet ftill (me thinkes) mine Ayme, being not bafe,
I fhould deferue fome little tynie Grace." (p. 21, st. 2.)

5. Yearning in Absence.

" Ah had not Reafon my Defires refrainde,
I had, *my Thoughts deare Soueraigne*, feene ere this,
Whofe Grace I fought (but bootles) to haue gainde,
The only ioy I in this world would wifh.
Rather would I fee thofe chafte beautious Eyes,
Then chufe to be in matchleffe Paradife." (p. 21, st. 4.)

6. Alternations.

" My hart is grieu'd caufe it doth difagree :
For whilft my Minde to loue her doth deuife,
And thinks her worthie honored for to bee,
A Sdainfull thought through Hatred doth arife,
Which skornes y^t one fo rich, a Theefe fhuld proue,
That one fo Faire, a Murthereffe is in loue."
(p. 22, st. 2.)

7. Brilliant Beauty.

" For whilst he giues his minde attentiuely,
And ftudieth to match Nature with his Art,
Marking her Feature with a watchfull eye,
To portray forth moft liuely every part :
Such brightnes comes from her, fuch gliftring rayes,
As he's ftruck blinde, and darkned goes his wayes."
(p. 23, st. 2.)

8. A young mother — portents.

" Bright were the Heauens, and hufht was euery winde,
Cleere was the day, when as mine ALBA faire,
Brought forth with ioy (*Lucina* being kinde)
A daintie Babe, for feature paffing rare,
Adorning all the world with this glad welth,
A gift t'enrich the World, Vs, and her felf.

What time fhe was in trauell of this Childe,
No thunder, lightning, nor no ftorme was heard :
But all was quiet, peacefull, calme and milde,
As if the skies t'offend her were afeared,
Whilft th'earth attended on her, and the Sea,
As though they ftaid at her command to be.

Then did the Windes (not vfing fo before)
A gentle gale blow calmely euery where,
And fild the blisfull Aire with fweetes great ftore :
Each bird and fowle fhewing a merry cheere,

Whilst that bleſt Day a double Beautie found,
One from the Sunne, the other here on ground."
(p. 24, st. 1 to 3.)

9. Castle in the Air.

" My mounting Minde, my neuer ſtaide Conceit
Hath built a ſtately Caſtle in the Aire:
Which *Ioue* his lightning Fire, nor his fierce thret,
Nor Fate, nor Fortune, nor ought elſe doth feare.
Founded it is vpon two running Wheeles,
The Gates of duſt and winde (ſtill turning reeles.)

Thouſands of Motes are digd about the ſame,
Which are capritious Humors fond and Toyes:
The Skouts and Guards thereof, Hopes dead and vaine;
The Food therein preparde, falſe fleeting Ioyes;
The fencing Walles are framde of fierce Deſire,
Which dreads nor Seas, nor earth, nor force, nor fire.

The Armours, framed are in running Head,
Of foolish Boldnes, and of penſiue Feare,
Which None knowes how they ſhould be managed,
Nor how the ſame gainſt others right to beare:
The Shot, Munition, and Artillerie,
Are diuers Thoughts which in the Fancie lie.

The Caſtellane doth fight againſt himſelfe,
Having noeght els his ſoldiers for to pay,
But with Ambition which is all his wealth:
Iudge then my ſtate, and mark my firmeſt ſtay.
O LOVE how long learne ſhall I in thy Schoole?
The more I learne, I (ſtill) doe proue more Foole."
(p. 26, st. 1 to 4.)

10. The Skies.

" Swift rolling Spheares, cleere burning Lamps diuine,
That with your beames diſgrace the glorious Sunne:
Faire ladders by which I to Heauen cline,
And by your Influence this rare courſe doe runne.
Ah, if not quickly hither you returne,
Too late (in vaine) my loſſe you then ſhall mourne."
(p. 27, st. 1.)

11*. Love's Food.

" Feeding my ſelfe (now you from hence are gone)
With ſweet Remembrance of ſore paſſed Ioy." (st. 3, ll. 3 and 4).

11. Love's Rage.

" Sad Teares, that from my mellfull Hart doe runne,
Thruſt forth through watrie Eyes by Sorrow kinde:

If you into LOVES paths by chance ſhall come,
Where he doth walke, and pitie thinke to finde;
In vaine then doe you ſtirre abrode, in vaine
You loſe your travaile, labour and your paine.

For whilſt the way vnto an Humour new
You open wide, fierce ALBA ſhutteth cloſe
Her breaſt from mercie, making me to rew,
And for your Friendſhip, counts you as her foes:
Wherein, ſhe doth a damd Example ſhow,
Forcing her Hart gainſt Conſcience here to goe.

Then wofull teares what will you doe as now?
LOVE's dead and gone, all pitie is exilde:
Skorned is my Conſtancie and loyall Vow,
And through Diſdaine I daily am reuilde.
My Hopes are blaſted, and as withered ſeeme,
Whilſt ſtill Diſgraces ſhew before me greene.

(p. 29, st. 1 to 3.)

12. Another Portrait.

"Thy whitenes (ALBA) I may well compare
To *Delia*, when no clowde doth her obſcure:
Thy haires to *Phœbus* lightning in the Aire,
When he doth ſhine with greater Luſter pure.
Thy diamond eyes, like a froſtie Night,
Where ſparkling ſtars doe ſhooting take their flight.

Thy cheekes *Aurora* like, when with her Dew,
The Roſe and Lillie ſhe doth ſprinkle ſweete:
Reſembling drops that ſeeded Pearle doe ſhew,
As if that double Beautie did them greete.
Thy Hand, no hand, it is the daintie Gloue,
Which *Pſyches* ware, when ſhe was wed to LOVE."

(p. 31, st. 1 and 2.)

13. Sleep and Dreams.

"Come gentle ſleepe (ſweet ſleepe) my welcome Frend,
Come comfort me with ſhadow of my Loue,
And her, in viſion quickly to me ſend,
For whom theſe grieſes and bitter pangs I proue.
Black Night be thou far darker then thou art,
Thy chifeſt Beautie is to be moſt darke.

By thee my peace and pleaſure doth ariſe,
Whilſt I through thy deceit (yet liking me)
Doe ſeeme to ioy with her in louely wiſe,
Although from hence (God knowes) far off ſhe be.
Such is the pleaſure that herein I take,
As more I could not ioy, were I awake.

Thou ſhewſt to me the trammels of her Haire,
Clept SCALA COELI, locks of pure Delight:
Her ſnowy Neck, the cauſe of my ſweete Care;
Her eyes like Saphires ſparkling in the night:
With other ſights, vnſeemly to be knowne:
Al theſe ſweet ſleep, through thee to me are ſhowne."
(p. 33, st. 1 to 3.)

14. Love-Warnings.

"ALBA thinkſt thou, thy Mouth ſhall ſtill be MAY,
And that thy Colour freſh, ſtill faire will be?
That Time and Fortune will not weare away
Beautie, which God and Nature lends to thee?
Yes, yes, that white and red, thy Cheekes now ſhow,
Shall quicklie change, and blacke and yellow grow.

The Giniper the longer it doth flower,
The older ſtill it waxeth, bowing ſtill,
And that ſweete face of thine, which now hath power
Whole worlds with wondering at the fame to fill,
Shall (though it now ſauns blemiſh be) a Staine,
Hereafter with thicke wrinckeled Clifts remaine.

Great care to keepe this Beautie fraile muſt be,
Which we (God knowes) a ſmall time doe enioy,
Doe what we can, we loſe it ſuddenle;
Why, then, being courted ſhouldſt thou ſeeme ſo coy,
Fortunes wings made of Times feathers neere ſtay,
But eare thou them canſt meaſure, flit away.

Then be not ouer hard, like changeles Fate,
But let my Cries force thee (at laſt) relent,
Doe not oppoſe thy ſelfe too obſtinate
Gainſt him, whoſe time to honor thee is ſpent:
Ah let me ſpeake the trueth (though ſomewhat bold)
Though now th'art yong, thou one day muſt be old.
(p. 38, st. 1 to 4).

15. Despair.

"Teares I did ſhed, but teares I ſhed in vaine;
Vowes I did make, my Vowes ſhe did reiect;
Prayers I offred, Prayers ſhe did diſdaine;
Preſents I ſent, but them ſh' would not accept.
If teares, vowes, prayers, nor preſents can doe good,
What then remaines, but for to offer blood?"
(p. 41, st. 2.)

16. Swift Doom.

"A kinde of Pitie tis, quickly to kill." (p. 41, st. 4.)

17. Memories.

" The ſweet remembrance of thy ſight of yore,
Th' only companion is of my deare life,
Thy preſence was, which abſent I adore,
My paradiſe and place of ioy moſt rife.
So I alone am not, though None's with mee,
And was in Heauen, when I thy face did ſee."

(p. 43, st. 3.)

18. All Nature invoked.

" Ye valleys deep withouten bottome found;
Ye Hils that match with height the azure skie;
Ye Caues by Nature hollow vnder ground,
Where quiet reſt and ſilence alwaies lie,
Thou gloomy Aire which euer to the ſight
Bringſt darknes full, but neuer cheerfull light.

Ye vncouth Paths, ye ſolitarie walks,
Ye breackneck Rocks, moſt ghaſtlie for to ſee,
Ye dreadfull Dens where neuer any ſtalks,
And where ſcarce hiſſing Serpents dare to bee:
Ye fatall Vaults where murdred Corſes lie,
Haunted with hatefull ſprites continuallie.

Ye Wilderneſſes and ye Deſerts wilde,
Ye ſtrangie Shores nere yet inhabited,
Ye Places from all pleaſures quite exilde,
Where ſad Melancholy and Grieſe is fled,
Heare me, who am a ſhadow and a Ghoſt,
Damd with eternall ſorrow to be croſt.

Hear me, ſince I am come for to bewaile,
Mongſt you, my Faith, my Conſtancie, and Loue,
I hope with my lowd Cries and drerie Tale,
Though not the Heauens, yet Hell at leaſt to moue:
Since more the Grieſes are which within me grow,
Then Heauen hath pleaſures, or Hel, Plagues below.

(p. 44, st. 1 to 4.)

19. The Alps.

" My ioyles Hart a troubled Spring is like,
Which from the tops of matchles Alpes moſt hie,
Falls with a mightie noiſe downe headlong right,
By vncouth ſtony wayes moſt dreadfully,
Where all his Hopes he in the Deepe doth drowne:
A fatall ſigne of fortunes heauie frowne.

Darke pitchie clowdes of hugie Mountaines ſteepe,
The loftieſt part do hide from Sunny heate:

Seeld any winde of Pitie there doth fleete,
Them to diſſolue, their thicknes is ſo great.
For no calme Aire of gentle Loue doth blow,
Where ſwelling Anger frets in furious ſhow.

Thence doth my Tributarie Hart forth ſend
Through peable ſtones, now here, now there along,
A little Brooke into the Sea to wend,
As ſigne that I my dutie would not wrong:
For ALBA mine, (Degree aboue Compare)
A large Sea is of ſundrie Beauties rare.
(p. 46, st. 1 to 3.)

20. Smallest Grace.

"And yet my ſute is ſmall, ſmall is the Grace
That I deſire, (for ſomewhat I deſerue)
Tis only for to die before her face,
From whom in Dutie (yet) I nere did ſwerue:
That ſhe might know my life doth me annoy,
Vnles I might her company enioy." (p. 52, st. 4.)

21. A third Portrait.

"As ſhe lookes now, ſo lookes the Moone in skies,
When mongſt the gloomie clowdes portending raine,
She with the watrie horned head forth pries,
Spreading abroade her dewie beames amaine:
So we *Aurora* vſe for to depaint,
Mongſt paliſh violets, when ſhe looketh faint.

Pitie is mixt with griefe in her faire face,
And Griefe with Pitie in the ſame conioyne,
Where LOVE (though ſick) ſits with a louely grace,
In midſt of ſickly palenes in her eyne.
Sicknes it ſelfe ſo louely nere did looke,
But ſince her Inne in ALBAS breaſt ſhe tooke.

That ſtately Haughtines ſhe had before,
Now changde is into low Humilitie:
And that ſame glance that faithles was of yore,
Now faithfull ſheweth and full of Loyaltie.
So with her Colour if ſhe did cruell take,
Yet Pitifull her Palenes doth her make." (p. 55, st. 2 to 4.)

22. Shew not Reality — pleading.

"To thee farre off (from me) theſe ſighs I ſend,
To thee farre off from Loue, I, neere to die,
To know if thou thy ſelfewill minde wilt mend,
Deſiſting from thy hatefull Crueltie.

Beautie if it be milde, it is renound ;
If it be proud, a foule reproch tis found.

Thou makſt a ſhew as if thou wouldſt be kinde :
But tis a ſhadow, not a ſubſtance right :
For comming vnto triall ſtraight I finde,
Thy ſdainfull chaſt lookes puts my Hope to flight :
Whilſt thou doſt ſeeme at theſe my Woes to grieue,
Yet them with ſuccour neuer doſt relieue.

Thy Grieſe (for me) a paſſion's in a play,
Which men doth rauiſh with Melancholy :
But acted once, and out of ſight away,
In minde, no longer there doth ſtay, but dy :
Thou art the Actor playing ſuch a part,
My grieſes neere deeply pearce into thy hart.

O would I could from Reaſons Court obtaine,
A *Superſedeas*, LOVE for to remoue,
From out my Breaſt to thee, to eaſe my paine,
That thou the force thereof a while mightſt proue.
But Deſtnie wils that I thy ſlaue do ſtay,
And ſo I will, who bound is, muſt obey." (p. 58, st. 1 to 4.)

23. Vain Ambition.

"Th' yuie that climing vp by th' elme doth runne,
Neuer can get hold of the beames of Sunne." (p. 61, st. 2.)

24. No Hope.

" All theſe, and many another worſer grieſe,
Are no ſuch plagues as is that Marble Hart,
(That Marble Hart) that yeelds me no reliefe,
Nor euer ſought ſome comfort to impart.
The reſolution of the Heauens, nor any Time,
Can make (that Breaſt) to yeeld to my Deſigne."
(p. 64, st. 3.)

25. Bracelet-enchantment.

" Thriſe trebble bleſſed BRACELET, rich in priſe,
I enuie not thy perlie fret, nor golde,
But fortune thine, becauſe in happie wiſe,
The place of perfect pleaſure thou doſt holde.
About that wriſt thou turneſt and windſt ſo oft,
More white then Snow, then thiſtle down more ſoft.

Baſe mindes loue Golde : tis not thy Golde I ſteeme,
For this I onely value thee at much,
Becauſe an Ornament th'art to be ſeene,
Of her white Hand yclept of right NONESVCH :

NONESVCH indeede, whoſe Beautie is ſo rare,
As nere the like, attainde the perfects Faire.

This is the cauſe ſo highlie I thee rate,
As all the golden Mines of Indian Ground,
Nor Seas of Pearle can counteruaile thy ſtate,
Wherein thou art this preſent to be found:
And, if that trueth I ſhall confeſſe indeede,
The wealth of all the world thou doſt exceede.

But when I marke, how by ſtrange cunning Art,
Faire louelie Haires, with Pearle and Golde conioyne,
A pleaſing ioy doth ſeize vpon my Heart,
Whileſt with ſtrange pleaſures, Fancie feeds my mind:
So as (ſweete BRACELET) thou doſt rightly proue,
To be th' enchantment of bewitching LOVE."
(p. 68, st. 1 to 4.)

26. The Miserable.

"No ſweeter Muſick to the Miſerable,
Then is Deſpayre: therefore the more I feele
Of bitternes, of ſorrow ſower and fell,
The more of Sweetnes it doth ſeeme to yeeld.
Vaine I eſteeme my life, all libertie,
Since I do want mine ALBAS Companie." (p. 71, st. 3.)

27. A love-gift.

"Thice precious purſe, by daintie Hand ywrought,
Of Beauties Firſt Borne, Fauours rightfull Heire,
Not for a world of wealth, purchaſt or bought,
But freely giuen (for Loue) by ALBA faire:
Giuen to me, vnworthie of the fame,
As one not meriting ſo great a Gaine.

Tis not the richnes hereof, though tis much,
Nor rarenes of the worke ſurpaſſing skill,
That I account of, though that it be ſuch,
As euery eye, with maſement it doth fill:
But cauſe t'was made by that Alconquering Hand,
Whoſe becke, euē Loues own ſelf doth countermād."
(p. 72, st. 1 and 2.)

28. Hankerchief.

"Ah happie Handkercher, that keepſt the ſigne,
(As only Monument vnto my Fame)
How deare my Loue was to ſweet ALBA mine,
VVhen (ſo) to ſhew my Loue ſhe did me blame.
Relique of LOVE I do not enuie thee,
Though whom thy Maſter cannot, thou doſt ſee.

Only let me intreat this Fauour ſmall,
VVhen in her chamber all alone by chance,
Open her pretie Casket for ſome work ſhe ſhall,
And hap her eye on thee vnwares to glance:
Ah, then the colour of her face but marke,
And thou by that ſhalt know her inward hart.

If ſhe ſhall bluſh, and grieue, thee ſo to view,
And wiſtly caſt on thee a piteous eye,
It is a ſigne her loue continues true,
And that her faith ſhe doth not falſifie.
Ah, then (afreſh) (her faith more firme to moue)
Bleed thou againe, for to reuine her Loue.

But if ſhe (ſeeing thee) no account doth make,
Flinging thee here and there without regard:
Know then expired is my louing Date,
My Hope deceiu'd, my Fortune ouer hard.
Yet if ſhe doth but ſighing ſay to thee,
(Safely) (Farewell deare SERVANT) happie mee."
(p. 75, st. 1 to 4.)

29. Despondency.

"Thoſe ebbon windowes ſweete, thoſe cheerfull eyes,
Where LOVE (at LAVVGH and ſweete looke on) doth play,
Are on the ſudden changle in ſtrangie wiſe,
And do Diſdaines Enſigne (gainſt me) diſplay:
Darke now they ſeeme, and ſower, ore paſſing bad,
Making my life ſeeme to me black and ſad.

Thoſe cheerfull eyes, which wont to comfort me,
And to my hungrie ſoule yeeld nourihment,
Denie me foode, nor will they pleaſed be,
But mew me vp, as ſtarueling cloſely pent.
My walks I vide, which faire and eaſie were,
Are ſtopt with blood-drawing brãbles euery where.

My craſed hart thus skorned for his Loue
And plagude with proud diſdaine and schinfull Pride,
Wailes ſo as would a Rock (though flintie) moue:
Nor better courie hath this Diſgrace to bide,
Then ſighs and Teares, which forth he ſends apace,
And (damned like) ſtill begs, but nere finds grace.

Sweete ſtay of my weake tottring life nie falne,
Balme to my wounds, and Cordiall to my griefe,
Light to my darknes, to my ſtorme, milde Calme,
Eaſe to my paine, and to my want, Reliefe.
Ah who hath now (and that ſo ſuddenly)
Of pitie thee deprau'd, to make me die?

Poore wafted Hart that wandreft not aftray,
Although thy PEARLE her orient colour change:
Thou, which in thy firft Faith vnftained doft ftay,
Although fhe from her plighted vow doth range.
Ah, where are now thy cheerfull daies of Hope?
Thy Liues line, Loue, what wretched hād hath broke?"
(p. 76, st. 1 to 4; p. 77, st. 1.)

30. Longing in Exile.

"O that I were where bides mine ALBA faire,
VVhofe perfon to poffeffe is pleafure fuch,
As driues away all melancholy Care,
Which doth the Hart through Griefs impreffion touch:
Whofe louely Locks All do more curious deeme,
When they moft careles to be dreffed feeme.

Her fweet Lookes moft alluring be, when they
Moft chafte do feeme in modeft glancing fhow:
Her words, the more they vertuoufly do way,
The more (in count) for amorous they go:
Her dreffing fuch as when neglected moft,
She's thought as then to haue beftowed moft coft.

Sweet Fortune, when I meet my louely Treafure,
Dafh my Delights with fome fmall light difgrace,
Left I (enioying fweetnes boue all meafure)
Surfet without recure on thy faire face.
Her wonted coyneffe let her vfe a while,
My fierce Defire by Diet to beguile.

Left with the fulnes of my ioyes, abate
The fweetnes, and I perifh ftraight before
I do poffeffe them, at too deare a rate.
But foft (Fond *Icarus*) how high wilt foare:
Thou dreameft I think, or foulie doft miftake,
I dreame indeed, Ah might I neuer wake."
(p. 78, st. 1 to 4.)

31. The Hawk and Lure.

"Like as the Hawke caft from the Faulkners fift,
Freed from the Mew doth (ioyfull) take his flight,
Soaring aloft in th'aire as beft him lift,
Now here, now there, doth finde no fmall delight,
Enioying that, which Treafures all doth paffe,
(His libertie) wherefore he prifoner was.

But when th'acquainted Hollow he doth heare,
And feeth the Lure caft forth him home to traine,
As one obedient full of awfull feare,

He leaues his ſight, and backward turnes againe,
Chafing in ancient bonds for to be bound,
Fore faithles to his Lord he will be found :

So (ALBA) though I wanton, otherwhile,
Do runne abrode, and other Ladies court,
Seeking the time with pleaſures to beguile,
And oft my ſelfe with words of courſe do ſport,
Diſſembling with Diſſemblers cunninglie,
As is the guiſe, with tongue, with hand, and Eye.

Yet when I thinke vpon thy face diuine,
Thy Beautie cals me home, ſtraight as a Lure,
All other banißing from Hart of mine,
And in LOVES Bands to thee doth binde me ſure.
And ſince my Faith, and Fates do ſo ordaine,
I am content thy priſoner to remaine.

Where are thoſe Haires ſo louely Browne in ſhow?
Where is that ſnowy Mount of Iuorie white?
With damaske Roſe where do the Lillies grow?
Whoſe Colours & whoſe ſweetnes All delight?
Where are thoſe cheerfull Lights, Lamps of cleere Loue
Wherein, a beautious Heauen doth alwaies moue."
(p. 79, st. 1 to 4; p. 80, st. 1.)

32. Homage.

" To thee (Deare Faire) that makſt me fare amiſſe,
To thee my *Goddeſſe* I my prayers make,
And proſtrate fall before thy *Shrine of Bliſſe*,
Crauing of thee, that them in worth thou take,
Whileſt I to thee my Hart in humble wiſe,
Vpon thy beautious Altar ſacrifiſe." (p. 86, st. 1.)

33. Can't surcease to love.

" Support my ſeeble Thoughts, that ſcarſe can moue,
For thou wert wont, ſuch, better to commend,
Who would perſiſt more loyall in their Loue,
And perſeuere vnto the lateſt end,
Then thoſe, who whē Loues courſe they gan to run,
Would giue it ore, before halfe way were done.

I cannot doe ſo, for my longing Hart,
Is knit in thine, in ſuch perfection ſtrange,
That Death theſe twaine in ſunder cannot part,
Nor length of Time, nor Places diſtant change :
Thy *Beautious Vertue*, *Vertuous Beautie* tis,
That makes me ioy in noy, take Bale for blis."
(p. 87, st. 2 and 3.)

34. Love-letany.

" Now that my weary ſpirits do runne their race,
To thoſe tranſplendent Lamps of ALBA faire :
And gazing there (in vaine) do plead for grace,
Leauing their ancient lodging nakte and bare.
She as their Foe ſtands on her Brauerie,
And paſſage to their Entrance doth denie." (p. 89, st. 1.)

35. Love's Armour.

" Againſt her wrath Ile true and Humble be,
For Faiths my Fence, my Shield's, Humilitie."
(*ibid.*, st. 4, ll. 5, 6.)

36. Parting.

" So great a grieſe did neuer pearce the Hart,
Of any louing Mother ouer kinde,
When ſhe her only ſonne readie to part,
Doth ſee to forraine Countrie gainſt her minde,
Loſing the ſtaffe of her old Age and ſtay,
On whom the Hope of all her Comfort lay.

As wofull I, when I thoſe louely Eyes
Saw to looke back, which I ſhould ſee no more
Of many daies, and when in pitious wiſe,
They ſhewd by ſignes Our parting grieu'd them ſore,
Ah when her laſt looke backe on me ſhe caſt,
Then, then, I thought I ſhould haue breath'd my laſt.

Yet for my Harts ſake did my ſpirits reuiue,
And life once more recouered they againe,
Whilſt ſtaring after her I kept aliue,
And thought that I (not ſeeing her) ſaw her plaine.
Long time my Powers were got into my ſight,
Deluding me with pleaſing falſe Delight." (p. 93, st. 1 to 3.

37. Physicians useless.

" Sick in my lothed Bed I languiſh faſt,
Nor can my learned Doctor help me ought,
His cunning now is at the lateſt caſt,
Yet he no eaſe to craſed me hath brought.
And marueile none though he no helpe can finde,
Sicke am I not in Bodie, but in minde." (p. 96, st. 1.

38. Lady-love ill.

" Pure *Iuorie* white, with ſpot of *Crimſon* red,
Where *Beauties Firſt Borne* lay the perfect Molde,
Or like *Aurora* riſing from her Bed,
Such was mine ALBA faire for to beholde.

Such was She, when She louely LOVE ore came,
The *Conquerers Glory, Conquereds Pleasing Shame.*

But now that *Cullor* faire hath changde his grace,
Through *Burning Feuer*, (deadly in his kinde)
And *Sallow Paleness* stained hath that Face,
To whom the Prize for *Fauour* was assinde,
Sicke is my *Lady*, sicke is all *Delight*,
And brightest Day is turnde to darkest Night.

Fortune hath stolne from ALBA, tooke from LOVE,
From him she takes his *Solace*, *Sport* and *Play*;
From Her her *Beautie* which she would improue,
And to her selfe, would (safely) it conuay.
Being *Pitifull* she *Cruell* seemes to be
And in her Blindenes sheweth that she can see.

Fair Fortune darke as *Melle* in any Good;
But to *Loue* Hart, as *Argus*, full of Eyes,
In outward shew, a *Tiger* fierce and wood:
And yet to me she's *kinde* in piteous wise.
Since She, by drawing Beautie from that place,
Quencht hath my Fier, to ease me for a space."

(p. 99, st. 1 to 4.)

39. Heart dying.

My Harte upon his Deathbed, sicke, did lye,
Calling vpon proud ALBA but in vaine;
Too Cruell she, (for pittie) it did crie,
Yet had Kepulie through Rigor of Disdaine.
So as to line thus (long) it could not bide,
But *Loue* gone vp the Ghost, and so he dide.

Then to the *Chappell* of bad *Fortune* hard,
By mourning sighes & quickelie was conuaide,
A place for their sad Funerals preparde,
Where a *Tomb* of *Loyaltie* t'was laide.
Anger, Suspect, Griefe, Sorow, Care, and Feare,
With dismall Doubtes, the chiefest mourners were.

About the Herse, great store of Teares were shed;
The Torches that did burne so cleare and bright,
Were by Cruelties mistled,
Scarce the triumphs to see so wofull sight.
Nine the Quire did sing with wofull Plaint,
Saluing with a Sacke and dismall Saunt.

Then the Monument enclosed was
With Swords and Clubs with Arrowes sharpe & keene,

The Epitaph (for ſuch as by ſhould pas)
VVas thus ſubſcribde, and carued to be ſeene.
Loe here that gentle Hart entombde doth lie,
Whom cruell ALBA *cauſeles forſt to die.*"
(p. 100, st. 1 to 4.)

40. Passion.

"Vnhappie Pilgrim I, borne still to euill
To shrine her for a Saint, who is a Deuill." (p. 112, st. 4.)

41. Friendship.

"When *Beautie* ſickneth, then *Deſire* doth die,
Fauor doth vade moſt flouring in his prime,
Then LOVE doth ebbe, when flowes *Aduerſitie,*
But *Friendſhip* bides out euerie ſtormie *Time.*
(p. 113, st. 1, ll. 1 to 4.)

42. Respect.

"(LADIE) *I hope no line is here ſet downe,*
Sauns awfull looking backe vnto your frowne."
(p. 116, st. 2, ll. 5, 6.)

43. Heaven.

"Thou, then ſhalt be, whereas the *Bleſſed* are,
pure = *Poore Soule,* mongſt *Soules,* mongſt *Stars,* a brightſome *Starre.*"
(p. 121, st. 4, ll. 5, 6.)

44. Living Death.

"Thou LIFE which Life art calde, and yet art *Death.*
Thou DEATH, which *Death* art termde, and yet art *Life,*
Say; which of you maintaine my vitall breath,
Within this wretched Vale of Worldly ſtrife?
Say, which prolongs my *Life,* moſt of you Twaine?
Or thou LIFE, or thou DEATH: ſay both the ſame.

Wherefore, what ere he be, that meanes to ioy
This other LIFE that is *Celeſtiall,*
He muſt not ſcorne (to ſcape from worlds annoy)
Nor thinke it much, to come when DEATH ſhall call.
For DEATH, not LIFE, doth help vs at the end,
LIFE is our Foe, but DEATH, our dearest Friend."
(p. 123, st. 1 and 4.)

45. Heavenly Beauty.

"This *earthly Beautie* doth the *Sence* delight,
But *Heauenly Beautie* doth the *minde* more pleaſe:
The one the World hath as an Object right,
And ſeekes the *World* to pleaſure with ſweet eaſe:

But th'other hath *Iehouah* for hir glaſſe,
Nor ſhe for any but for him doth paſſe."

(p. 126, st. 1.)

46. Earthly Beauty.

" Faire *Pearle*, fine golde, baſe *excrements* of th'earth ;
What's *Beautie*, but a little *White* and *Red* ?
Reuiued with a little liuely *Breath*,
With *Winde*, or *Sunne*, or *Sicknes* altered ?
All this doth *Time* conſume and bring to nought,
And all what ere into this world is brought.

The faireſt *Colours* drie and vaniſh ſhall ;
The *yongſt* muſt pack as well as doth the *Olde:*
All mortall things to mortall death muſt fall,
And therefore firſt were caſt in earthly molde.
That which doth floriſh greene as graſſe to-day,
To morrow withereth like to dried Hay."

(p. 127, st. 3 and 4.)

47. The Sence.

" The *Sence* doth burne with *Loues* vnperfect works,"

(p. 126, st. 2, l. 1.)

48. Evanescence.

" The fairest Flower must wither with the weed,
What so doth liue, to die was first decreede." (p. 128, st. 2.)

49. Immortality.

Who dyeth ill, dyes ; who dieth well, neuer dies,
But liues a life aboue Eternallie :
Like good *Elias*, who in wondrous wife,
Was from baſe Earth tooke vp to liue in skie :
Where bide *Th' elect of Chriſt* for euer bleſt,
In Abrahams boſome there for aye to reſt.

(p. 128, st. 4.)

[illegible] — which might be abundantly and [illegible] — vindicate for Tofte his own utmost [illegible] place in England's great Antiphon. He [illegible] Nightingale,' but he *was* the 'Robin Red [illegible] to name and re-name himself.

[illegible] Reader will have observed Italian-derived [illegible] The following details of most [illegible] together with related things. Some

very sensible remarks on the impropriety of thus adulterating the English tongue will be found in Puttenham's *Art of Poesie* (b. iii, f. 22).

Page 3, st. 2, l. 1, *daine* = dignify; so the Italian, *dignare*, is used occasionally.

„ 23, st. 1, l. 3, *doth his dutie, i.e.*, does his best = fa il suo dovere.

„ 27, st. 3, l. 2, and in four other places, *noy* for annoyance = noia. Also used by Lodge. *Vide* Nares, *s.v.*

„ 29, st. 2, l. 1, *humour*, moisture = umore (Latin *humor*). Also in Spenser, *v.* Richardson, *s.v.*; and "*humorous* night" is in Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet.*

„ 35, st. 2, l. 5, *pover*, poor = povero; unless it be rather the French *pauvre.*

„ 39, st. 3, l. 3, *prove*, attempt = provare.

„ 43, st. 2, l. 6, *of thy sweet sake.* I can make nothing of this, unless sake is an eccentric translation of *grazie*, and Tofte meant *of thy sweet grace.*

„ 51, st. 1, ll. 5, 6 } *more* .... *the more.* A peculiar use,
„ 54, st. 4, ll. 3, 4 } corresponding to the Italian, *più*
„ 67, st. 1, l. 6 } ..... *tanto più* (found in Dante), and to *plus* .... *tant plus*, in old French. Cf. also *sharper* .... *the shroder*, p. 63, st. 3, ll. 2, 3.

„ 54, st. 2, l. 2, *bandies*, banishes = bandire.

„ 56, st. 1, l. 6, *expecting* ... *when*; cf. the Italian, *espettare* .... *che*; or the Latin, *expectare dum*, is nearer.

„ 63, st. 2, l. 6, *disdained*, disdainful = sdegnato. Add *sdainfull* = sdegnoso, p. 58, st. 2, l. 4, *Sdeign* is used by Spenser.

„ 67, st. 2, l. 5, *the farther I to find, i.e.*, from finding. In Italian the infinitive would be used as substantive, and Tofte has attempted to reproduce this in English.

„ 68, st. 2, l. 1, *steeme*, esteem = stimare.

„ 80, st. 2, l. 3, *her straining beauties sight.* See Notes

and Illustrations. Perhaps the explanation in the note is plausible enough for so fantastic a writer as Tofte; but it seems possible that by *straining* he meant *strange*; Italian *strano* or *stranio*.

Page 85, st. 1, l. 2, *extract*, extracted = estratto.

" 88, st. 3, l. 1, *poste*, placed = posto.

" 90, st. 3, l. 1, *suspect*, suspicion = sospetto. This, of course, is common contemporaneously and earlier.

" 93, st. 4, l. 2, *disgrace*, misfortune = disgrazia.

" 94, st. 3, l. 3, *is to see*, is to be seene = è a vedere. Common at the time.

" 119, st. 1, l. 4, *condole*, lament; nearly = Italian *condolersi*.

The following may be added by way of supplement:

(1) Verbs used as substantives according to the well-known Italian idiom: *shine*, p. 2, l. 2; *denay*, p. 41, st. 1, l. 4; *compare*, p. 46, st. 3. l. 5.

(2) Verbs ending *ise*: *rumatise*, p. 17, st. 2, l. 3,; *memorise*, p. 18, st. 1, l. 2; *tyrannise*, p. 32, st. 2, l. 1, and p. 63, st. 1, l. 6; *subtellise*, p. 32, st. 2, l. 3; *haroldise*, p. 42, st. 4, l. 5; *canonise*, p. 42, st. 4, l. 6; *mirorise*, p. 54, st. 4, l. 5; *adulterise*, p. 63, st. 1, l. 5; *politize*, p. 65, st. 3, l. 1; *temporize*, p. 65, st. 3, l. 3; *serenising*, p. 66, st. 3, l. 2; *anatomise*, p. 73, st. 4, l. 5, and p. 95, st. 4, l. 5; *envenomise*, p. 85, st. 4, l. 6; *induratise*, p. 86, st. 2, l. 5; *retranquillize*, p. 86, st. 2, l. 6; *satanise*, p. 132, st. 4, l. 5.

Of these sixteen verbs, five, or perhaps six, are English now; but in those days the use of such verbs was reckoned as a badge of Italianism. Nash, in the epistle prefixed to the second edition of *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594, writes: "Others object unto me .... the often coyning of Italionate verbs, which end all in *ize*, as *mummi-*

anise, tympanize, tirannize..... My ubraided Italionate verbs are the least crime of a thousand, since they are grown in general request with every good poet. Besides, they carrie farre more state with them then any other, and are not halfe so harsh in their desinence as the old hobling English verbes ending in *r*; they expresse more then any other verbes whatsoever, and that [kind of] substantives would be quite barraine of verbs, but for that ending." (Reprinted by J. P. Collier, in preface to his reprint of Harvey's *New Letter of Notable Contents.*)

(3) Words which have a syllable added on at the end, probably to satisfy an ear accustomed to the Italian endings in *o* and *a*, though the affixes are *Teutonic*, not Italian. This is by no means peculiar to Tofte. The instances I have noted in *Alba* are: *devoutfull, strangie, calmie, hugie, vastie, cooly, blacksome, paradised, palish.* If the above alternative explanation of *straining*, p. 80, as = *strange*, is right, it is another instance of the same tendency.

(4) And wanting blood, Paleness sits on my face, p. 56, st. 2, l. 2;

Holding thee *Deere*, why sets by me so light, p. 110, st. 1, l. 3.

In each of these lines the first clause is what is called a *nominativŭ pendens*; a construction into which a man might be entrapped by familiarity with the use of the present participle in Italian, which itself seems a relic of the Latin ablative absolute.

(5) The hyperbolical superlative found in Ariosto and other Italians, and very popular in England at the time. See Ben Jonson's frequent ridicule of it.

By vertue of her *more then radiant* beames,

p. 57, st. 3, l. 4.

Thy spotless life, thy *more than chast* desire,
ib., st. 4, l. 6.
My love which is to thee *more then extreame*,
p. 95, st. 2, l. 5.
More then high time tis for thee to relent,
p. 103, st. 3, l. 1.

(6) The use of the infinitive without *to*, is perhaps also a trace of Italian influence. Instances are, *seeke*, p. 63, st. 3, l. 5; and *prate*, p. 104, st. 3, l. 1.

(7) Of the numerous awkward inversions in which Tofte delights, I select those which seem most like Italian inversions:

p. 64, st. 2, l. 2, My *willing minde* to doe what *wild Command*, *i.e.*, mind willing .... Command willed.

p. 68, st. 2, l. 6, As nere the like attainde the perfects Faire, *i.e.*, never the most perfect Faire (beauty) attained the like.

p. 73, st. 3, l. 2, A quenchles burning this my secret Fire, *i.e.*, my secret Fire [makes] a quenchles burning.

p. 77, st. 3, l. 6, That opens wide the path of proud Disdaine, *i.e.*, that the path of proud disdain opens wide.

p. 93, st. 1, ll. 3, 4, When she her only sonne readie to part, doth see to forraine Countrie gainst her minde, *i.e.*, when she doth see her only son ready to part for foreign Country.

p. 106, st. 2, l. 2, As merits due desart, *i.e.*, as due desert merits.

(8) *Thy Beautious Vertue, Vertuous Beautie tis*, &c., p. 87, st. 3, l. 5. This sort of hypallage (or whatever the right name of it may be) is an Italian peculiarity, *e.g.*:

Amorosa onestate, onesto amore,
Con severa pietà grato rigore,
Ed in alta umiltate umile altezza.
(Annibal Caro.)

(9) p. 96, st. 3, ll. 5, 6, *long*, adj., rhymed to *long*, verb. The regular rule of Italian versification is, that a word can rhyme to another word the same in form and sound, but different in sense. This refinement does not seem ever to have taken root in England. I may cite, however, the following from Gabriel Harvey (*The Trimming of Thomas Nash*, Collier's reprint, p. 27): "It may be thou likest not these verses, for that they want riming words, and I ende both the verses with one word: no, *Tom*, noe, thinke not soe, bewray not so thy poetry, for that distich is best contrived, and most elegant, that endes both verses with one word, if they import a divers sense."

We wind up with a few *Gallicisms*.

Page 3, st. 3, l. 2, *novel*, new = nouveau, nouvelle.

„ 29, st. 3, l. 4, *reuilde*, made vile, wrought low = Fr., ravili.

„ 30, { st. 2, l. 3, *boun gree* =á bongré.
{ st. 4, l. 2, *outer-boldness* is exactly outre = cuidance (also accepted in the English, *v.* Nares, *s.v.*)

„ 61, st. 4, l. 5 } the Cruel = la Cruelle (also found in old
„ 92, st. 1, l. 3 } English, and largely in old Scotch; but everywhere a distinct Gallicism.

„ 73, *crueltise*, a French form though not a French word, formed on the model of *covetise*.

There are reminiscences of contemporaries in *Alba*. Thus, SPENSER'S *Ruins of Rome*, or from Bellay himself, was undoubtably before him when he wrote thus:

> "You ſtately Hils, you princelike Ruins olde.
> Which proudly in your laſt remainders ſhow,
> And who as yet the name of faire *Rome* holde,
> To whom did once the whole world homage owe.
> The place where (now) ſo many Relikes lie,
> Of Holy ſoules honord for Chriſt to die.
>
> You Theaters, you Conquerors Arches faire,
> Coloſſes huge, and maſsie Pillers great,

> Triumphant Skowes of more then Glory rare,
> Where Victorie with pomp did take their feate:
> Lo what a wonder ſtrange in you is wrought,
> You now are daſt, confunde (as twere) to nought.
>
> Though conquering War, doth make in time to come,
> Many things floriſh, and with Fame to riſe:
> Yet in the end when all is paſt and done,
> Time doth All this conſume in ſpitefull wiſe,
> All Monuments, all Monarchs that hane been,
> Time in the end deſtroyes, and weares out cleane.
> (p. 37, st. 1 to 3.)

Again Lord Vaux (*Fuller Worthies Library* edition, p. 24).

> "Is this a life? naye death you maie it call,
> That feeles each paine and knoweth no ioye at all"

is recalled by p. 32, st. 1. ll. 5-6:

> "Then death, not life, I may this liuing call,
> Where ceaſeles Noy, not ioy, doth me befall."

So elsewhere.

Once more—we read in Thomas Watson's *Ἑκατομπαθια*, Sonnet xlvii, thus:

> "More fierce is my ſweete *loue*, more hard withall,
> Then Beaſt, or Birde, then Tree, or ſtony wall"

which is worked into p. 66, st. 2, ll. 3-4, thus:

> "Shoulde haue a hart more cruell and more fell
> Then Tiger, harder then a ſtony wall."

These lines had already been transplanted bodily into Kyd's Spanish Tragedy. Further: At p. 91, cf. Sir Thomas Wyatt's Sonnet:

> "Lyke unto these unmeasurable mountaines."

I have an idea that a more intimate knowledge of contemporary (minor) Italian Poets than I can pretend to, would reveal indebtedness in *Alba* and in *Laura* to some of them.

Altogether I do not imagine that any of my constituency at any rate, will differ from me in regarding ROBERT TOFTE as a worthy addition to these Occasional Issues of unique and extremely rare books.

For the absolutely unique exemplar of *Alba*, I am indebted, as pleasantly for others, to ALFRED H. HUTH, Esq. For many suggestions and modestly-rendered help in various ways, I have to thank right cordially one good friend (who will not allow himself to be named) in Edinburgh, and, as in other cases, my unfailing friend Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON has given me the benefit of his reading, in slip-proof, my Notes and Illustrations.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Vestry,
Blackburn, Lancashire,
19th November, 1880.

P.S.—It is to be noted that Tofte addresses a man as only we would a woman (p. 6, l. 5), as Shakespeare and contemporaries did. Query (p. 47, st. 2, l. 6), 'leeke' may be = like? '*Burnham*' (p. 86, last line) has yielded no memorial of Tofte or Toftes to my inquiries. In Notes and Illustrations, for p. 104, read p. 105.—G.

ALBA.

THE MONTHS MINDE OF A ME-LANCHOLY LOVER,

diuided into three parts:

By R. T. *Gentleman.*

HEREVNTO IS ADDED A moſt excellent pathetical and paſsionate Letter, ſent by Duke *D'Epernoun*, vnto the late French King, *Henry* the 3. of that name, when he was commanded from the Court, and from his Royall Companie. Tranſlated into Engliſh by the foreſaid Author.

Spes, Amor, & Fortuna valete.

At LONDON.
Printed by *Felix Kingſton*, for *Matthew Lownes.* 1598.

As glorious Pearle, the MARGARITE
At ſhine of Sunne doth ſhowe:
So doth ſhe looke, or very like,
To whom I Dutie owe.

R. T.

TO THE NO LESSE EXCELLENT THEN HONORABLIE DESCENDED

Gentlewoman, Miſtreſſe

Anne Herne.

PVre Lampe of Vertue, burning alwaies bright,
VVho, Grace in me (vnworthie) doſt infuſe:
Cleere Sunne that driu'ſt each doubtfull Miſt from ſight,
The firm'ſt Maintainer of my craſed Muſe;
Lo I this *mournfull Verſe* in ſable weede,
From ſorrowes Cell, do ſend thee for to reade.

Daine thou with cheerfull looke, what my ſad eye
Diſtils from Lymbeck of a bleeding Hart;
Fruits of true Loue diſdainde moſt wrongfully,
Vouchſafe of me (as of my Dutie) part,
A Wofull Wight, indebted paieth thee ſo:
Bankroutes in pleaſure, can but pay with woe.

As often as the Moone doth change her courſe,
And Sunne to nouell Signe doth enter in:
So often I do call ſtill for remorſe,
Whilſt endles ſorrow doth new Grieſe begin.
Once I each Month to CRVEL ALBA make,
A MONTHS MIND, yet no pitie ſhe doth take.

 Thou

Thou art the SHADOVV of her SVBSTANCE faire,
Refembling her moft perfectly in Shape:
Ah then but fmile, and it fhall eafe my care,
Though ftint it cannot, her nere dying hate:
Grant me this *Boone*, and neuer fhall my Verfe
Leaue, of thy Chriftall BROOKE praife to rehearfe.

Humbly deuoted vnto your
matchles Vertues.

R. T.

TO THE THRISE GENEROVS AND NOBLE

Gentleman Sir *Caliſthines Brooke*
Knight, one of her Maieſties
chiefe Commanders in
IRELAND.

MIrror of Knighthood, WORTHIES Caualiere,
Touchſtone of Valour, Chiefe of Chiualrie;
Honor of Field, to Foe a deadly Feare,
Wars bloody Ancient, Plague to *Surqedrie:*
Souldiers Reliefe, *Mars* braueſt Coronell,
Bellonas Trumpet, Battailes Larum Bell:

Sweet to thy Friends, to Strangers nothing ſower,
Whoſe kinde Behauiour hath bin of ſuch force,
As ore thy deadlieſt Foes, th' haſt had great power,
Making them learne true Pitie and Remorſe.
Witnes the ſauadge KERNS, and IRISH wilde,
Wrought through thy *Cariage* ſweete, both tame and (milde.

Vertue and *Honor*, ſtriue in thee t'exceede;
Valour and *Beautie*, *Intreſt* in thee claime,
Whilſt thou thy *Noble Houſe* nobleſt indeede,
Thy Houſe, not thee, through thy Palme-riſing Fame.
Worthy art thou to be (Faire matchles Wight)
MINION to *Kings*, to *Queenes*, dear FAVORITE.

 Then

Then (Courteous KNIGHT) vouchſafe with cheerfull (ſmile,
This wofull Verſe (though worthles) to accept:
Begot by Grieſe, brought forth as Sorrowes Childe,
Since Thee and Thine (as *Sacred*) I reſpect.
Ah had mine ALBA ſeene thy louely Face,
For thy ſweet ſake, I (then) had found ſome Grace.

At your honorable Diſpoſition
alwaies to be commanded.

R. T.

To the right noble and mag-
nanimous Gentleman Sir *Sohn*
Brooke knight, *one of her*
Maieſties chieſe Captaines in
the LOVV COVNTRIES.

BRaue KNIGHT, whoſe Vertues far exceed thy yeeres,
The Ornament of thy *thriſe Noble Houſe,*
VVhoſe Worth is ſuch as findes abroad few Peeres:
So *Famous* art thou, and *Illuſtrious,*
Making the World to wonder at thy Praiſe,
Whilſt to thy ſelfe new Glorie thou doſt raiſe.

Thou like vnto another *Alexander,*
Art to thy Countries Foes, a *Tamberlaine,*
(A Bloody Scourge) whilſt thou doſt them indanger,
The Proudſt of whom, thou makſt to yeeld with ſhame:
Witnes the Siege of AMYENS late in FRANCE,
Where Knightly Honor thy Seruice did aduance.

Vouchſafe thou then great MARSI'S *Parent Heire*
To lay aſide thy Martiall minde a ſpace,
And view theſe lines, *Th' vntimely Fruits of Care,*
Which I deſire (though not deſerue) to grace:
Gratious thou art with All, then grace to One
This Verſe, whoſe Grace I do entreate alone.

May be, when my coy ALBA ſhall perceiue,
This fauour done ſo kindly vnto me,
She (for a while) from Rigor then will breathe,
Taking Truce, (though not Peace) from Crueltie.
Grant me this Sute, and I with zeale will pray,
That when thou lou'ſt, thy *Miſtris* nere ſay *Nay*.

At your honorable Diſpoſition
alwaies to be commanded.

R. T.

Richard Day *to the Author.*

WHilſt louely ROBIN REDBREST *thou doſt ſing,*
In chirping note her Beautie moſt diuine,
Whom thou to heauen with peales of praiſe doſt ring,
The gentle Aire with thee keepes tune and time:
Aurora, *from the skies on* ALBA *ſweet,*
Raines Roſes, her in kindnes more to greet.

To heare thee ſing the Windes are whiſt in th'aire,
And calmie Zephirus *a coole freſh blaſt doth blow:*
Flora *doth ſmile, and Riuers forced are*
To ſtay their courſe, they like thy muſick ſo:
Willing they lend to thee their liſtning eare,
As who would ſay, Him only would we heare.

The ſauage beaſts do runne; the liules ſtones
Tumble apace, and mouing Mountaines hie,
To heare how ſweetly thou thy Loue bemones,
Taking delight in this rare melodie.
Whilſt LOVE *himſelfe hearing thee making Loue,*
The heate thereof as rauiſhed doth proue.

So did the Thracian Orpheus *heretofore,*
Vpon the flowring bankes of Heber *play*
On skilfull Harpe, (as thou doſt now implore
Longſt TAMESIS) *for faire* Eurediſay.
Be then our Engliſh Orpheus, *raiſe thy Verſe,*
Thy worthie ALBAS *praiſe, brauely rehearſe.*

R. Day. *Gentleman.*

An Anſwer to his kinde friend

Richard Day. Gent.

NO louely, nor beloued REDBREST *I,*
A ROBIN *poore reſuſde, ſuch one I am,*
Which Ile aſcribe vnto my Deſtinie,
And not impute it vnto ALBAS *blame:*
Yet will I chirp her praiſes to my skill,
Where Art doth want, my Hart ſupplies goodwill.

Sweet Friend, tis thou that louely ſweet doſt ſing,
No ſwanne, but rauen I; my voice is hoarſe:
Thou DAY *to the day the cleereſt light doſt bring,*
And of thy DIAMANTA *findſt remorſe.*
Heauens, Aire, Windes, Earth, Beaſts, Stones, Hils, Seas
Thou canſt command by thy ſweet Verſes call. (and all,

To praiſe me thus thou doſt me too much wrong,
This waight's too heauie for my back to beare:
To thee and to thy Miſtris, Praiſe belong;
For you, not me, this Garland's fit to weare.
Yet ſince ſome Flowers thereof you do beſtow
On ALBA *mine, I thankefull ſtill will ſhow.*

Be thou our ALBIONS *Orpheus moſt diuine,*
I cannot play, my ioynts not nimble are:
Thou that art beſt in Loues ſweet tune and time,
Sound thou, directed by a beautious Starre.
My Star is bright, yet let me tell the truth,
Where Beautie moſt abounds, there wants moſt ruth.

R. T.

A friend, though a ſtranger to
the Author.

WHen I by chance do reade thy dulcet Verſe
I cannot (though a ſtranger, yet thy friend,
Thy paſſions be ſo pleaſing, and ſo pierce)
But giue thee Due, and them (of right) commend.
So cunningly thy Verſe doth ioyne with Art
Thy griefes makes yerne the hardeſt Readers hart.

If thou doſt write, thou others doſt enflame,
Thy ſtile is pure (well nie Celeſtiall)
Like to the Sunne ſparkling his beames amaine,
Or like the Fire, whoſe heate doth ſoone appale.
To heare thy ſelfe (not others) ſing, I long,
Sweet Bird thy Notes are ſweete, ſweet is thy Song.

Sing then ſweet Bird with Ruddie Breaſt *thy fill,*
For I do loue, affect and honor thee:
Thou Sweet, I Conſtant, ſo continuing ſtill,
A Cignet thou, and Ile a Louer bee:
So ſhall no loue be like the loue of mine,
No ſtile compare with ſtile ſo rare of thine.

Then be not mute, when thou maiſt gently moue;
Keep not (alwaies) thy ſorrowes to thy ſelfe;
Still mone not priuatly like turtle Doue;
Content of Mind's worth all: ſeeke thine owne Health.
Thinke All things haue their courſe; the time may come,
Though not obſcurde, yet bright may ſhine thy Sunne.

Per Ignoto.

An Anſwer.

BOund by Deſert, (thy Merits, but not mine)
A Stranger, *thou, how ſhall I make amends?*
That of thy friendſhip, ſuch aſſured ſigne
(To me ſcant knowne) ſuch louing Verſes ſends?
Thanks giue I; that's a yonger Brothers reward,
Nought els I haue, my Fortune is ſo hard.

My worthles lines th'haſt red, (as thou doſt write)
But (partiall thou) too much the ſame doſt praiſe,
To ſing ſtill kindly thou doſt me inuite,
My Glorie (but indeed my Shame) to blaze.
Alas I cannot; dead is that ſweet Fire,
Which did enflame in me ſuch chaſt Deſire.

Then boldly ſang I, when thoſe louely Eyes
Were guides to me: but now that they are gone,
Now that my Sunne ſhines not in cheerful wiſe,
Nor my Fire heates me, I will weep and mone.
I, weep, (ſaith Cruell ALBA*) weep thy fill,*
For neuer more I ſee, or loue thee will.

But thou that conſtant art in thy vowde Loue
And (as Belou'd) thy Ladies loue doſt gaine
With thy ſweet Stile, and my ſad Plaints to moue,
Each Readers harts ſeeke thou in amorous vaine;
In ſecret ſtill Ile ſorrow like the Doue,
And when my Sunne ſhall ſhine, then will I moue.

R. T.

To my deare friend R. T. *Gent.*

SWeet Cignet *that ſo ſweetly doſt deplore,*
Thy ſad lamenting Paſſions and thy loue,
Where TAMESIS *doth flow alongſt the ſhore,*
And from cleere Iſis doth his paſſage moue,
Running alongſt braue Troynouants *right ſide*
Till ceaſles ſhe into the Sea doth glide.

Thou to the Nymphs doſt ſing ſo ſweet a tune,
Gracing thy ſelfe with ſuch a ſugred note,
As VVaues and VVindes, are ſtill, and calmie ſoone
To heare thee; nor deſire they blow, or flote,
Whilſt they do breath to vs this gentle Guſt,
Only let ROBIN *ſing, All other Birds be huſht.*

I. M. Gent.

The Anſwer of the Author.

Tis thou, not I, that ſingſt ſo ſweet a Song,
Where MERSIE *ſtreames, whoſe waues are Siluer foūd,*
Whoſe bankes are Gold, *whilſt he doth glide along*
Into the ſwelling Trent *his vtmoſt Bound.*
You that in Loues Quire *ſing, heare him alone*
Not me: my ſong's vnpleaſant, full of mone.

Heare him, who chaunts with ſuch a pleaſant Lay,
As he, Seas ſtormes, can (when he liſt) aſſwage;
Make ſtealing Time *againſt his will to ſtay,*
And calme the Windes, when moſt they ſeeme to rage:
Heare him; to vs (to heare him) tis a Grace,
Your Glorie to be huſht, and giue him place.

R. T.

The Author to Maſter R. A.

DEare friend, in whom Euterpe *doth inſtill*
Each rare Conceipt, within thy learned breſt,
Guiding ſo happily thy pleaſing quill,
Whilſt of thy Miſtris Beautie th'art in Queſt :
Making our TAMESIS *for fame as rare,*
As Tiber, *when proud* Rome *Worlds ſcepter bare.*

That LAWREL *greene which in my youthfull yeares*
I lou'd ſo much, ſo deare, as like could none,
A fatall barren Cypreſſe *now appeares,*
Which ſcarce in harſh and hatefull Verſe I mone:
Too true preſage of Falling of my Sunne,
And haſtie Poſte of my ſad Griefes to come.

Then to what end, ſince that it is in vaine,
My ſicklie penne, my bloodles hand to write
Cal'dſt thou on me? that thus liue ſtill in paine,
Since blinded I, haue loſt mine ALBAS *ſight.*
MERCIE *no Mercie me, no more will ſhow,*
Now doth it ebbe, where it was wont to flow.

But thou whoſe Blood is hot, and in thy Prime,
And daily ioyeſt thy Cynthias *Companie:*
Rowſe thee, and of right Eagle ſhew the ſigne,
And with thy Verſe (thy flight) cut through the skie.
Whilſt I mine ALBAS *abſence ſtill bewaile,*
Whoſe ſight being loſt, my ſences needs muſt faile.

R. T.

An Anſwer.

EVterpe, *nor the Muſes (her ſweet Mates)*
Pernaſſus *drops infuſe into my Braine:*
My table is not furniſht with rare Cates,
(Daintie Conceits) which come from Poets vaine:
No ſacred Furie me inſpires t'endite,
But what firſt comes in braine (ſtraight) that I write.

Thy Lawrel *greene that thou haſt lou'd ſo long,*
Doth floriſh ſtill, nor fatall Cypreſſe *tis;*
To feare too much, thy ſelfe thou much doſt wrong,
And ouer-much to grieue, thou dost amiſſe.
No Sunne but falls as well as it doth riſe,
And who (in Loue) liues without Contraries?

Though ALBA'S *gone, yet ſhe'le againe returne,*
Then write, that ſhe may know thou doſt her minde:
What Ladies promiſe, HONOR *will performe,*
Nor thinke that Beautie alwaies is vnkinde:
ALBA *is milde;* MERCIE *will Mercie ſhow,*
No Riuer ebs, but it againe muſt flow.

I am at beſt and in my youthfull prime,
My louely Cynthias *Fauour I enioy:*
Yet think not but my Day is darke ſometime,
As I do taſte of Bliſſe, ſo feele I noy;
Thus chirpe one ROBIN REDBREST *to another,*
Ah do not thy rare Gifts through ſorrow ſmother.

R. A.

TO THE PICTVRE OF HIS MISTRIS

Like to the Purple Tempefts prophefier
I play before the ſtorme of my ſad Teares.
Or as the Swanne whoſe ſweeteſt Note is higher,
When Death is neereſt, which he gently beares:
So ſing I, now that Alma mine is parted,
Who hath me left diſtrode and quite vnhearted.

Turne inke from Blacke to Gore in bloodiwiſe,
Paper from white change thou to deadly pale,
Whilſt I my Readers eyes do rumatiſe
With briniſh drops to heare this wofull Tale.
This wofull tale, where ſorrow is the ground,
Whoſe bottom's ſuch, as (nere) the Depth is found.

But vnto whom ſhall I (now) dedicate
This meſtfull verſe, this mournfull Elegie?
Euen to my cruell Miſtreſſe COVNTERFAITE,
Of Beauties ſhape, the right Eternitie.
Then to her PICTVRE I preſent this verſe,
Of my ſlaine Hart (dead for pure loue) the Herſe.

Here may I touch, kiſſe, talke, doe what I pleaſe
Without Controle, Frowne, Anger, or Diſdaine
To breake ones minde in griefe yet tis ſome e[ase],
And boldly ſpeake without replie againe.
Ah that I were *Pigmalion* is this place,
That *Venus*, me (as him ſhe did) would grace

B

ALBA.

Alba Crudeliſſima.

Loe here the MONTHS MIND of my deare bought
Which (once a Month) I vowd to memoriſe, (Loue,
When firſt I ſought the CRVEL FAIRE to moue,
Who alwaies did my ſighs and teares deſpiſe.
This muſt my SABBOTH be, and HOLIDAY,
On which I (to my Goddeſſe) vſe to pray.

This Feaſt I ſolemniſe for her ſweete ſake,
(In abſence hers) as if ſhe preſent were,
For my proud CHOICE, who pitie none doth take
On me, that liue twixt Hope, deſpaire and feare.
(Deare ALBA) then accept this Sacrifice,
Theſe dutious Teares, the Tribute of mine eyes.

Thinke how perplext fore PICTVRE thine I ſtand;
Thinke of the depth of my ſad Paſſion;
How I haue alwaies bin at thy command;
How none but thee my thoughts ſtill muſe vpon.
Thinke how I euer tendred thy Good name,
Conſeruing with my deareſt Blood the ſame.

[Thin]ke how I ſtill of thee had due reſpect,
[Thoug]h thou (at all times) didſt me vſe too hard;
[And whom] withouten cauſe thou didſt reiect,
[For my] good meaning too too meane reward)
[Alas] theſe wrongs which I endured haue,
[Wil]t remember me: Nought els I craue.

Troinouant. Since

ALBA.

Since ſpightful Fortune (ſore againſt my will)
Hath drawn me farre from place where thou doſt liue:
And that of force I muſt obey her ſtill,
(Although to liue ſo doth me deadly grieue)
Yet though my Bodie is farre off, MY HART
Is ſtill with thee, from whence it nere ſhall part.

Only of thee (ſweete Ladie) this I craue,
That till our thred of life ſhall be vnſpun,
Thou wilt vouchſafe me in thy mind to haue,
And not forget the Loue twixt vs begun.
But in thy Hart the ſame for to repoſe,
As I (the like) in inward ſoule doe cloſe.

This only can (ſtill) me in life conſerue,
Thy gracious Fauour and thy Pitie ſweete:
This is the pretious Balme, the pure Preſerue,
Which I doe hope to finde, and ſtill will ſeeke:
This makes me liue, although with great vnreſt,
Since of thy ſelfe I haue bin diſpoſſeſt.

Thou art my Hope, my Hauen, my comfort chiefe,
On thee alone, on none els I relie:
Only to thee I come to begge reliefe;
In thee it is if I ſhall liue or die.
(DEAREST) remember tis a Gift more rare,
CONSTANT to be, then to be counted FAIRE.

ALBA.

Two ſparkling ſtars, fine golde, pure Ebonie,
From whence Loue takes his Brands, his Shafts & Bow,
Two daintie Apples, which though hid from eye,
Through vaile of Lawne, through lawne more ſaire do
A cherrie lip with Iuorie teeth moſt white, (ſhow:
Where *Cupid* begs within that Grate ſo bright.

Vermilion Flowers that grow in Heauen aboue;
Snow, which no wet can marre, nor Sunne can melt,
Right Margarite Pearle which alwaies Orient proue,
A Voyce, that Hart of marble makes to ſwelt,
A Smile that calmes the raging of the Sea,
And Skie more cleere makes then was wont to bee.

Graue, ſtaied wiſdome in yong and tender yeares,
A ſtately Gate, and Port maieſticall,
A Carriage (where in vertue (borne) appeares,
Lookes that diſdaine, and yet delight withall,
Numbers of Fauours, Beauties infinite,
With Modeſtie, chaſte, pure, and milde Delight.

An humble Soule within a Bodie rich,
A lowly Thought within a conquering Hart:
Theſe are the workes which I commend ſo mich
Which Heauens & LOVE haue framde by curious Art:
All theſe I once enioyde: but they being gone,
My Note is changde, my Mirth is turnde to Mone.

Ah

ALBA.

Ah might I once perſwaded be at laſt,
Theſe skalding ſighs of mine ſhould haue an end,
That I for Sower, ſome Sweet (at length) might taſte,
And that the CRVEL FAIRE would not contend
Euer againſt me; I then would (gently) take,
And ſuffer all theſe wrongs for her ſweete ſake.

Too well I know (and I confeſſe the ſame)
That too too loftie is my proud Deſire:
My ſoaring Thoughts, deſeruing mickle blame,
And I, ore bold, preſume too high t'aſpire:
Yet ſtill (me thinkes) mine Ayme, being not baſe,
I ſhould deſerue ſome little tynie Grace.

Say then (ſweete LOVE) for thou with ALBA mine,
Doſt ſoiorne, wherefoeuer ſhe doth bide)
Say am I like, that, to obtaine in time,
From which I now am ſo farre off, and wide?
Ah ſay the truth, doth ſhe once thinke of me?
Doth ſhe but wiſh that I with her might be?

Ah had not Reaſon my Deſires refrainde,
I had, *my Thoughts deare Soueraigne*, ſeene ere this,
Whoſe Grace I ſought (but bootles) to haue gainde,
The only ioy I in this world would wiſh.
Rather would I ſee thoſe chaſte beautious Eyes,
Then chuſe to be in matchleſſe Paradiſe.

ALBA.

As Chriſtall Glaſſe in which the Sunne doth ſhine,
I like mine ALBAS Angels heauenly feature:
But when ſhe deadly wounds this Corſe of mine,
I lothe her more then any murthring Creature:
More then a Theefe that robs and ſtealeth pelfe,
I hate her, when ſhe ſteales me from my felfe.

My hart is grieu'd cauſe it doth diſagree:
For whilſt my Minde to loue her doth deuiſe,
And thinks her worthie honored for to bee,
A Sdainfull thought through Hatred doth ariſe,
Which skornes y^t one ſo Rich, a Theefe ſhuld proue,
That one ſo Faire, a Murthereſſe is in loue.

I know not what to ſeeke, nor what I ſhould,
Yet haue I ſought till I haue loſt my ſenſe:
Although truth to confeſſe, faine loue I would,
And yet not die for this too Cruell wench.
Betwixt theſe two ſain would I find a Meane, (treme.
Alas, Women haue none, they alwaies keepe Th' ex-

Then how for me iſt poſſible to loue,
If my beſt ALBA once from me be tooke?
How ſhall I liue when thouſand Deaths I proue?
When not this one (the leaſt) I ſcarce can brooke.
Ah woe is me, a double mixt Deſire,
To haſte my Death the ſooner doth conſpire.

Such

ALBA.

Such is the rare perfection of ſweete Beautie
Of my faire ALBA, my ſole choiſe Delight:
That if that any PAINTER doth his dutie,
To ſhadow forth her Luſter paſſing bright,
He loſeth both his labour and his time,
As one ore bold, ſo high a ſtep to clime.

For whilſt he giues his minde attentiuely,
And ſtudieth to match Nature with his Art,
Marking her Feature with a watchfull eye,
To portray forth moſt liuely every part:
Such brightnes comes from her, ſuch gliſtring rayes,
As he's ſtruck blinde, and darkned goes his wayes.

This is the cauſe, that who in hand doth take,
In curious wiſe her pearleſſe Counterfate,
Hoping himſelfe immortall ſo to make,
Doth fall into like dangerous eſtate:
Thinking to ſhadow her, he ſhadowed is,
And ſo his eyes, and purpoſe he doth miſſe.

That, ſhe were drawne in midſt of Hart it were
Far better, and (my ſelfe) haue plaſte her ſo)
For though in darke ſhe hidden doth appeere,
Yet vnto me ſhe faire and bright doth ſhow,
My Hart's the Boord, where limnde you may her ſee;
My Teares the Oyle, my Blood the Colours bee.

ALBA.

Bright were the Heauens, and hufht was euery winde,
Cleere was the day, when as mine ALBA faire,
Brought forth with ioy (*Lucina* being kinde)
A daintie Babe, for feature paffing rare,
    Adorning all the world with this glad welth,
    A gift t'enrich the World, Vs, and her felf.

What time fhe was in trauell of this Childe,
No thunder, lightning, nor no ftorme was heard:
But all was quiet, peacefull, calme and milde,
As if the skies t' offend her were afeared,
    Whilft th' earth attended on her, and the Sea,
    As though they ftaid at her command to be.

Then did the Windes (not vfing fo before)
A gentle gale blow calmely euery where,
And fild the blisfull Aire with fweetes great ftore:
Each bird and fowle fhewing a merry cheere,
    Whilft that bleft Day a double Beautie found,
    One from the Sunne, the other here on ground.

This made the haughtie proud *Oceanus*,
To open all his wealth in outward fhow:
And finding my faire Miftreffe honored thus,
He made his fwelling waues in richnes flow,
    Whilft that a MARGARITE brought forth a Perle,
    A precious ftone, a daintie louely Gerle.

As

ALBA.

As I haue liu'd, I liue, and liue ſo will,
With ſelfe ſame baite that LOVE for me did lay,
When he his net (to traine me in by skill)
Did open ſet, to bring me to his bay:
    Only that I might ſigh for thee alone,
    And ſue for Grace, although Grace found I none.

Then ALBA let it not diſpleaſen thee,
Nor make thou ſhow of anger for the ſame:
Though my ſweete Bonds ſo ſtrait and inward bee,
Since I (not thou) doe beare thereof the paine:
    And that my loue to thee is growne ſo neere,
    As then my life I value it more deere.

Thine was I firſt, and thine at laſt I am,
And thine I will be to the world his end:
For thee into this world I willing came,
And leaue this world I will, fore thee offend.
    Meane time thy matchles vertues I will blaſe,
    And ſpend my life, ſighing for thee alwaies.

Ah LOVE twas thou that tookſt my libertie,
And of Freeman inforſt me be a ſlaue,
Whilſt Hers to be, and thine, moſt willinglie
I am content this ſeruile yoke to haue.
    LOVES priſoner then, begging at Beauties gate,
    Some Almes beſtow ſweet Ladie for Gods ſake.

My

ALBA.

My mounting Minde, my neuer ſtaide Conceit
Hath built a ſtately Caſtle in the Aire:
Which *Ioue* his lightning Fire, nor his fierce thret,
Nor Fate, nor Fortune, nor ought elſe doth feare.
    Founded it is vpon two running Wheeles,
    The Gates of duſt and winde (ſtill turning reeles.)

Thouſands of Motes are digd about the ſame,
Which are capritious Humors fond and Toyes:
The Skouts and Guards thereof, Hopes dead and vaine;
The Food therein preparde, falſe fleeting Ioyes;
    The fencing Walles are framde of fierce Deſire,
    Which dreads nor Seas, nor earth, nor force, nor fire.

The Armours, framed are in running Head,
Of fooliſh Boldnes, and of penſiue Feare,
Which None knowes how they ſhould be managed,
Nor how the ſame gainſt others right to beare:
    The Shot, Munition, and Artillerie,
    Are diuers Thoughts which in the Fancie lie.

The Caſtellane doth fight againſt himſelfe,
Hauing nought els his ſouldiers for to pay,
But with Ambition which is all his wealth:
Iudge then my ſtate, and marke my firmeſt ſtay.
    O LOVE how long learne ſhall I in thy Schoole?
    The more I learne, I (ſtill) doe proue more Foole.

Swift

ALBA.

Swift roling Spheares, cleere burning Lamps diuine,
That with your beames difgrace the glorious Sunne:
Faire ladders by which I to Heauen clime,
And by your Influence this rare courfe doe runne.
Ah, if not quickly hither you returne,
Too late (in vaine) my loffe you then fhall mourne.

My Spirits for you did feeke to ope each way,
That you might paffage make into my Hart,
And ioyfull were they when you there did ftay,
But forrowfull when you from thence did part.
And now my Soule is fummond by Defpaire,
For want of you his only Hope and Care.

All comfortles I liue here all alone,
Banifht from Mirth, and Bondflaue vnto Noy:
Feeding my felfe (now you from hence are gone)
With fweet Remembrance of fore paffed Ioy,
And with kinde Hope: thefe twaine together ftriue
To keepe me, gainft defpairing Thoughts aliue.

The firft, doth ALBAS felfe (for my reliefe)
Prefent (of which I am now difpoffeft)
The other doth abate each fwelling griefe,
Which els my Hart would ouermuch moleft.
Ah pleafing Hope, ah gratious Memorie,
You make me liue, which els of force fhould die.

Without

ALBA.

Without my Sunne, I liue in darkſome ſhade,
Whilſt I with ſighing ſpend my hateſull daies,
And in LOVES Sea without my Pilot wade
Whilſt ſtorme my leaking Barke to ſinke aſſaies:
I languiſh malcontent, deepe drownde in Care,
Witnes mine Eyes, that running fountaines are.

Thou Northweſt Village ſarre from mine abode,
Which doſt enioy my Miſtris preſence faire:
Ah happie art thou where ſhe makes her rode,
And where ſhe bides whoſe ſelſe hath no compare.
Happie art thou, but moſt vnhappie I,
Thou doſt poſſeſſe, I want her companie.

Faine would I (for long ſince I vow did take)
As painſull Pilgrim in deuoutſull wiſe,
A voyage in that Holy Land to make,
At my ſweet Saint, her Shrine to ſacriſiſe,
Where (for Oblation) I my Hart would offer,
Not doubting but ſhe would accept the proffer.

But to no end I wiſh, it is in vaine,
A leſſer Fauour ſhould contenten mee:
It ſhould ſuffiſe me if I might but gaine
A ſight of her, Her once more for to ſee.
Alack, this is not ouermuch I craue,
Only her ſight, not her, tis I would haue.

Sad

ALBA.

Sad Teares, that from my meſtfull Hart doe runne,
Thruſt forth through watrie Eyes by Sorrow kinde:
If you into LOVES paths by chance ſhall come,
Where he doth walke, and pitie thinke to finde:
    In vaine then doe you ſtirre abrode, in vaine
    You loſe your trauaile, labour and your paine.

For whilſt the way vnto an Humour new
You open wide, fierce ALBA ſhutteth cloſe
Her breaſt from mercie, making me to rew,
And for your Friendſhip, counts you as her foes:
    Wherein, ſhe doth a damd Example ſhow,
    Forcing her Hart gainſt Conſcience here to goe.

Then woſull teares what will you doe as now?
LOVE'S dead and gone, all pitie is exilde:
Skornd is my Conſtancie and loyall Vow,
And through Diſdaine I daily am reuilde.
    My Hopes are blaſted, and as withered ſeeme,
    Whilſt ſtill Diſgraces ſhew before me greene.

Come then, turne backe, and with me ſecretlie
Bewaile my torment, leaſt my Hart appeere
A ſenſeles ſtone, through proud Impietie:
And my blind eyes a fountaine running cleere.
    And ſince not any will our Grieſes bemone,
    Lets ſwallow downe our Sorrowes all alone.

LOVE

ALBA.

Thy whitenes (ALBA) I may well compare
To *Delia*, when no clowde doth her obſcure:
Thy haires to *Phœbus* lightning in the Aire,
When he doth ſhine with greater Luſter pure.
Thy diamond eyes, like to a froſtie Night,
Where ſparkling ſtars doe ſhooting take their flight.

Thy cheekes *Aurora* like, when with her Dew,
The Roſe and Lillie ſhe doth ſprinkle ſweete:
Reſembling drops that ſeeded Pearle doe ſhew,
As if that double Beautie did them greete.
Thy Hand, no hand, it is the dainte Glove,
Which *Pyſder* ware, when ſhe was wed to Love.

What art thou, but all Faire in outward ſhow,
But inwardly th'art Cruel and malicie:
In thy faire Face all Paſtimes ſweet doe grow,
But Thornes and Briars in thy Hart I ſpide:
With ſhow of ſweet thou hurt and doſt entide,
But ſtraitly thou make it them pay the price.

Thou maill lead it my life to ſuddaine Death,
My hope from all her loves thou doſt ſtrike:
Thou art the ſtrife that fright my mail breath,
And Armes with Armes againſt me doſt conſpire.
Thou only art the Sun that ſmite with heate,
And doſt thy beds of pine naked make.

Tried

ALBA.

LOVE hath me bound once more to make the way,
From whence my Hart hath neuer yet declinde:
And doubts leaſt He, from righteſt paths ſhould ſtray,
Becauſe ſo weake and craſed I him finde:
And marueile none, he wants his wonted ſight,
How can he iournie then but Sauns delight.

The ſillie Wretch lookes vp, yet nought can ſee;
As who ſhould ſay, my Helpe comes from Aboue:
Yet grieues his ſeruice is not tooke boun gree,
Since tis refinde from Thought of pureſt Loue.
My Minde doth burne in froſt, but not in fire,
Through vncouth paſſion barde from his Deſire.

My Hart is like a Widower that's diſdainde;
My ſoule a Figure of a MALCONTENT,
To ſee that LOVE thus vildly ſhould be ſtainde,
Not to requite, where nought but LOVE is ment.
But I doe ſee no pitie is in ſpite,
Where Malice raignes, Deſert is baniſht quite.

My Soule vpon my Hart for this doth plaine,
My Hart (againe) my Fancie doth accuſe:
My Fancie ſaith, mine Eyes were too too blame,
Their outer-boldnes wrought this great Abuſe.
Alas poore Eyes, too dearly doe you pay,
When for one Fault your Light is tooke away.

Thy

ALBA.

Thy whitenes (ALBA) I may well compare
To *Delia*, when no clowde doth her obſcure:
Thy haires to *Phœbus* lightning in the Aire,
When he doth ſhine with greater Luſter pure.
Thy diamond eyes, like to a froſtie Night,
Where ſparkling ſtars doe ſhooting take their flight.

Thy cheekes *Aurora* like, when with her Dew,
The Roſe and Lillie ſhe doth ſprinkle ſweete:
Reſembling drops that feeded Pearle doe ſhew,
As if that double Beautie did them greete.
Thy Hand, no hand, it is the daintie Gloue,
Which *Pſyches* ware, when ſhe was wed to LOVE.

VVhat art thou, but all Faire in outward ſhow,
But inwardly th'art Cruel and vnkinde:
In thy faire Face all Fauours ſweet doe grow,
But Thornes and Briars in thy Hart I finde:
With ſhow of ſweet thou lur'ſt and doſt entiſe,
But bitterly thou mak'ſt them pay the price.

Thou cruell lead'ſt my life to diſmall Death,
My hope from all her loues thou doſt confine:
Thou art the corde that ſtopſt my vitall breath,
And Armes with Armes againſt me doſt conioyne.
Thou only art the SHE that's fenſt with hate,
And doſt thy ſelfe of pitie naked make.

Tried

ALBA.

Tirde with a Burthen of Extremities,
Which breakes, nor bowes, my wofull Hart in twaine,
And checkt with chiefeſt Mate of Miſeries,
I linger out my lothed liſe in paine.
    Then death, not liſe, I may this liuing call,
    Where ceaſeles Noy, not ioy, doth me befall.

Black gloomy Thoughts on me doe tyranniſe,
And to my Soule appoynted faithfull Guides,
Doe her deceiue, with her they ſubtelliſe,
Nor in this ill to comfort me None bides.
    All my beſt Hopes are at an Ebbing low,
    Whilſt ſtealing yeares, with grieſes encreaſing grow.

What ſhall I doe? ſhall I to reaſon turne?
Oh no, for her I too much haue offended.
What, ſhal I goe to LOVE, and to him mourne
For aide, and promiſe all ſhall be amended?
    Alas, it were in vaine, and labour loſt,
    Where he doth promiſe, he deceiueth moſt.

See then ye fond Deſires, what you haue done,
By headſtrong Will, ſage Reaſon to depraue:
But what ſhall I as now reſolue vpon?
Whom ſhall I truſt? of whom helpe ſhall I craue?
    Euen her who firſt betraide me will I truſt,
    She can but be (as ſhe hath been) vniuſt.

Come

ALBA.

Come gentle ſleepe (ſweet ſleepe) my welcome Frend,
Come comfort me with ſhadow of my Loue,
And her, in viſion quickly to me ſend,
For whom theſe grieſes and bitter pangs I proue.
Black Night be thou far darker then thou art,
Thy chiefeſt Beautie is to be moſt darke.

By thee my peace and pleaſure doth ariſe,
Whilſt I through thy deceit (yet liking me)
Doe ſeeme to ioy with her in louely wiſe,
Although from hence (God knowes) far off ſhe be.
Such is the pleaſure that herein I take,
As more I could not ioy, were I awake.

Thou ſhewſt to me the trammels of her Haire,
Clept SCALA COELI, locks of pure Delight:
Her ſnowy Neck, the cauſe of my ſweete Care;
Her eyes like Saphires ſparkling in the night:
With other ſights, vnſeemly to be knowne:
Al theſe ſweet ſleep, through thee to me are ſhowne.

Only in this (my thinks) th'art too vnkinde,
That when thou partſt from me, all ioy doth parte:
Nor any ſuch thing left with me I finde,
Which then afreſh renewes mine inward ſmart.
Then ſince her ſelfe (I waking) cannot haue,
Sleeping let me her ſhadow of thee craue.

Great ſtate and pomp this princely pallace ſhowes,
And richly euery chamber hanged is:
Mine entertainment daily ſweeter growes,
What Hart or thought can geſſe, I doe not miſſe.
Chiefly the Walkes, and Gardens wondrous been,
As they a ſecond Paradiſe doe ſeeme.

Yet though I finde this kindnes paſsing great,
VVith hunting, hawking, fowling, and ſuch ſport:
For all our feaſting and our daintie meate,
Our mirth and Muſick in moſt pleaſing ſort:
For all theſe pleaſures, yet liue I in paine,
Since Her I want, for whom I wiſh in vaine.

VVhat others loue, I loathe, and quite diſlike,
And though I am in worthie companie,
Yet ſtill (my thinks) I am retired quite,
Into a place of matchles miſerie,
Into an vncouth wood and wildernes,
VVhere liue ſuch Beaſts as pray on Sauagenes.

And if that long from her I be depriu'd,
My life ſhall be like flowers that want the Sun:
So ſhall I yeeld my Ghoſt as one diſliu'd,
VVhilſt my threds life ſhall quickly be vnſpun.
Go skalding ſighs then, flie vnto her ſtraite,
Say that for life or death on her I waite.

You

As many fierie darts as *Ioue* on high,
Dingde downe on Giants in his angrie mood,
So many whirle about my Bodie nigh,
As longing caufeles for my guiltles blood,
The frighted Aire raine Afhes downe apace,
And cheerefull funne flies hence to hide his face.

Thus ftand I in a Maze of Miferie,
My Heart (feeing nought but fignes of prefent death)
Seekes how with clipped winges away to flie,
And faine would fcape to faue his vitall breath.
Ah pouer wretch, but how ift poffible?
I know not how, nor he himfelfe can tell.

The world's his foe, and LOVE doth him betraie,
Defpaire of helpe, his fenfes doth confound,
His curfed Guide (for nonce) leades him aftraie,
Fortune accufeth him on no fure ground.
And which doth gaule him moft, & moft doth grieue,
His Miftris rafh, gainft him doth iudgement giue.

He Mercie cries, and calleth for his Booke,
But proude Difdaine doth ftop the Iudges eares,
So that on him fhe'le not fo much as looke,
And thus from Barre, they quicklie doe him beare,
From ALBAS prefence is he quite debarde,
Exilde from Her, this is his fentence harde.

ALBA.

ALBA thinkſt thou, thy Month ſhall ſtill be MAY,
And that thy Colour freſh, ſtill faire will be?
That Time and Fortune will not weare away
Beautie, which God and Nature lends to thee?
Yes, yes, that white and red, thy Cheekes now ſhow,
Shall quicklie change, and blacke and yellow grow.

The Giniper the longer it doth flower,
The older ſtill it waxeth, bowing ſtill,
And that ſweete face of thine, which now hath power
Whole worlds with wondering at the fame to fill,
Shall (though it now ſauns blemiſh be) a Staine,
Hereafter with thicke wrinkeled Clifts remaine.

Great care to keepe this Beautie fraile muſt be,
Which we (God knowes) a ſmall time doe enioy,
Doe what we can, we loſe it ſuddenle;
Why, then, being courted ſhouldſt thou ſeeme ſo coy,
Fortunes wings made of Times feathers neere ſtay,
But eare thou them canſt meaſure, flit away.

Then be not ouer hard, like changeles Fate,
But let my Cries force thee (at laſt) relent,
Doe not oppoſe thy ſelfe too obſtinate
Gainſt him, whoſe time to honor thee is ſpent:
Ah let me ſpeake the trueth (though ſomewhat bold)
Though now th'art young, thou one day muſt be old.

Riuers

ALBA.

You ſtately Hils, you princelike Ruins olde,
Which proudly in your laſt remainders ſhow,
And who as yet the name of faire *Rome* holde,
To whom did once the whole world homage owe.
The place where (now) ſo many Relikes lie,
Of Holy ſoules honord for Chriſt to die.

You Theaters, you Conquerors Arches faire,
Coloſſes huge, and maſsie Pillers great,
Triumphant Showes of more then Glory rare,
Where Victorie with pomp did take their ſeate:
Lo what a wonder ſtrange in you is wrought,
You now are duſt, conſumde (as twere) to nought.

Though conquering War, doth make in time to come,
Many things floriſh, and with Fame to riſe:
Yet in the end when all is paſt and done,
Time doth All this conſume in ſpitefull wiſe,
All Monuments, all Monarchs that haue been,
Time in the end deſtroyes, and weares out cleane.

And ſince tis ſo, I will contented liue
In diſcontent: for if that Time can make
An end of All, and end to each thing giue,
(May be) ſome order he for me will take,
(May be) in th'end when I ſhall tried bee
To th'vtmoſt, I my guerdon iuſt may ſee.

ALBA.

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And that thy Colour freſh, ſtill faire will be?
That Time and Fortune will not weare away
Beautie, which God and Nature lends to thee?
    Yes, yes, that white and red, thy Cheekes now ſhow,
    Shall quicklie change, and blacke and yellow grow.

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The older ſtill it waxeth, bowing ſtill,
And that ſweete face of thine, which now hath power
Whole worlds with wondering at the ſame to fill,
    Shall (though it now ſauns blemiſh be) a Staine,
    Hereafter with thicke wrinkeled Clifts remaine.

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Which we (God knowes) a ſmall time doe enioy,
Doe what we can, we loſe it ſuddenle;
Why, then, being courted ſhouldſt thou ſeeme ſo coy,
    Fortunes wings made of Times feathers neere ſtay,
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Doe not oppoſe thy ſelfe too obſtinate
Gainſt him, whoſe time to honor thee is ſpent:
    Ah let me ſpeake the trueth (though ſomewhat bold)
    Though now th'art young, thou one day muſt be old.

Riuers

Riuers of gorie blood into the Sea,
In ſted of Waters ſhall moſt ſwiftlie runne;
The hugie Ocean drie as land ſhall be,
And darke as pitch ſhall ſhew the gliſtering Sunne:
LOVE ſhall of Loue, and kindenes be depriude,
And vaſtie world (ſauns people) ſhall abide.

The Night ſhall lightſome be as Day moſt plaine,
The Heauens with their coloured cloudes ſhall fall,
Fore LOVE in me, a new IDEA frame,
Or my firme Heart, from ALBA alter ſhall,
Ah fore I change, let horror ſtop my breth,
Vnworthie Her, vnworthie of this earth.

As heretofore, ſo ſtill I will her loue,
Nere ſhall my conſtant Heart lie languiſhing,
In hope another Beautie for to proue,
Which flitting fancie to mine eyes might bring:
My faith *Acanthus* like ſhall flouriſh greene;
Which th'older tis, the freſher ſtill is ſeene.

I am no glaſſe, but perfect Diamound,
My conſtant minde holdes ſtill where firſt it tooke,
Though not my ſelfe, my ſoule's in Engliſh ground,
ITALIANS lookes, but not there LOVES I brooke.
The Globe like World is round, and hath no end,
Such is my Faith to her, my Faireſt frend.

Gold's changde to Lead, and Emmeralds into Glaſſe;
Lillies proue Weedes, and Roſes Nettles bee:
No harmles Beaſts now through the fields doe paſſe,
To feede on Hill or Valleys ſhade we ſee:
Wilde Tigers fierce, and rauenous Lions fell,
In open Plaine, and cooly Groues doe dwell.

Inſteade of milde and pleaſing Accents ſweete,
From hollow Places fearfull Voices ſound:
Eccho amongſt the craggie rockes doth weepe,
And (heauie) makes her noyſe with ſighs rebound.
Riuers againſt their wonted courſe do runne,
The Moone lookes black, eclipſed is the Sunne.

The Sallow ſhakes his boughes, and inward grieues,
The Cypreſſe ſhew'th as if he ſickly were,
And (melancholy) bares his lothed leaues,
A ſigne preſaging ſome great cauſe of feare.
Phœbus no more doth combe his treſſes faire,
But careles lets them feltred hang in th'aire.

Ghoſts through the Citie ghaſtfully appeere,
And hideous ſhapes the mindes of men afright:
No Day we haue, but darknes euery where,
And turn'd the World is topſie turuy quite:
The cauſe of all this change is my faire Loue,
Since to the countrie (hence) ſhe doth remoue.

On

ALBA.

On bended knees low groueling on the ground,
Before the CRVEL FAIRE I proſtrate lay:
But what I ſought of Her could not be found,
My kinde requeſt was daſht with ruffe Denay.
With me ſhe ſharply gan expoſtulate,
Nor would ſhe once pitie my hard Eſtate.

Teares I did ſhed, but teares I ſhed in vaine;
Vowes I did make, my Vowes ſhe did reiect;
Prayers I offred, Prayers ſhe did diſdaine;
Preſents I ſent, but them ſh' would not accept.
If teares, vowes, prayers, nor preſents can doe good,
What then remaines, but for to offer blood?

Then Cruell take this Blood, Oblations Fee,
Which at thy ſhrine from Hart I ſacrifiſe:
I know twill doe thee good and liketh thee,
And I beſtow it in moſt hartie wiſe.
Neuer ſo much I of my life did make,
But that I could diſpend it for thy ſake.

What needſt thou then ad water to the Seas,
Beames to the Sunne, or light vnto the Day,
When I more readie am, if ſo thou pleaſe,
My ſelfe to kill, then thou my life to ſlay?
Ah let me know thy minde, thus vex not ſtill,
A kinde of Pitie tis, quickly to kill.

In

ALBA.

In ſtately Bed twixt ſheetes more white then ſnow,
Where late my Pearle, mine ALBA faire did lie,
I reſtleſſe vp and downe toſſe to and fro,
Whilſt trickling teares diſtill from blubbred eye.
Ah gentle ſleepe do thou deuiſe ſome Meane,
For comfort mine, whilſt I of her ſhall dreame.

You downy Pillowes, you which but of late,
Her daintie ſelfe did kindly entertaine,
(Once) of two louing Bodies charge do take,
By your ſoft yeelding, call her backe againe:
For ſhe is gone, and *Troynouant* hath left,
And being gone, my hart with her hath reft.

For both of vs here's roume enough to ſee,
We both in reſt with eaſe may here remaine,
And here two ſoules (vnited) one, ſhall bee,
Two bodies (ioynd together) One, not twaine.
But tis in vaine, for were ſhe here I know,
Though you agreede, agree ſhe would not ſo.

Yet call her back, and pray to her for me,
For I am hoarſe with praying ouer long.
Ah to no purpoſe tis to call, I ſee,
She cannot heare, ſhe too too farre is gon.
Yet will I ſtill her praiſes haroldiſe,
And mongſt the beautious Saints her canoniſe.

Heare

ALBA.

Heare me, a Martyr for religious Loue,
Thou Faire Tormentor, (Motiue of my paine)
All Racks and Tortors gainſt my patience proue,
And when th'haſt done, begin afreſh againe.
    Wearie ſhalt thou be of tormenting me,
    Before I grieued at theſe plagues will be.

Too deare I priſe thy beautie to repent,
Or wiſh I had not ſuch ſower ſtormes endur'd:
Though I thy hard hart finde nere to relent,
Cuſtome and time, to woes haue me inur'd.
    What ill ſo great but I would willing take,
    And beare the brunt aſſur'd of thy ſweet ſake.

The ſweet remembrance of thy ſight of yore,
Th' only companion is of my deare life,
Thy preſence was, which abſent I adore,
My paradiſe and place of ioy moſt riſe.
    So I alone am not, though None's with mee,
    And was in Heauen, when I thy face did ſee.

But this thou thinkſt not of, this is leaſt part
Now of thy minde, nor haſt thou hereof care:
This neuer comes God knowes into thy hart,
But as heat's ioynd with fire, and breath with aire:
    So crueltie in Womens ſtomacks dwels,
    Which with Diſdaine (as Furie) alwaies ſwels.

Ye

ALBA.

Ye Valleys deep withouten bottome found;
Ye Hils that match with height the azure skie;
Ye Caues by Nature hollow vnder ground,
Where quiet reſt and ſilence alwaies lie,
    Thou gloomy Aire which euer to the ſight
    Bringſt darknes ſtill, but neuer cheerfull light.

Ye vncouth Paths, ye ſolitarie walks,
Ye breackneck Rocks, moſt ghaſtlie for to ſee,
Ye dreadfull Dens where neuer any ſtalks,
And where ſcarce hiſſing Serpents dare to bee:
    Ye fatall Vaults where murdred Corſes lie,
    Haunted with hatefull ſprites continuallie.

Ye Wilderneſſes and ye Deſerts wilde,
Ye ſtrangie Shores nere yet inhabited,
Ye Places from all pleaſures quite exilde,
Where ſad Melancholy and Griefe is fled,
    Heare me, who am a ſhadow and a Ghoſt,
    Damd with eternall ſorrow to be croſt.

Heare me, ſince I am come for to bewaile,
Mongſt you, my Faith, my Conſtancie, and Loue,
I hope with my lowd Cries and drerie Tale,
Though not the Heauens, yet Hell at leaſt to moue:
    Since more the Griefes are which within me grow,
    Then Heauen hath pleaſures, or Hel, Plagues below.

How

ALBA.

How can the ſhip be guided without Helme,
The ſtorme ariſing in a troubled Sea?
Needs muſt the churliſh Waues it ouerwhelme,
Needs muſt it drowne, and caſt away muſt bee.
How ſhould I liue, and not my life enioy?
Feeding on Griefe, what ſhall I taſte but Noy?

Ah *Cupid* thinke vpon thy ſeruant true,
I craue for my Deſerts but ſome reward:
I ſeeke mine Owne, not more then is my due,
Hate for Goodwill to reape is too too hard.
If I for Well with Ill am payd againe,
Had I done ill, what then had bin my paine?

Loue with Remembrance lieth in my breaſt,
All other Thoughts he cancels out of minde:
To thinke whats paſt I cannot quiet reſt,
Yet I in thoſe Conceits ſtrange Ioy doe finde,
Whilſt now for her I thinke All I forſooke,
And wholly to her Grace my ſelfe betooke.

My wonted Mirth is turned into Mone,
Becauſe my ſtate is changde and altred quite:
In company I am as One alone,
Whilſt what doth Others pleaſe, doth me diſpite.
Ah when ſhall I once from theſe Plagues be free?
Neuer, leſſe ALBA Mercie ſhew to mee.

My

ALBA.

My ioyles Hart a troubled Spring is like,
Which from the tops of matchles Alpes moſt hie,
Falls with a mightie noiſe downe headlong right,
By vncouth ſtony wayes moſt dreadfully,
    Where all his Hopes he in the Deepe doth drowne:
    A fatall ſigne of fortunes heauie frowne.

Darke pitchie clowdes of hugie Mountaines ſteepe,
The loftieſt part do hide from Sunny heate:
Seeld any winde of Pitie there doth fleete,
Them to diſſolue, their thicknes is ſo great.
    For no calme Aire of gentle Loue doth blow,
    Where ſwelling Anger frets in furious ſhow.

Thence doth my Tributarie Hart forth ſend
Through peable ſtones, now here, now there along,
A little Brooke into the Sea to wend,
As ſigne that I my dutie would not wrong:
    For ALBA mine, (Degree aboue Compare)
    A large Sea is of ſundrie Beauties rare.

A bitter cauſe, me bitter teares makes ſhed,
Whoſe enuious Stepdame is a Froward Will,
Which is by Selfe conceit too wanton fed,
Th' efficient cauſe that I theſe drops diſtill:
    Which though in outward ſhew you white them ſee,
    Yet pure Red blood they in my Bodie bee.

Let

ALBA.

Let baſeborne Mindes of baſeſt matters treate,
My ſelfe (with them) to trouble I not liſt:
The vulgar ſort (they know not what) do ſpeake,
VVhilſt gainſt the Truth and Vertue they perſiſt.
HONOR'S the marke whereat I ſeeke to aime,
Shame light on them that think on beaſtly ſhame.

So many men, ſo many Mindes (they ſay)
Yet at the laſt Truth alwaies ſhall preuaile,
Bringing her vowed Foe vnto her bay,
Falſhood (I meane) for all her masked Vaile.
No Woman blame I, only I do ſeeke,
Swanlike to ſing of my faire Sunne I leeke.

The Beauties which in other Ladies be,
I neuer had once thought for to diſgrace:
Mine ALBA hath enough in ſtore for me,
Thouſand of Amours finde I in her face:
Her would I praiſe, whoſe look[s] haue pleaſde me euer,
From whom in hart diſioyned I will be neuer.

Faine would I make mine infant Pen to ſwell,
Through feruent zeale to blaze her Deitie,
That he her praiſe as Oracle might tell,
Raiſing the fame t' the skies bright Canopie:
That ſhe (ſince ſhe deſerues) might famous bee,
Beyond the Bounds of *Albions* vtmoſt Sea.

The

The Conclusion of the first Part.

IV[illegible] acquainted is not with my minde,
[illegible] knowes the Subiect faire of whom I write,
[illegible] ALBA me, to her doth binde,
[illegible] till discourse, talke, and endite.
[illegible] doe hope, how I doe feare and grieue,
[illegible] die, and how (againe) I liue.

[illegible] LOVE seeke out, and him demaund;
[illegible] wonders strange to him declare,
[illegible] Beauties gaze shall make him stand,
[illegible] so strange, they be and rare,
[illegible] tell him of so rich a Pretious stone,
As [illegible] before hath been enioyde by none.

And if he be desirous for to know,
The [illegible] where my faire Angell doth abide,
Northward from Troynouant *he will him shew,*
Along't which place, faire MERSIE *cleere doth glide.*
WAR IN *that* TOWNE, LOVE *(Lordlike keepeth stil,*
Yet she (ore him) triumphs with chastest will.

Some say [illegible] Lowly Browne; but I dare say
She is Faire, BEAVV? SE, *so Faire as Faire may be,*
Fairer than is the breake of beautious Day,
When [illegible] Aurora *smileth in her glee.*
But why do I praise her selfe praising Face?
I praise her not, tis she, (her selfe) doth grace.

R. T.

THE SECOND PART OF THE MONETHS MIND OF A MELANCHOLY LOVER.

By R. T. Gentleman.

AT LONDON
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Alba Crudeliſſima.

THeſe few (yet zealous) line[s] come from my hart,
Dried with my Sighs, and written with my Teares,
I ſend to her the Author of my ſmart,
Though (ſubtill Serpent like) ſhe ſtop her eares:
VVho, more to her I ſue, her Grace to gaine,
The more incenſt againſt me doth remaine.

I loue not I to pharifie, nor praiſe
My ſelfe, for to her owne ſelfe I appeale,
If I deuoted haue not bin alwaies,
To do her good, as one that ſought her weale.
Heauens I forſweare, and vtterly abiure,
If that my Faith be tainted or vnpure.

Malleuolent, Malicious, Planet, Starre,
VVas it my Fortune, ſo far to be borne,
My COTE ſo true, to haue ſo croſſe a BAR,
That for my ſeruice thus ſhe ſhould me skorne?
Muſt my cleere Sunne eclipſed be with Spite?
Muſt enuious Clowdes ſtill ſeeke to dark my Light?

VVhat remedie? Ile think twas Fortune mine,
(And not her fault) that wrought me all this paine:
Her Crueltie twas not, but Deſtnie mine,
My ſelfe, not ſhe, was cauſe of mine owne bane:
Yet ſhal ye world by this my LOVES MONTHS MIND,
A chaſt Fault, though no Follie in her finde.

ALBA.

Since that mine ALBA tooke her leaue of mee,
I leaue haue tooke of pleaſure and of ioy:
And did with ſorrow at that time agree,
To ſoiorne with him in his chieſe Annoy.
My Woes (ſtill greene) encreaſe continually,
Which faine I would, but cannot remedie.

And were it not but that my dauntleſſe Hart,
Doth comfort me with hope of better cheere,
I ſoone would rid me of this vncouth ſmart,
And leaue this life which I haue bought too deare.
Oft do I weep to LOVE, and him I pray,
Either to eaſe my paines, or me to ſlay.

Yet though I beg, I finde but ſmall relieſe,
As do at Rich mens gates the Needy poore:
Who more they crie to aggrauate their grieſe,
The leſſe they finde their Almes at the doore.
So LOVE, the more my cries I to him ſend,
The leſſe my plaints, he skornefull doth attend.

And yet my ſute is ſmall, ſmall is the Grace
That I deſire, (for ſomewhat I deſerue)
Tis only for to die before her face,
From whom in Dutie (yet) I nere did ſwerue:
That ſhe might know my life doth me annoy,
Vnles I might her company enioy.

Ladie

ALBA.

Ladie, when firſt vpon faire *Venus* Day,
I came acquainted with thy ſeemely ſelfe,
And vowde thy loyall Votarie to ſtay,
Proffring to thee my liuing, life and welth:
As I was then, ſo am I ſtill the ſame,
Neuer to change, for change exchangeth ſhame.

Within the Center of mine inward Hart,
(As ſigne of euerlaſting Monument,
Which fatall Death ſhall hardly from me part)
Thy high prizde Loue full ſurely haue I pent,
Neuer to be remou'd, but there to lie,
World without end for aye, continuallie.

For thee I longde, for thee I much did dare,
For thee I hopte and feard, bid ſweet and ſower:
Liking thee, I, for Others did not care,
Ore this my Hart thou hadſt ſo great a power.
All other Faces, (in reſpect of thine)
I skornde as Masks, thou only ſeem[d]ſt Diuine.

Since LOVE, then me with ſuch affection framde,
That he hath me adopted Thine, alone,
That I delight not but to heare thee namde,
And only like to heare thy praiſes ſhowne.
Ah keepe thy plighted Faith vnſtainde to me,
Though now farre off from hence thou Abſent be.

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] tempestuous Aire,
[illegible] mile did reſt.
[illegible] thowes,
[illegible] he growes.

[illegible]
[illegible] :
[illegible] appeaſe :
[illegible] ſmart,
[illegible] minde,
[illegible] he doth finde.

[illegible] (as twere) I ſee,
[illegible] bloodſhot now :
[illegible] not be,
[illegible] or bow :
[illegible] thow aright,
[illegible] forth deſpight.

[illegible] Hart doth ſpie,
[illegible] not retire :
[illegible] her doth lie,
[illegible] wrathful Ire.
[illegible] her mirroriſe,
[illegible] ſtrange Tragedies.

Dried

Other men to mournful Fewer made fair Flowers
Where in the cheeks of my fair [illegible] lay
Summer are made paradises scattered Bowers
Lovely Liberty where he wantonly did play
    For her magnificent s more amorous flame
    Some frames are yet remainders of the same

As the moon now, it moves the Moone in sires
When through the gloome showes pretending same
She with her warme horned head lord pres
Spreading across her newe beames amame
    So we *[illegible]* vie for to depart
    Morph paleth roses when he consort fair

Fire s more with greek in her fair face
And Greek with Fire in the same conspire
Where Love through lost his with a money grace
It more s fiery paeses in her eyne
    Summer s fair is money here for more
    But Love her Love in [illegible] meat for more

That fairly Graciousness he not relive
Love mistaken s not our Sunnine
And that fair grace that fairness was of yore
Now faithful heaven and full of Loyalte
    So with her Lover if he for cruel case
    Her Pride or Paeses cost her name

ALBA.

Diſdaine aſſaulted hath mine ALBA faire,
Fixing faſt foot deep in her marble breſt:
A blackſome Clowde hath darkt my beautious Aire,
Where cheerfull Sunne before with ſmile did reſt.
She moſt vnlike her ſelfe a Tyrant ſhowes,
Whilſt as a Tiger mad with rage ſhe growes.

All for her pleaſure (me for to diſpleaſe)
Pitie ſhe bandies from her tender hart:
Poyſon, not honey, now muſt her appeaſe:
Yet my Deſire runs headlong to his ſmart,
Headlong he runs to her ſpite-tainted minde,
Which ouer fierce and cruell he doth finde.

My hopeles Chance, through Vaile (as twere) I ſee,
Her quondam beautious eyes are bloodſhot now:
Exorde, deſirde, intreated, they'le not be,
They'le not relent, repent, nor yeeld or bow:
Lightnings of Anger they do ſhow aright,
Thunders of Furie darting forth deſpight.

The dangers great my harmeles Hart doth ſpie,
Yet for all this, from her he'le not retire:
And whilſt more humble he ſore her doth lie,
The more ſhe ſullen ſwels with wrathful Ire.
A Monſter then I may her mirorife,
Since ſhe delights in ſuch ſtrange Tragedies.

Dried

ALBA.

Dried hath th' iniurious Feuer thoſe faire Flowers,
VVhich in the cheekes of my faire ALBA lay:
Scorcht are thoſe paradized coloured Bowers,
LOVES LOBBIE where he wantonly did play:
Yet not extinguiſht is mine amorous flame,
Some ſparkes are yet remainders of the ſame.

As ſhe lookes now, ſo lookes the Moone in skies,
When mongſt the gloomie clowdes portending raine,
She with her watrie horned head forth pries,
Spreading abrode her dewie beames amaine:
So we *Aurora* vſe for to depaint,
Mongſt paliſh violets, when ſhe looketh faint.

Pitie is mixt with grieſe in her faire face,
And Grieſe with Pitie in the ſame conioyne,
Where LOVE (though ſick) ſits with a louely grace,
In midſt of ſickly palenes in her eyne.
Sicknes it ſelfe ſo louely nere did looke,
But ſince her Inne in ALBAS breaſt ſhe tooke.

That ſtately Haughtines ſhe had before,
Now changde is into low Humilitie:
And that ſame glance that faithles was of yore,
Now faithfull ſheweth and full of Loyaltie.
So with her Colour if ſhe did cruell take,
Yet Pitifull her Palenes doth her make.

 Like

ALBA.

Like bloodie Lion, or a ſtinging Snake,
With proud Diſdaine to aggrauate my ſmart,
Loue into me (vnaskt) his way doth take,
Died all with blood (and Blood tis of my Hart)
    Which wounded deepe, ſtill languiſhing doth lie,
    Expecting euery minute when to die.

Thouſands of Wounds my life hath quite bereft,
And wanting blood, Palenes ſits in my face:
My ſoule this Corſe (his manſion Houſe) hath left,
Nor dares he back retire to his old place.
    This Martyrdome, although there's many ſee,
    None me careſſeth, or doth comfort mee.

My life runnes fondly to his mortall Foe,
Hoping for Help, where he his hurt did finde:
My ſpirits after him amaine doe goe,
Whilſt liueles Bodie doth remaine behinde:
    On which grim death doth ſeaze, as on his pray,
    And of his breath to reaue him doth aſſay.

A farre off Peace I ſee, but Warre at hand,
Loue ſingle ſtrikes me, (but with double paine)
Kild is my hart by Cruell ſhe's Command,
And he that ſlew him cleped is Diſdaine:
    Loe here of my kinde Dame the Exerciſe,
    Hate is her Chapman, Blood her Marchandiſe.

Praxitiles

Praxitiles, and *Myron* (workman rare)
Apelles skilde, learnde *Homer* (famous wight)
Were thefe aliue, the Picture of my Faire
To carue, to cut, to paint, and thereof write,
In marble, braffe, boord, or in bookes at large,
They fone would faint, ore preft with fo great charge.

And yet may be her beautious Countenance,
With chifell, toole, with penfell and with pen,
They rightly might haue fhadowed (though by chance)
Becaufe they, in their Age were rareft Men.
But had they come the nobler part to fhow,
Their cunning then had foone tooke th' ouerthrow.

If my bright Sunne (renowmd *per Excellence*,
Through the illuftrious fplendar of her gleames)
Doth dimme and darken our Intelligence,
By vertue of her more then radiant beames:
What Hand or Thought in hand could euer take,
A worke fo endles, with good end to make.

Deare ALBA I by thee am ftill forbid,
By Statue, Image, Picture, or by Verfe,
To fhew the Vertues rare within thee hid,
As not being able leaft part to rehearfe:
It fhall fuffice (as facred) I admire,
Thy fpotles life, thy more then chaft defire.

To

To thee farre off (from me) thefe ſighs I ſend,
To thee farre off from Loue, I, neere to die,
To know if thou thy ſelfewill minde wilt mend,
Deſiſting from thy hatefull Crueltie.
Beautie if it be milde, it is renound;
If it be proud, a foule reproch tis found.

Thou makſt a ſhew as if thou wouldſt be kinde:
But tis a ſhadow, not a ſubſtance right:
For comming vnto triall ſtraight I finde,
Thy sdainfull chaſt lookes puts my Hope to flight:
Whilſt thou doſt ſeeme at thefe my Woes to grieue,
Yet them with ſuccour neuer doſt relieue.

Thy Griefe (for me) a paſſion's in a play,
Which men doth rauiſh with Melancholy:
But acted once, and out of ſight away,
In minde, no longer there doth ſtay, but dy:
Thou art the Actor playing ſuch a part,
My griefes neere deeply pearce into thy hart.

O would I could from Reaſons Court obtaine,
A *Superſedeas*, LOVE for to remoue,
From out my Breaſt to thee, to eaſe my paine,
That thou the force thereof a while mightſt proue.
But Deſtnie wils that I thy ſlaue do ſtay,
And ſo I will, who bound is, muſt obey.

Why

ALBA.

Why haue the Heauens thus changed my Eſtate?
Deſeruing well to complot my Decay?
Why rather was not ſo ordainde my fate,
That ALBA nere ſhould wend from me away?
I neuer changing my firſt vowed Loue,
Why ſhould (vnconſtant ſhe) from me remoue?

(Fond man) is ſhe vnconſtant to be calde,
Who after courſe of world doth runne her race?
Are not all men by fortune puld and halde,
Neuer to bide (ſtill) in one certaine place?
Nothing is more commended in the Sea,
Then th' often Ebbings, and the Flowings bee.

Ah ALBA, if thou ſhouldſt continue ſtill
In one ſelfe place, t'would be a Paradiſe:
But thou (t'allay our proud Affections will)
T' eclipſe thine owne perfections doſt deuiſe,
Thinking it is enough, if but with eye
We ioy a ſmall glimſe of thy Maieſtie.

Then to encreaſe our Grieſes, thou doſt decreaſe
Our pleaſures, and thy ſelfe from vs doſt hide,
When we for nothing lookt but peace and eaſe,
Euen at thy Beſt, and in thy Beauties pride.
But why talke I, where I cannot be hard?
Or heard ſhe me, ſhe would not me regard.

Where

ALBA.

Where are my Vowes withouten number now?
My teares withouten meaſure that I ſhed?
My skalding ſighs to make proud ALBA bow?
They all are gone, forgot, quite baniſhed.
Yet though they not deſerue her loue they craue,
Methinks ſome better fortune they ſhould haue.

But if the Gods in iudgement partiall ſit,
Vnequall viewers of each iniurie:
And with condigne reuenge feeke not to quit
So monſtrous wrong, ſuch nere heard Crueltie:
Why then I Reaſon none, for Louers ſee
That they ſhould bide ſuch paine for loyaltie.

Yet neither Hopes preferment, were it great,
Nor feare of puniſhment, though to my paine:
Nor counſell of the Wiſeſt that entreat,
Nor company of beſt where I remaine,
Shall euer make me once my Humour change,
Nor from my firſt deuoted Vow to range.

My youths chiefe Flower (of all my life the prime)
In melancholy paſsion I will ſpend:
Careles behauiour ſhall my latter time
(Becauſe (forſooke) ſhe cares not for me) end.
Thus will I ſtill continue during breath,
Doting on her, who doth deuiſe my death.

Fond

ALBA.

Fond that I am like Greekiſh Wraſtler vaine,
Striuing to liſt a waight impoſſible,
I caught ſo ſtrange incurable a ſtraine,
As thereby (bruſed ſore) I brainſick fell:
    Fixing my thoughts aboue my reach, I fall
    Into Diſeaſe, without recure at all.

The ſtately Cedar whoſe tops ſeeme in ſhow,
For height, to reach vnto the azur'd skie,
Neuer his head bowes to the ſhrubs below,
That in the deepe and hollow Valleys lie.
    Th' yuie that climing vp by th' elme doth runne,
    Neuer can get hold of the beames of Sunne.

ALBA I honor in humilitie,
Whom none ought, or ſhould dare venter to loue:
Though I preſume with importunitie,
Sometimes my ſute (in vaine) to her to moue:
    For her affections be immortall, rare,
    Her vertues ſuch, as infinite they are.

Then ſuffer me to gaze on ALBA mine,
With my mindes eyes, though abſent now ſhe be:
I knew when I enioyde her ſight (ah happie time)
That time (I feare) I neuer more ſhall ſee.
    But tis all one, for were the Cruell here,
    I of my purpoſe ſhould be nere the neere.

Am

ALBA.

Am I ſo mad, to thinke that ſuch a Toy,
As Sorcerie is, ſhould ought preuaile for me;
That witchcraft power hath for to make me ioy,
And cauſe me here, mine abſent Miſtris ſee?
I cannot chuſe but thinke all to be tales,
And that Enchantment little here preuailes.

What though the Sunne is darkened by this skill,
And Moone's remoude from out her ſetled cours;
Wilde beaſts made ſtand, amazed, tame, and ſtill,
And waters turnde from their firſt wonted ſours:
Yet cannot Art, by force make ſetled Loue,
From his firſt Center (where he reſteth) moue.

The Gods, not men, do rule the inward Hart,
They can appoynt Affection as they pleaſe;
Stones, Yearbs, and Words, may vſen be by Art;
Yet theſe the Louers grieſes can ſmalely eaſe,
Not *Exorſiſms*, *Spels*, *Mettals*, *Planets*, *Fire*,
Can alter once the ſetled firme Deſire.

Then Ile with Diſcontent be ſatisfied,
And hopeles liue in hope, though Hope in vaine:
Reſoluing all baſe coynes to abide,
Since I deſpaire her grace for to obtaine:
Vnhappie I, my caſe ore deſperate,
No Skill nor cunning can my paine abate.

Hard

ALBA.

Hard hap had I, to fall into thy hand,
Who giu'ſt thy ſelfe to endles crueltie;
When to thy flintie heart wilt giue command,
To change his wont, and ſomewhat gentler be?
Wilt thou thy Beautie faire, adulteriſe?
And ſeekſt thou ſtill on me to tiraniſe?

Iſt poſſible thy yeares ſo few and ſmall,
So many ancient miſchiefes ſhould containe?
Thy ſwelling pride, I long haue borne withall,
Becauſe that Beautie thereof is to blame.
Which ſtill the more in fairenes it exceedes,
The more it ioyes in coy diſdained deedes.

I grieue at thy deuiſes gainſt me wrought,
And ſorrow, that wits ſharper that they ſhow,
The ſhroder and vnhappier ſhould be thought,
Prone vnto ill, but vnto Goodnes ſlow.
But for one ſeeke to murther (through diſdaine)
A harmeles heart, is worſe then Murderers ſtaine.

What moues thee then, thy ſelfe thus to diſgrace,
Vnfitting for thy Sex, where nought ſhould be
But kindenes milde, far altring from thy face,
Where nothing but rare beautie we can ſee?
If then ſo faire a Sunne, ſuch ſoule cloudes hide,
Let me ſtill in eternall Darkenes bide.

The

ALBA.

The bitter plaints wherewith my ſoule I wound
With skalding ſighs which ſmoke from forth my breaſt:
My cheekes through griefe, pale wan and hollow found,
My troubled Thoughts which reaue me of my reſt:
    Salt watrie teares, which raine from blubbring eye,
    Warme blood from Hart diſtilling inwardly.

The ſeruile yoke which did my freedom breake,
My willing minde to doe what wild Command,
The ſtate wherein I brought my ſelfe moſt weake,
The froſt and fire wherein I ſtill did ſtand,
    The ſnare in which LOVE wrapt me ſo about,
    As from the ſame I nere (yet) could get out.

All theſe, and many another worſer griefe,
Are no ſuch plagues as is that Marble Hart,
(That Marble Hart) that yeelds me no reliefe,
Nor euer ſought ſome comfort to impart.
    The reuolution of the Heauens, nor any Time,
    Can make (that Breaſt) to yeeld to my Deſigne.

Vertue doth hinder it, in my deſpight,
Chaſte Honeſtie maintaines her in her force:
Then LOVE farewell, all hope Ile baniſh quite,
I ſee in Flint is found no kind remorſe.
    If Teares, Vowes, Gifts, Prayers, Othes no good can
    Nor Loue obtaine, in vaine tis then to ſue. (doe,
Deare

ALBA.

Deare to my Soule (for Deare I may thee call,)
Since thou farre dearer then myſelfe I holde,
When wilt thou rid me of this loathed thrall,
In which I am through Fancies bandes enrold?
    When wilt thou keepe thy promiſe vnto mee?
    Whereof no deedes, but wordes I yet can ſee.

Why (doubtfull ſtill) doeſt thou my ioyes prolong?
And driuſte me of[f], in dalliance without cauſe?
Me and thy ſelfe, why doeſt thou double wrong?
To keepe thy word, why, ſo long doſt thou pauſe?
    Thus for to loſe thy golden Time, tis ſin,
    Which once being paſt, againe, thou canſt not win.

Matters of ſtate we vſe to politize,
Procraſtinating for aduantage great,
LOVE, lingring hates, and lothes to temporize,
Delaie's too colde, for his orewarmed heate;
    Ah, doe not driue me of[f] thus (ſtill) in vaine,
    Still for to loſe tis much, once let me gaine.

Dearer to me then th' apple of mine eyes,
Let word and deede, but once for all agree,
Not any can in face thee equalize,
If but a little more thou kinde wouldſt be.
    Then with alluſiue Sightes, feede not me ſtill,
    But graunt (at laſt) for to performe my will.

ALBA.

Ye lukewarme Teares which from my nere dride eyes,
Streame downe amaine like fountaines day and night,
Wende to my Lady in moſt humble wiſe,
And ſhew to her, my moſt vnhappie plight:
    Wende vnto her, who outwardly in ſhew,
    Seemes pittifull, but (inward) is not ſo.

Weepe you to her and ſay; Iſt poſſible
A Creature that ſo courteous ſeemes to all,
Shoulde haue a hart more cruell and more fell
Then Tiger, harder then a ſtony wall?
    Ah why ſeemes ſhe not inwardly as kinde,
    As ſhe doth outward ſhew, the world to blinde.

This my *Icarian* ſoaring (boue my reach)
(Through Beautie, ſereniſing fals my Hart)
How I ore bolde, may headlong fall, doth teach,
Whileſt LOVE doth play gainſt me a ſubtile part:
    Yet Beauties Birth I am, by her I breath,
    Though liue againſt her fauour and her leaue.

Wilde fire with milke is quencht, rigor with teares,
Yet naught her ſtubborne minde can mollifie:
Vnto my prayers ſhe ſtops her deafened eares,
And with Deſpayre requites my Courteſie.
    Thus am I ſtill ſtarre croſſed in my Loue,
    As one bewitcht, with whom no good doth proue.

How

ALBA.

How long ſhall I diue in the vaſtie Sea,
To finde this Perle, this orient MARGARITE?
How long this bottome ſounding ſhall I be?
Yet nere attaine this precious Iewell bright?
My labors (like to *Hercules*) abound,
Who more he did, the more to doe, ſtil found.

I am too weake with *Oſpraies* eyes to looke,
Againſt the fiery beames of this faire Sun:
Too great a Burthen haue I fondly tooke,
For my weake ſhoulders long ſince ouercome.
The more I ſeeke, the farther I, to finde,
Like to the wretch, that of his ſight is blinde.

My bruſed Bulwarke is not ſtrong enough
For to reſiſt this beautious Batterie:
My yoke too ſmall, to draw ſo huge a plough,
Mine eyes too dimme, ſuch Brightnes to deſcrie:
This ſhewes, that as vnluckie I was borne,
To die vnfortunate I muſt not ſcorne.

Yet Ile not leaue to interceſsionate,
To her hard Breaſt, for my too gentle Hart:
That if her Rigor ſhe'le not mitigate,
At leaſt ſhe'le ſomewhat eaſe me of this Smart:
I onely craue, if ſhe'le not yeelde reliefe,
T'adiourne my paine, and to proroge my Griefe.

 Thriſe

Thrife trebble bleffed BRACELET, rich in prife,
I enuie not thy perlie fret, nor golde,
But fortune thine, becaufe in happie wife,
The place of perfect pleafure thou doft holde.
About that wrift thou turnft and windft fo oft,
More white then Snow, then thiftle down more foft.

Bafe mindes loue Golde: tis not thy Golde I fteeme,
For this I onely value thee at much,
Becaufe an Ornament th'art to be feene,
Of her white Hand yclept of right NONESVCH:
NONESVCH indeede, whofe Beautie is fo rare,
As nere the like, attainde the perfects Faire.

This is the caufe fo highlie I thee rate,
As all the golden Mines of Indian Ground,
Nor Seas of Pearle can counteruaile thy ftate,
Wherein thou art this prefent to be found:
And, if that trueth I fhall confeffe indeede,
The wealth of all the world thou doft exceede.

But when I marke, how by ftrange cunning Art,
Faire louelie Haires, with Pearle and Golde conioyne,
A pleafing ioy doth feaze vpon my Heart,
Whileft with ftrange pleafures, Fancie feeds my mind:
So as (fweete BRACELET) thou doft rightly proue,
To be th' enchantment of bewitching LOVE.

Liue

ALBA.

Liue Louely Fame, which when thou firſt didſt take
Poſſeſſion of my Heart, wert ſtony colde,
And baſhfull; but when entrance thou didſt make,
Then, as Triumphant thou didſt keepe thy holde:
Changing both Thought & ſtate, that where before
Colde chillie Yce was, hot Deſire burnt fore.

If I thee honor, worſhip, ſerue, and loue,
He knowes, who guides the reſtles Globe on high,
But enuious Fates on me their force doe proue,
And me, from thee haue baniſht ſpitefully.
So that more paine I doe each houre abide,
Then if that thouſands ſorts of deaths I dide.

But fore that peereles ſhape of thine,
(The better part wherein my Soule doth reſt)
Shall out of minde, or memory of mine,
(Whereby I only happy liue and bleſt,)
All things ſhall chaunce, impoſſible that be,
Myſelfe, forget myſelfe will I, fore thee.

The Sunne ſhall loſe his power, and darke become,
The Skies ſhall melt, and into horror fall,
The earth ſhall ſinke, the world be quite vndone,
And fore this chance, all ſtrange things happen ſhall.
Though (now) thou bidſte in *Albions* fruitfull land,
And I, where *Mantuan* Duke, his Court doth ſtand.

Such as do liggen in Delight and ioy,
And haue what Hart can wiſh, or Thought deuiſe,
Spending their time withouten dire Annoy,
Liuing amongſt their friends in iocund wiſe,
And who with Loue of Ladies theirs are bleſt,
May in *Eternam Requiem*, happie reſt.

Me, ſillie Trauailer (a pilgrim poore)
(Who through hard hap theſe bleſsings all doe miſſe)
Care doth become, ſince want I do endure
Of Countrie, Friends, and Loue, my chieſeſt bliſſe:
And yet this CARE not Ill, but well, with me,
Obſeruing ſtill *Decorum* doth agree.

A Trauailer, farre from his Natiue coaſt,
With Care doth riſe, with Care him downe doth lay:
And though from piller toſt he be to poſte,
When All him leaue, yet Care with him doth ſtay.
Not like vaine pleaſure, who away doth peake,
When he his Bark through want perceiues to leake.

Thanks then to Care, of Poore the comfort chieſe,
The beſt companion that we Strangers finde,
In Countries ſtrange forlorne, without reliefe,
Who quiet, gentle, patient is and kinde.
Then conſtant CARE, not Comfort I do craue,
And (might I chuſe) I CARE with L. would haue.

This

This Tower, this Caſtle, this huge Priſon ſtrong,
Begirt with high and double fenced Wall,
(Where I to be kept priſoner, thus haue wrong)
Can neuer hurt, nor do me harme at all:
    Since I was pent here, I am (nothing changde)
    But as before, when I abrode ſtill rangde.

This place reſtraines my Bodies libertie,
But hath no power ouer my Thoughts or Minde,
VVhich is the cauſe I count my ſelfe moſt free,
Though I my ſelfe in greateſt Bondage finde,
    I can ſo feede on Fancie, and ſubdue
    Enuie, by ſweet Imagination true.

No ſweeter Muſick to the Miſerable,
Then is Deſpayre: therefore the more I feele
Of bitternes, of ſorrow ſower and fell,
The more of Sweetnes it doth ſeeme to yeeld.
    Vaine I eſteeme my life, all libertie,
    Since I do want mine ALBAS Companie.

Vſe, Miſerie hath made familiar now
VVith me, that I count ſorrow chieſeſt Ioy:
And him the welcomſt Gueſt I do alow,
That ſaddeſt tales can tell of bloodieſt Noy.
    Then (Cruell) think what life I ſtill haue led,
    Since ſo in poſt away from me th'art fled.

 Thrice

ALBA.

Thrice precious purſe, by daintie Hand ywrought,
Of Beauties Firſt Borne, Fauours rightfull Heire,
Not for a world of wealth, purchaſt or bought,
But freely giuen (for Loue) by ALBA faire:
    Giuen to me, vnworthie of the ſame,
    As one not meriting ſo great a Gaine.

Tis not the richnes hereof, though tis much,
Nor rarenes of the worke ſurpaſſing skill,
That I account of, though that it be ſuch,
As euery eye, with maſement it doth fill:
    But cauſe t'was made by that Alconquering Hand,
    Whoſe becke, euẽ Loues own ſelf doth countermãd.

Dan Fortunatus Bagge, which Hiſtories
Affirme, endles to be for golden ſtore,
And that it helde of Quoyne Infinities,
To this my purſe is needy, baſe and poore:
    Golde in the inſide (onely) of his purſe was ſeene,
    But mine, hath (alwaies) Golde without and in.

Pure gold tis wrought with, yet her Haires more bright,
Saft is the Silke, more ſaft her ſnowie skinne,
Orient the Perle, yet are her teeth more white,
The Cullers rare; her cheekes the priſe tho, winne:
    Ah precious Purſe, where what I doe beholde,
    Are Cullours rare, fine Perle, ſaft Silke, pure Golde.

Warme

ALBA.

Warme ſhowers raine faſt from forth my blubbred eyes,
My heauie Thoughts are Clowdes replete with woes:
Hot liuely Flames from out my breaſt ariſe,
My skalding ſighs the wind's that forth them blowes:
Fire burning *Cancer* and *Aquarius* cold,
Ore me their powers predominant do hold.

The flames, themſelues vp to the heauens lift,
Where they by thouſands round about doe turne:
The waters runne like to a Torrent ſwift;
Hence comes it that my ſelfe I drowne and burne,
By reaſon of two ſpitefull Qualities,
(Moyſture and Heate) my life in danger lies.

My teares a great ſtreame make, they ſo abound,
A quenchles burning this my ſecret Fire:
Hope doth deſpaire, and there her ſelfe hath drownde,
And Hart to cinders burnes through hot Deſire:
Fancie doth frolike, and doth ſtill reuiue,
Reaſon's ſo ſicke, not long ſheele keepe aliue.

ALBA my Teares accounteth as a Toy,
And for a ſport mine ardent Heat ſhe holds:
For in her eyes, *Cocitus* (me to noy)
And *Phlegeton* in breaſt ſhe fierce enfolds.
Thus ſhe my Hart doth ſtill anatomiſe,
With keeneſt raſor of her Crueltiſe.

Haires

ALBA.

Haires louely Browne immur'd with pearle and gold,
How ill fits you this Ribbon Carnatine,
Since I no more your Miſtris now behold,
Of my diſaſter, moſt vnlucky ſigne,
    Who to me gaue this Bracelet for a FAVOVR,
    A work by Beautie framde through LOVES true la-
(bour.

How often would ſhe, bout my Wriſt ſtill prie,
And vnderminde me (by deuiſe) as twere,
Making a ſhew of Doubt and Ieloufie,
As if I it forgot bout me to beare?
    But now I ſeare me, through her ſtaying ore long,
    Both LOVE, Her ſelf, and Me, ſhe much doth wrong.

VVho euer ſaw a Beautie ſuch, ſo faire,
Lodgde in a ſubiect ſo vnconſtant found?
Who euer ſaw more loyall Louer rare,
To ſuch hard Fortune (cauſeles) to be bound?
    Ah why is not (as is her face) her Minde?
    Th' one's Faire, the other, I Forgetfull finde.

Then louely Haires, my deareſt Harts beſt Eaſe,
You muſt from Handwriſt mine to Hatband black:
There muſt you bide, though me it doth diſpleaſe,
Since whom I would, I moſt of all do lack.
    This ſable place doth fit you beſt to mourne,
    Where you vnſeene, ſhall lie till ſhe returne.

Ah

ALBA.

Ah happie Handkercher, that keepſt the ſigne,
(As only Monument vnto my Fame)
How deare my Loue was to ſweet ALBA mine,
VVhen (ſo) to ſhew my Loue ſhe did me blame.
Relique of LOVE I do not enuie thee,
Though whom thy Maſter cannot, thou doſt ſee.

Only let me intreat this Fauour ſmall,
VVhen in her chamber all alone by chance,
Open her pretie Casket for ſome work ſhe ſhall,
And hap her eye on thee vnwares to glance:
Ah, then the colour of her face but marke,
And thou by that ſhalt know her inward hart.

If ſhe ſhall bluſh, and grieue, thee ſo to view,
And wiſtly caſt on thee a piteous eye,
It is a ſigne her loue continues true,
And that her faith ſhe doth not falſifie.
Ah, then (afreſh) (her faith more firme to moue)
Bleed thou againe, for to reuiue her Loue.

But if ſhe (ſeeing thee) no account doth make,
Flinging thee here and there without regard:
Know then expired is my louing Date,
My Hope deceiu'd, my Fortune ouer hard.
Yet if ſhe doth but ſighing ſay to thee,
(Saftly) (Farewell deare SERVANT) happie mee.

Thoſe

ALBA.

Thoſe ebbon windowes ſweete, thoſe cheerfull eyes,
Where LOVE (at LAVVGH and ſweete looke on) doth
Are on the ſudden changde in ſtrangie wiſe, (play,
And do Diſdaines Enſigne (gainſt me) diſplay:
Darke now they ſeeme, and ſower, ore paſſing bad,
Making my life ſeeme to me black and ſad.

Thoſe cheerfull eyes, which wont to comfort me,
And to my hungrie ſoule yeeld nouriſhment,
Denie me food, nor will they pleaſed be,
But mew me vp, as ſtarueling cloſely pent.
My walks I vſde, which faire and eaſie were,
Are ſtopt with blood-drawing brãbles euery where.

My craſed hart thus skorned for his Loue
And plagude with proud diſdaine and sdainfull Pride,
Wailes ſo as would a Rock (though flintie) moue:
Nor better courſe hath this Diſgrace to bide,
Then ſighs and Teares, which forth he ſends apace,
And (damned like) ſtill begs, but nere finds grace.

Sweet ſtay of my weake tottring life nie falne,
Balme to my wounds, and Cordiall to my grieſe,
Light to my darknes, to my ſtorme, mild Calme,
Eaſe to my paine, and to my want, Reliefe.
Ah who hath now (and that ſo ſuddenly)
Of pitie thee depriu'd, to make me die?

Poore

ALBA.

Poore waſted Hart that wandreſt not aſtray,
Although thy PEARLE her orient colour change:
Thou, which in thy firſt Faith vnſtaind doſt ſtay,
Although ſhe from her plighted vow doth range.
Ah, where are now thy cheerfull daies of Hope?
Thy Liues line, Loue, what wretched hãd hath broke?

Alas poore ſoule, how badly art thou vſde,
For thy much louing (louing ouer long?)
Cauſeles without deſert to be refuſde,
And for thy right to be repaid with wrong?
(Fond) do betimes from Fancies Fort retire,
Reaſon retaine, and baniſh raſh Deſire.

What meanſt thou careles thus to ſeek thy Care?
Call home thy Wits, giue ore although with loſſe:
Els like one blindfold art thou caught in ſnare,
And wilt too late returne by weeping croſſe.
Seeſt not that ſhut is Loues ſweet paſſage plaine,
That opens wide the path of proud Diſdaine?

If ſo, why ſhouldſt thou beg (in vaine) for grace?
Rather demaund thy paſport and away:
Better at firſt giue ore in midſt of Race,
Then loſe in th' end, though longer time thou ſtay.
Then if ſhe'le not admit thee as a frend,
Let her thee manumit (as Free) to wend.

O

ALBA.

O that I were where bides mine ALBA faire,
VVhofe perfon to poffeffe is pleafure fuch,
As driues away all melancholy Care,
Which doth the Hart through Griefs impreffion touch:
Whofe louely Locks All do more curious deeme,
When they moft carcles to be dreffed feeme.

Her fweet Lookes moft alluring be, when they
Moft chafte do feeme in modeft glancing fhow:
Her words, the more they vertuoufly do way,
The more (in count) for amorous they go:
Her dreffings fuch as when neglected moft,
She's thought as then to haue beftowd moft coft.

Sweet Fortune, when I meet my louely Treafure,
Dafh my Delights with fome fmall light difgrace,
Left I (enioying fweetnes boue all meafure)
Surfet without recure on that faire face.
Her wonted coynefle let her vfe a while,
My fierce Defire by Diet to beguile.

Left with the fulnes of my ioyes, abate
The fweetnes, and I perifh ftraight before
I do poffeffe them, at too deare a rate.
But foft (Fond *Icarus*) how high wilt foare?
Thou dreamft I think, or foulie doft miftake,
I dreame indeed, Ah might I neuer wake.

Like

ALBA.

Like as the Hawke caſt from the Faulkners fiſt,
Freed from the Mew doth (ioyfull) take his flight,
Soaring aloft in th' aire as beſt him liſt,
Now here, now there, doth finde no ſmall delight,
    Enioying that, which Treaſures all doth paſſe,
    (His libertie) wherefore he priſoner was.

But when th' acquainted Hollow he doth heare,
And ſeeth the Lure caſt forth him home to traine,
As one obedient full of awfull feare,
He leaues his flight, and backward turnes againe,
    Chuſing in ancient bonds for to be bound,
    Fore faithles to his Lord he will be found:

So (ALBA) though I wanton, otherwhile,
Do runne abrode, and other Ladies court,
Seeking the time with pleaſures to beguile,
And oft my ſelfe with words of courſe do ſport,
    Diſſembling with Diſſemblers cunninglie,
    As is the guiſe, with tongue, with hand, and Eye.

Yet when I thinke vpon thy face diuine,
Thy Beautie cals me home, ſtraight as a Lure,
All other baniſhing from Hart of mine,
And in LOVES Bands to thee doth binde me ſure.
    And ſince my Faith, and Fates do ſo ordaine,
    I am content thy priſoner to remaine.

Where

ALBA.

Where are thoſe Haires ſo louely Browne in ſhow?
Where is that ſnowy Mount of Iuorie white?
With damaske Roſe where do the Lillies grow?
Whoſe Colours & whoſe ſweetnes All delight? (Loue,
Where are thoſe cheerfull Lights, Lamps of cleere
Wherein, a beautious Heauen doth alwaies moue?

Where are thoſe *Margarite Pearles* withouten priſe,
And Rubies rich (my matchles Treaſures ſtore)
With other Graces, wonders to the Wiſe,
Worthy that euery Lawrell them adore?
I know not I, vnles in her they be,
In Her who's Faire, Alas too Faire for me.

VVhy haue not then my Stars ſo courteous bin,
In this to me, as they are in the reſt,
That I by loftie ſtile might Beautie win,
And blaze abrode her praiſe deſeruing beſt?
VVhy haue not I the Gift, her Gifts to thunder,
And make the world thereat admire and wonder?

Could I (but as ſhe doth deſerue aright)
Sing as a Cignet ſweete with pleaſing vaine,
Her Vertues rare, her ſtraining Beauties ſight,
As I am blunt in Wit, and dull in Braine,
I then ſhould ſee, her Courteous, Gentle, Milde,
VVhere now I finde her, Cruell, Proud and Wilde.

Needs

ALBA.

Needes muſt I ALBA leaue, yet ſhe'le not part,
Though I doe loue her, yet ſtill my Deſire,
Seekes her to keepe in Cloſet of my Hart;
And though ſhe doth againſt me thus conſpire,
Yet with my Soule, I muſt her Error moane,
Since ſo vnkindelie ſhe her ſelfe hath ſhowne.

My ſecret griefes Ile in my ſelfe diſieſt;
The world ſhall neuer know her hateſull Pride,
Her ſhame (my Bane) I will conceale in breſt,
And as a Monument there ſhall it bide.
ALBA farewell, all pittie now is fled,
And ſince tis ſo, Adew, I am but Dead.

But thou (my Hart) come thou from her thy way;
Tis time (I thinke) to leaue that witching face,
Where too too much vnkindenes ſtill doth ſtay;
For Loyall Loue, there is no reſting place.
Simple Goodwill, to ſoiourne findes it vaine,
Where Thoughts are falls, and Double do remaine.

My nere ſtainde Faith, my life ſhall teſtifie,
To future Age, that ſhall hereafter come,
To ſhew the world my ſpotles Loyaltie:
And yet perhaps againe may ſhine the Sunne,
When as my Trueth vnto her being knowne,
She may at laſt receiue me for her owne.

The Conclusion of the second Part.

IF I should count the spending of my time,
Since Her I lost, with whom I left my life;
How I in Griefe without reliefe doe pine,
My seldome Pleasures, and my Corsies rife,
If I should take vpon me, these to tell,
It were in vaine, for t'were impossibell.

Yet still the more I suffer for her sake,
The more my Hart doth studie to endure,
The world shall know the Pennance he doth make,
And how his Thoughts are loyall, chaste, and pure.
So small account he maketh for to die,
As his owne Death he seeketh wilfully.

Of Her he still doth buzze me in the eare,
And wils me make a Iournie to that place,
To haue a sight of Her (to him so deare)
Whose beautious shape all Beauties doth disgrace.
Alas I would full faine, Her selfe doth know,
But Danger to offend, doth still say No.

Then since poore Hart, thou canst not haue thy will,
But longst for what thou neuer shalt obtaine,
Consume thy selfe with thy recureles ill,
As Women, that with Longing *breede their bane.*
And as thou diest, let this thy Comfort be,
Thy LOVE *was* VERTVE, *hers was* CHASTITIE.

R. T.

THE THIRD PART OF THE MONETHS MIND OF A MELANCHOLY LOVER.

By R. T. Gentleman.

AT LONDON
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Alba Crudeliſſima.

LO here the courſe ſpun Web of Diſcontent,
Extract from out the cauſe of my trew Griefe,
The Quinteſence of my Complaint cloſe pent,
Wherein my Hart hath line without reliefe:
The Glaſſe wherein my ſorrowes each may ſee,
Thou cruell ALBA, thus haſte plagued me.

Thinke on the Meſtfull MONTHS MINDE I ſtill keepe,
Depriu'de of thee, how I doe liue forlorne,
All night I ſigh, all day I waile and weepe,
As one that hath all pleaſure quite forſworne:
Thus (carefull I) doe care for careles thee,
Whilſt wretchles thou, makſt no account of mee.

Knewſt thou what t'were to Loue, and what to hate,
I know with Malice thine thou wouldſt diſpence,
And wouldſt enhaunce my Bale to bliſſefull ſtate,
And Loue with Loue, not Rigor recompence;
Ah gainſt me doe not thou thy wrath incite,
Monſtrous it is, Loue to repaye with ſpite.

Be gracious then, though I haue graceles bin,
Let Fauour thine, aboue my Merit ſhow,
Againſt the Tide, why ſhouldſt thou alwaies ſwim;
And as a froward Tortoys backeward goe?
Not Night, but Light giue me with thoſe faire Eyes,
Fierce Serpents (not milde Doues) enuenomiſe.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

ALBA.

Now earthly *Goddeſſe* haue thou ſome regard
To me thy ſeruant, crauing what is iuſt,
Though long at laſt, yeelde to me ſome rewarde,
Since I relie on thee, and wholy truſt.
Thinke on the pennance ſore I doe endure,
Which to my Soule, thine Abſence doth procure.

Support my feeble Thoughts, that ſcarſe can moue,
For thou wert wont, ſuch, better to commend,
Who would perſiſt more loyall in their Loue,
And perſeuere vnto the lateſt end,
Then thoſe, who whẽ Loues courſe they gan to run,
Would giue it ore, before halfe way were done.

I cannot doe ſo, for my longing Hart,
Is knit in thine, in ſuch perfection ſtrange,
That Death theſe twaine in ſunder cannot part,
Nor length of Time, nor Places diſtant change:
Thy *Beautious Vertue*, *Vertuous Beautie* tis,
That makes me ioy in noy, take Bale for blis.

Ah where art thou kinde *Friendſhip* that of yore
Still with thy cheereſull ſmile, didſt comfort mee?
And ſweetely wouldſt with me my ſtate deplore,
When heauie, ſad, and grieu'd thou didſt me ſee?
Ah where are thoſe *Alcinoi daies* as now?
I *Metamorphoſde* am, I know not how.

ALBA.

Cleere ſhines the Sonne, yet ſhines it not on me,
Faire is the Morne, yet darkened is my Light,
Others the Spring, I Fall of leaſe doe ſee,
Whileſt I enioy no Day, but gloomy Night;
Thou art the cauſe (ſweete ALBA for thy Loue,
In abſence thine) theſe bitter Brunts I proue.

Whileſt thou like Princeſſe entertained art,
By thy kinde Tenants in moſt dutious wiſe,
Seeking to ſhew the zeal of their pure Hart,
By all the pleaſing meanes they can deuiſe.
Striuing who ſhall thee better entertaine,
(Signes of thy welcome home to them againe.)

I here am left alone, all poſte alone,
As LOVES true Pledge, that lies for Faith to Pawne,
Onely to wait thy parture and to mone,
Whileſt my Conceits on Sorrowes Tent are drawne,
Like to the Bird, on ſolitarie branch,
Wailing his Mates ſowre loſſe through hard miſchãce.

Then louely thou my Harts deare Treaſurer,
Let me obtaine this Fauour at thy Grace,
That thou delay no longer nor deſer,
But daine me once more, ſee thy heauenly face.
Elſe here I vow, (if ſo thou come not ſoone)
Me, ſhalt thou not ſee, thou ſhalt ſee my Toome.

Now

ALBA.

Now that my weary ſpirits do runne their race,
To thoſe tranſplendent Lamps of ALBA faire:
And gazing there (in vaine) do plead for grace,
Leauing their ancient lodging nakte and bare.
She as their Foe stands on her Brauerie,
And paſſage to their Entrance doth denie.

They finding ſhut faſt cloſe, milde Pities gate,
And ſeeing in what danger I remaine,
With haſte returne from whence they came of late,
Retiring to their wonted Home againe,
Where they repoſe, of Hope quite diſpoſſeſt,
And there with Feare and Care together reſt.

Diſdaine thoſe eyes ſpoyles, that before were bright,
And fierce Deſire, that to reuenge hath minde
Increaſeth ſtill in hart to worke me ſpite,
Deuiſing how to make her more vnkinde:
The one, the Bellowes vnto Furie blowes,
The other, ſlaue to wrathfull Anger ſhowes.

But though to me ſhe ſeemes as pitileſſe,
Seeking my Death, without cauſe to conſpire:
Yet will I beare with all wrongs nere the leſſe,
Reſolu'd to bide the vtmoſt of her ire:
Againſt her wrath Ile true and Humble be,
For Faiths my Fence, my Shield's, Humilitie.

Poore

Poore *Meleager* being in diſdaine,
With furious *Altea* (cruell mother his)
She flang his *fatall Brand* in fierie flame,
Long time kept by her, (as her chiefeſt blis)
So as through fire it did (conſumde) decay,
His wretched life did peece-meale waſte away.

Altea, mine ALBA is, *Meleager* I,
The *fatall Brand* where bides my life, her *Loue*:
No longer then ſhe keepes this happely
For me, no longer may my ſpirits moue.
Long time *Affection* kept it, but as now
She flings it in the flame with angrie brow.

Anger's the *Fire*, *Suſpect* kindles the *Flame*,
Conceit's the *Bellowes*, wherewith ſhe doth blow:
Haſte was the hand which flung it in the ſame,
The *Coles*, *Vnkindnes*, that did burne it ſo.
Ah, but one drop of *Water* of her *Grace*,
If ſo I had, twould quencht be in ſmall ſpace.

Thus do I burne, and burning breathe my laſt,
And breathing laſt, to naught conſume away:
Like to that Lampe whoſe Oyle when it doth waſte,
By leſſer light, and leſſer doth decay.
Yet in this *Fire* I crie ſtill for to moue her,
Ah pitie me th'vnhappieſt loyall *Louer*.

Thou

ALBA.

Thou ſolitarie Mountaine, *Mount of Mone*,
Pleaſing to me, mine only ſolace chiefe,
How like are we? we two ſeeme but as One,
Since thou ſhewſt *ſad*, and I ſtill, to haue *Griefe*,
    Thou with wilde ſauadge Woods art compaſt round,
    And in my Breaſt ſharp auſtere Thoughts are found.

The huger Hill in bignes thou doſt ſhow,
The more, (All) thee vncouth and ſauadge deeme:
The more that I in yeares in Loue do grow,
The more deformed Creature I do ſeeme.
    Water from thee, from euery ſide doth come,
    And teares from out mine eyes as Fountaines run.

Thou doſt abide the bluſtring furious winde,
The paine of skalding ſighs perforce I feele:
Tempeſts and ſtormes, to thee are oft vnkinde,
But worſe to me is ALBAS Hart of ſteele:
    Thou ſtrooken art by *Ioues* fire from aboue,
    And I am blaſted with *Lightning of Loue*.

Thou wanteſt Fruit, and I am without Hart,
Only in this my Griefes do thine exceede,
That where as thou inſenſible ſtill art,
I (liuing) feele too well the Brunt indeede.
    Yet wert thou worſe I like in thee to ſtay,
    Since that my *Pearle*, mine ALBA'S gone her way.

O

ALBA.

Ye Hoarie *Hils*, and Icie *waters* colde,
If what freſh *Aprill* giues, ſharp *Ianiuere*
To take away from you himſelfe ſhewes bolde:
Yet quickly doth the Sunne with pleaſing cheere,
Reſtore to you your *Liueries* greene againe,
And flowring Banks longſt which you ſtreme amain.

But now to me from whom mine ALBA faire,
Still hides her ſelfe, all Hope is withered quite:
Nor will ſhe ſhew her ſelfe, to eaſe my Care,
For my yong Plant an enuious froſt doth bite,
Since that ſame hart that gentle was of yore,
Hardning it ſelfe gainſt me, ſtill ſwelleth more.

Nature (you) gouernes, but *Loue* rules ore mee;
Nature is louing as a *Mother* kinde,
Loue, worſe then cruell *Step dame* is to ſee,
And to my loſſe (gainſt conſcience) doth me binde,
Taking from me mine ancient Priuiledge
Whereby I liue, my daies for to abridge.

Then happie *Hils* you ſhall be greene againe,
And bleſſed *Springs* your Courſes you ſhall holde:
But if that ſhe reuiue not that hath ſlaine,
I ſoone ſhall dye, Conceit is growne ſo cold,
Left her warme Sunne glide hither it to thaw,
My freezing Hart no more his breath ſhall draw.

How

ALBA.

How long ſhall I knock at that Iron *Gate*,
Of thy *hard Hart*, for mercie? (but in vaine?)
How long my Griefes to thy deaffe eares relate,
And reape nought els but trauell for my paine?
Yet ſtill Ile hope, ſince *Acornes*, *Okes* become
And tynie drops proue *Floods* that ſtreaming runne.

Thy face is faire, yeeld Fauour then to mee;
Thy hart is fleſh, not bone, then gently ſhow;
Ah let thy *Loue* with thy ſweet Cheere agree,
And to atonement we ſhall quickly grow:
My Loue which is to thee more then extreame,
Requite not with a fortune ouer meane.

If thou ſhouldſt be *Vnfaithfull* in thy Loue,
VVhere ſhould I flie for ſuccour, or for Truth?
If th'owlt not heare my ſute, whom ſhould I moue?
If thou be *Cruell*, who will then ſhew Ruth?
If thou Deceit ſhalt vſe, twill likely be,
Others diſpence will with deepſt ſubtiltie.

More triall then th' haſt had thou canſt not haue;
(How oft) my ſecret Harts depth wilt thou found?
Wilt thou my blood ſpill when thou maiſt it ſaue?
When thou maiſt heale my Grief, ſtill wilt thou wound?
Ah do not (*Surgion* like) *Anatomiſe*
Each *muskle* of my griefe in cruell wiſe.

Sick

ALBA.

Sick in my lothed Bed I languiſh faſt,
Nor can my learned Doctor help me ought,
His cunning now is at the lateſt caſt,
Yet he no eaſe to craſed me hath brought.
And marueile none though he no helpe can finde,
Sicke am I not in Bodie, but in minde.

My hart each houre doth worſe and worſer proue,
And my Diſeaſe encreaſeth more and more,
Becauſe he wants her ſight whom I doe loue:
Nor can I haue a ſalue for this my ſore.
Leſſe ſo much labour, LOVE for me doth take,
As my Phiſition, ALBA faire to make.

Sicke is my ſoule, my Body languiſheth,
Th' one's farre from health, the other's nothing nie:
So as I doubtfull liue, ſcarce drawing breath,
Twixt feare and hope in this extremitie.
A ſtrange Conſumption hath me waſted long,
And for a *Pearle* reſtoratiue I long.

This for me, then all Phiſick is moſt ſure,
Or els I doubt I neuer ſhall be whole:
For whilſt that Nature would my Bodie cure,
Loue (peſtilenzing) doth infect my ſoule.
Then ALBA ſhew now if thou be'ſt Diuine,
Raiſe Dead to life, for now, or nere tis time.

Why

ALBA.

Why ſhould I loue, when I am loathed ſtill?
And praiſe her ſtill, who ſeekes me to diſpraiſe?
Why ſhould graue reaſon yeelde to headſtrong will,
My Griefes the more to multiplie and raiſe.
I doe commit *Idolatrie* extreme
With her, whom I ſhould rather right blaſpheme.

Fire if it warme not, for no Fire we deeme,
The Sunne, no Sunne we count, except it ſhine,
Water no water, but it wet do ſeeme,
Vertue no vertue, leſt it ſhow ſome ſigne:
No Woman is ſhe, thats not pitifull,
Rather *Prides Spaune*, a nice diſdainefull Trull.

Haue I tranſgreſt the Boundes of Modeſtie?
Whiſpering vndecent ſpeeches in her Eare,
Or haue I (ere) aſſailde her Chaſtitie,
And ſought the ſpoyle thereof away to beare?
If I haue ſhamde my ſelf in ſuch groſſe wife,
Why then ſhe reaſon hath me to deſpiſe.

Ah no, far be it from my harmeles Thought,
Such baſe vnſeemely tricks to her to moue,
A matter ſmall it was (God knowes) I ſought,
Onely to be *Retainer* to her *Loue*.
No ſcandall t'is, t'is no Diſparagement,
Seruice t'accept, where naught but Honors ment.

ALBA.

Faine would I take of quiet ſleepe the Say,
My wearied Corſe with eaſe for to delight,
But I no wiſhed reſt can finde by Day,
Nor ſlumber ſweetely in my bed by Night.
No reſt I wretched man as yet can take,
My woes are ſuch, as force me ſtill to wake.

My *Trueth* is meaſured by my *Fortune* hard,
And I (poore ſoule) *Vnfaithfull* iudged am,
Becauſe I ſeeme *Vnhappie*; and am bard
Frõ all good Chance: (Gainſt right) I beare the blame,
But willingly; (ſince ſhe doth will) I ſhall
Whoſe Abſence turnes my Hony into Gaule

Yet faine I ſlumber would, though but a while;
But if I cannot with that Fode be fed,
I will embrace (the time for to beguile)
Such golden Thoughts as are within my head.
Golden indeede, Golde Thoughts of ſuch a one,
As I prefer fore Golde, though ſhe a *Stone*

But ſleepe, or die, Then, dye, thou canſt not ſleepe,
For thee to ſleepe it is impoſſibell,
To thinke what's paſt, broade waking will thee keepe:
Which thou muſt ſtill conceale, not any tell.
My comfort's this, that waking as I die,
I ſee my *Loue* in Thought, though not with eye.

Pure

ALBA.

Pure *Iuorie* white, with ſpot of *Crimſon* red,
Where *Beauties Firſt Borne* lay the perfect Molde,
Or like *Aurora* riſing from her Bed,
Such was mine ALBA faire for to beholde.
Such was She, when She louely LOVE ore came,
The *Conquerors Glory, Conquereds Pleaſing Shame.*

But now that *Cullor* faire hath changde his grace,
Through *Burning Feuer*, (deadly in his kinde)
And *Sallow Palenes* ſtained hath that Face,
To whom the Prize for *Fauour* was aſſinde,
Sicke is my *Lady*, ſicke is all *Delight*,
And brighteſt Day is turnde to darkeſt Night.

Fortune hath ſtolne from ALBA, tooke from LOVE,
From him ſhe takes his *Solace, Sport* and *Play* ;
From Her her *Beautie* which ſhe would improue,
And to her ſelfe, would (falſely) it conuay.
Being *Pitifull* ſhe *Cruell* ſeemes to be
And in her Blindenes ſheweth that ſhe can ſee.

Falſe Fortune darke as *Molle* in any Good ;
But to doe Hurt, as *Argus*, full of Eyes,
In outward ſhew, a *Tiger* fierce and wood :
And yet to me ſhe's *kinde* in piteous wife.
Since She, by drawing Beautie from that place,
Quencht hath my Fier, to caſe me for a ſpace.

My Harte vpon his Deathbed, ſicke, did lye,
Calling vpon proud ALBA but in vaine;
Too Cruell ſhe, (for pittie) it did crie,
Yet had Repulſe through Rigor of Diſdaine.
So as to liue thus (long) it could not bide,
But foone gaue vp the Ghoſt, and ſo he dide.

Then to the *Chappell* of bad *Fortune* hard,
By ſmoking ſighes it quickelie was conuaide,
A place for theſe ſad Funerals preparde,
Where in a *Tombe* of *Loyaltie* t'was laide.
Anger, Suſpect, Griefe, Sorow, Care, and Feare,
With diſmall Doubtes, the chiefeſt mourners were.

About the Hierce great ſtore of Teares were ſhed;
The Torches that did burne ſo cleare and bright,
Were ALBAS eyes by Crueltie miſled,
Whilest the triumpht to ſee ſo woful ſight.
Pittie the *Dirge* did ſing with woful Plaint,
Aſiſted with a blacke and diſmall Saint.

Vpon the Monument yplaced was
Fire, Sworde, and Cordie, with Arrowes sharpe & keene,
The Epitaph for ſuch as by them pas
Was thus inbiſcribde, and carued to be ſeene.
Lo here that gentle Hart entombed lieth,
Whom cruell ALBA *cauſlie pierc'd to death.*

ALBA.

Poore Soule, in couert ioy, thy Care ſauns reſt,
VVeare VVillow in thy Hat, Baies in thy Hart,
Gold when it bubleth leaſt, then boyles it beſt
VVater runs ſmootheſt in the deepeſt part.
By thy great warines let it be ſeene,
Not what thou now art, but what thou haſt beene.

The greateſt comfort (as a Louers dew)
Is, of his Miſtris Secrets, much to know,
Yet no leſſe labor for him (being Trew)
Then naught to ſay, nor ought thereof to ſhew:
Of men we learne to ſpeake, things to reueale,
Of Gods, ſilent to be, and to conceale.

Yet's ſweete the Beautie of mine ALBA faire:
What blabſt thou it? yea blab it willinglie:
Bees that doe die, with honey buried are,
With dulcet notes, and heauenly Harmonie:
And they that dying, doe Beautie ſtill commend,
Shall be with kindenes honoured in the end.

Then hope thou well, and haue well (as they ſay)
Long haue I hopte, but Hoping is in vaine,
Hope with Alluſions, dallying doth me pay,
Yet but for Hope, the Hart would breake in twaine.
Ah MELT my Hart, would Melted once thou were,
Thou ſhouldſt not then haue cauſe ſo much to ſeare.

The *End of Loyal* the *Sovereignd of my Love*.
Flowing a fresh with Hope I round to bee:
But now (alas) the *Sovereignd* [illegible] to prove
End of the Loyal of my *left Love* I see.
The *Sovereignd* of my *true Love* is gone,
Now comes the *Loss* of my *long Hope* to end.

Loyal is vanished, whilst he Tempest Hee
Against his prince (gainst me his Soveraigne)
Weapons against Kings made (alas) to fight,
And left his faithe and his Homage faine.
He is vanished and mine Albia's foe,
I seeme alive here, yet in deede am dead.

In vaine I wish for what I cannot have,
And leave with griefe to aggravate my Mone:
What is to me denied, that fill I crave,
Gaining my life with *Loyal's* alone:
Yet I forgive her, little knowesth she,
That she her owne Hart wounds when she kills me.

Meantime in vaunch *Sorrowes* secret Cell,
My hapless Fortune hard I will deplore,
Hating all Joy, I priest there will dwell,
Because I of my wish am disposed.
Like *Petrarch* sight of *Laura* my I plaine,
Of whom I (never yet) could *Favour* gaine.

How

ALBA.

How long ſhall I importune thee with Cries,
And preſſe thee for ſome Grace (*hard flintie Dame?*)
How long my ſute deplore in pitious wiſe,
And yet be fruſtrate of that I complaine?
    Vrge me with ought if ſo thou canſt of Ill
    Do but obiect, and anſwer thee I will.

Cite me at LOVES *great Audit* to appeare,
And if a *iuſt account* I giue not thee
Of all my Life, ſince Loyall I did ſweare
Vnto thy *Cruell* ſelfe, *caſheere* thou mee:
    But if I true haue bin and dealt vpright,
    Thou doſt me wrong to ſet by me ſo light.

More then high time tis for thee to relent,
My *ſorrowes* flowes aboue their wonted Bound,
And well nie breake my Hart where they are pent,
(For ſo great Force) a too too ſlender ground.
    Then me ſupplant not from my wiſhed reſt,
    But do abiure harſh Rigor from thy breſt.

Affect me (not inflict on me) freſh woe
Thy Loue, my ſeruice merits, not thy Hate,
My loyall Hart to thee, didſt thou but know,
Thou wouldſt not thus reuenge, but rew my ſtate:
    Nor am I ouer bolde in what I craue,
    Pitie (not *Fauour*) I deſire to haue.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] from me
(taken.

[illegible]
[illegible] bones:
[illegible]
[illegible] powers:
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Venus will goe.
[illegible] with woe.

LOVES

ALBA.

LOVES LABOR LOST, I once did ſee a Play,
Ycleped ſo, ſo called to my paine,
VVhich I to heare to my ſmall Ioy did ſtay,
Giuing attendance on my froward Dame,
My miſgiuing minde preſaging to me Ill,
Yet was I drawne to ſee it gainſt my Will.

This *Play* no *Play*, but Plague was vnto me,
For there I loſt the Loue I liked moſt:
And what to others ſeemde a Ieſt to be,
I, that (in earneſt) ſound vnto my coſt,
To euery one (ſaue me) twas *Comicall*,
Whilſt *Tragick* like to me it did befall.

Each Actor plaid in cunning wiſe his part,
But chiefly Thoſe entrapt in *Cupids* ſnare:
Yet all was ſained, twas not from the hart,
They ſeemde to grieue, but yet they felt no care:
Twas I that Griefe (indeed) did beare in breſt,
The others did but make a ſhow in Ieſt.

Yet neither faining theirs, nor my meere Truth,
Could make her once ſo much as for to ſmile:
Whilſt ſhe (deſpite of pitie milde and ruth)
Did ſit as skorning of my Woes the while.
Thus did ſhe ſit to ſee LOVE loſe his LOVE,
Like hardned Rock that force nor power can moue.

My

ALBA.

Deare Parler, (louing lodging vnto me)
Mine only Walke and Garden of Delight,
Ah who hath tooke thy Beautie now from thee?
And reſt from me what moſt did pleaſe my ſight?
Ah if our wonted Sunne do not returne,
(As abſent Her) ſo, me, (dead) ſhalt thou mourne.

My Hart that ſcarce his fainting breath drawes hard,
Demaundeth ſtill his *tribute* of mine eyes:
Needes muſt I ſay a too too ſmall reward
Whilſt he his Maſters ſorrowes oremuch tries.
(Poore Hart) thy Maſter wrongs thee I confeſſe,
Yet cannot he amend it neer the leſſe.

I beare my part with thee in this ſad mone,
In this ſad *Quire* where dolefull Notes I ſing:
For not to any but to me alone,
This *Roomth* as vncouth ſeemes, and grieſe doth bring,
Yet ſince ſhe here did vſe her walke to make,
Theſe naked Walls Ile honor for her ſake.

Ah *Quondam Temple of my Goddeſſe faire*,
Great reaſon haue I thee for to adore:
Thy Boords and Windowes I do holde as rare,
Since thou haſt entertainde her heretofore,
Though *Saint* be gone, and nought be left but *Shrine*,
Yet for her *Loue* Ile hold thee as *Diuine*.

Shall

ALBA.

Ah ALBA faire, ah me vnfortunate!
Ah that my Birth's fo low, my Thoughts fo hie,
My due Defires fo great, fo poore my ftate,
As not to ioy my Right, deferuinglie!
    How might I pleafe thee, thee for to poffeffe?
    With how great will would I my felfe addreffe?

Will Labours patient of Extremities
Obtaine the fauour of thy long fought Loue?
I will attempt, if fo thou but deuife,
Monfters to tame, and Mountaines to remoue:
    Alcides like, all things I will fubdue
    So I may finde thee gracious when I fue.

Doft thou the paffions of deep Loue defire?
The fad defpayring moode of perplext minde,
The nere expreft (through hidden torments) Fire
Of racked Thoughts? doft couet this to finde?
    Mark my deep fighs, my hollow eyes, falt teares,
    My broken fleepes, my heauy countnance beares.

Wouldft thou I to thy Beautie vowde fhould bee?
And in thy feruice fpend my long lifes time?
Remember then my folitarie life for thee,
This feuen whole yeares (a *Prentifhip* of mine)
    Tis true (thou knowft) where ere thou (now) remaine,
    Then be appeafde, and pleafde to eafe my paine.

Say

ALBA.

Say then faire ALBA, faire, yet full of ſpight,
What haue I done that thou ſhouldſt me vndoe?
Holding thee *Daire*, why ſets by me ſo light?
Why ſilent art thou when to thee I ſue?
The more Submiſſiue I, and Humble am,
Why gainſt me doſt thy ſelfe ſtill *ſdainfull* frame?

Whom haue I but *mine owne Thoughts* entertainde,
And thy rare Vertues? and what companie
But *Contemplation*, hath with me remainde?
And whom haue I ſtill wondred at but thee?
Whom haue I not contemnd for thee, ſince time
I firſt beheld that matchles ſhape of thine?

Haue I not crept to ſome, not trod with feete
On them, cauſe thou to fauour them I ſaw?
Haue not all Iniuries to me bin ſweete?
If thou didſt will me beare them, twas a Law.
Haue I not ſpent my golden yeares with Hope?
Seeking nought but thy Loue (my Wiſhes ſcope.)

Yet in the midſt of theſe *diſtempered Thoughts*,
Thou art not only *Ielous* of my *Truth*,
But makſt account of me, farre worſe then Noughts,
Nor doſt by Meſſage yeeld me any Ruth:
My Loue vnſpotted, cannot be accepted,
My *Truth* (O ſtrange) vnſpeakable's reiected.

Like

ALBA.

Like to this *Sea*, LOVE hath me faſhiond right,
He full of water, I replete with woe:
He boyles and bubleth vp in open ſight,
I fret and rage where ere I (wandring) goe:
He flowes, and boue his banks the ſurges riſe,
(From me) ſalt teares guſh forth in ſtreaming wiſe.

He water wants not, nor my Griefes decreaſe;
Thouſands of quickſands hath he all about,
I, thouſand cares that on my Hart do ſeaſe:
His waues are cut in twaine, my Hart, throughout.
The whiſtling reedes about his banks do ſound,
Sorrow in me is of my ſong the ground.

Both windes and raine vpon him (daily) fall,
I ſtill, diſtill ſalt ſhowres and ſighs amaine:
By tempeſts, oft his Channels broke are all,
My Bowels cleft be with continuall paine:
His bottome none can well perceiue or ſee,
My Torments without depth ſauns ſounding bee.

Only we differ thus, he ſtill doth bide
Here, ſwallowing them that paſſe alongſt this place,
I vade away, and (*Cruell Homicide*)
Murther I doe my ſelfe in pitious caſe.
Who then can rid me (*Notamie of Woe*)
From theſe hell plagues? None, but my *Cruell Foe.*

ALBA

ALBA.

ALBA I haue not liued ouer long,
Yet haue I hollow eyes, and haires halfe gray:
My yeares not many, for I am but yong,
Though wrinckled be my cheekes and lims decay.
But is this Deſtinie, or iſt pure Deceit?
That hath on me (thus) wrought this cunning feat?

Iſt be the firſt, why then none could preuent
My wretched Stars to ſcape this miſerie?
Iſt be the latter that ſuch ill me ment,
I needes muſt think it was mine Enemie.
It was (indeed), thy ſelfe it was (*Faire Witch*)
That with thy beautie wrought me to be ſich.

Thou art too Faire (I ſee) for to be true,
And too too Falſe for one that is ſo Faire:
Yet for my wrongs thou ſeemeſt not to rue,
Nor for my Croſſes ought at All doſt care:
And yet my Loue's more feruent ſtill towards thee,
My ſparks growne flames, my cinders bonfires bee.

Only I grieue my daies are at an end,
Fore I can of thee any fauour gaine:
And which is worſe, I likely am to ſpend
All the Remainder, yet no Grace obtaine.
Vnhappie Pilgrim I, borne ſtill to euill,
To ſhrine her for a Saint, who is a Deuill.

When

When *Beautie* ſickneth, then *Deſire* doth die,
Fauor doth vade moſt flouring in his prime,
Then LOVE doth ebbe, when flowes *Aduerſitie*,
But *Friendſhip* bides out euerie ſtormie *Time*.
Ah ALBA I not doted haue on thee,
But lou'd thee deare, as deere as deere might bee.

Affection, (alwaies) either grounded is,
On *Vertue*; (and *Vertue* nere peeuiſh ſhowes)
Or elſe on *Beautie*; (counted chieſeſt bliſſe)
And *Beautie* praiſde, (through *Loue*) more fairer growes:
I neuer Peruerſe was, nor Sullen yet,
But praiſde thy *Beautie* to mine vtmoſt wit.

To thee, I, both a *Friend* and *Louer* am,
Yet euery Louer is no *Conſtant Friend*,
But who a *Friend* in *Nature* is and *Name*,
As *Louer* true begins, and true doth end:
Thy trueſt Friend am I, more then another,
And vnto thee the faithfulſt loyalſt *Louer*.

Vertue (in me) *Affection* ſhall ſubdue,
Wiſedome, all *Luſt*, my *Friendſhip* ſweeteſt *Beautie*,
Ile not be fickle, falſe, but conſtant, true,
Seruing thee ſtill, with all reſpect of *Dutie*;
And when I ſhall be buried, dead and gone,
My Ghoſt ſhall (as thy *Slaue*) thee tend vpon.

Time was and is, and euer ſhall be ſtill,
That I to honor thee will neuer ſpare,
But for to call it *Loue* or *Pure Goodwill*,
I neuer durſt, although I ſeemde to dare,
Then ſuffer me, to follow this my Vaine
Flattering my ſelfe, although I nothing gaine.

None pleaſed hath mine eyes, but ALBA bright,
None but ſweete ALBA doth poſſeſſe my Hart,
Mine eares in ALBA, onely take delight,
And this my Soule, from ALBA nere ſhall part.
To follow thee, all *Fortunes* Ile forſake,
And vnto thee alone, my ſelfe betake.

The Gods haue ſet ſuch difference twixt our ſtate,
That all muſt be, pure *Dewtie*, *Reuerence*;
Nothing I muſt terme LOVE (ſuch is my *Fate*,)
Except thou daine, therewith for to diſpence.
And ſince I know that ſo thou doſt command,
I condeſcend will to it out of hand.

Yet my *Vnſpotted Thoughts*, my *pining Corſe*,
My *Diſcontented Life*, let them obtaine
One bleſſed *Fauour* through thy kinde remorſe,
Though they not merit leaſt part of the ſame.
So I with Ioy ſhall end my wearie daies,
And dying, ſound abroad thy nere dying Praiſe.

 If

[illegible]

[illegible]

For by the [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] all [illegible]
And fearful [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

By Sweetest Thought [illegible] my [illegible]
Since (as my Guide) I follow thy faire Eyes
Sparkes of true Vertue in me wrat [illegible]
Infused by these beames in [illegible]
These with an [illegible] flame fet me so fire
The richest pathes of Honor *to aspire.*

By these conducted to Eternall Ioy,
I hope for to be lifted up to th' Skie,
From all Disgrace, from trouble and anxoy,
Where, (of my selfe) I nere dar[ſt] mount so hie.
Be gracious then (Sweete Goddesse) *of my Thought,*
For thy power tis, doth make me soare aloft.

Il Disgratiato. R. T. G.

CERTAINE

DIVINE POEMS

WRITTEN BY THE

forefaid Author R. T.

Gentleman.

Imprinted at London by F. K. for
Matthew Lownes.

Deo, Optimo, Maximo.

WIth Teares in Eyes, with drops of Blood from Hart,
With skalding ſighs from inward grieued Soule,
A CONVERTITE, from *Vaine* LOVE now I part,
Whilſt, for my *Sinnes* fore *Heauen* I do condole.
I know, and knowledge I haue liued wrong,
And wilfull ſought mine owne Deſtruction long.

The *Temple* of my Heauenly GOD I haue,
For *earthly Goddeſſe*, ſtainde blaſphemouſly,
Selling my ſelfe to *Satan* for his *Slaue*,
Whilſt I tranſgreſt in vile *Apoſtaſie*.
Baniſht my ſelfe I haue from *Paradise*,
Through *thriftles Toyes* of *baſe-borne Vanities*.

O thou that on ſwift *Cherubins* doſt ride,
Creator of all Creatures that do liue,
Whoſe Loue was ſuch as thou for Man haſt dide,
Though he thee hated, skorned, and did grieue:
Vouchſafe to view and rue my deſprate ſtate,
And me once more from ſinne regenerate.

Ah looke vpon me with milde *Mercies* eye,
Clenſe me with pureſt Water of thy *Grace*:
Remember not how I haue gone awry,
Since I renounce to runne more ſuch a Race.
Ah *glorious Spouſe*, thy Beautie I deſire,
For now to *Heauen*, not *Earth*, my Thoughts aſpire.

ALBA.

Thrice precious purſe, by daintie Hand ywrought,
Of Beauties Firſt Borne, Fauours rightfull Heire,
Not for a world of wealth, purchaſt or bought,
But freely giuen (for Loue) by ALBA faire:
    Giuen to me, vnworthie of the ſame,
    As one not meriting ſo great a Gaine.

Tis not the richnes hereof, though tis much,
Nor rarenes of the worke ſurpaſſing skill,
That I account of, though that it be ſuch,
As euery eye, with maſement it doth fill:
    But cauſe t'was made by that Alconquering Hand,
    Whoſe becke, euẽ Loues own ſelf doth countermãd.

Dan Fortunatus Bagge, which Hiſtories
Affirme, endles to be for golden ſtore,
And that it helde of Quoyne Infinities,
To this my purſe is needy, baſe and poore:
    Golde in the inſide (onely) of his purſe was ſeene,
    But mine, hath (alwaies) Golde without and in.

Pure gold tis wrought with, yet her Haires more bright,
Saft is the Silke, more ſaft her ſnowie skinne,
Orient the Perle, yet are her teeth more white,
The Cullers rare; her cheekes the priſe tho, winne:
    Ah precious Purſe, where what I doe beholde,
    Are Cullours rare, fine Perle, ſaft Silke, pure Golde.

Warme

Thou *wandring Spirit*, to whom *Ioue* doth commit
(Of this my Body fraile) the gouernment:
Why, gadding thus from *Truth* ſo farre doſt flit?
Why, are thine eyes with wilfull blindnes pent?
Why, doſt not marke what *Danger* is at hand?
What damned *Death* doth at thine elbow ſtand?

Ah, be not flattred with this poyſenous LOVE,
But call thy former Wits to thee againe:
Thoſe wicked Thoughts roote out, and hence remoue,
Whilſt Life in thee to do it doth remaine,
What Mortall is, by mortall Death ſuppreſſe,
Thy *Gaine* ſhall be the more, thy *Loſſe* the leſſe.

Heauen once thy *Manſion* was, and dwelling place,
Now *Hell* thou ſeekſt by running thus aſtray,
Vnhappie Soule to be in ſuch a caſe,
So wilfully to ſeeke thine owne *Decay*:
Thou woundſt thy *ſelfe*, to *God* a *Rebbell* th'art,
And only ſtriu'ſt to pleaſe the *World* in Hart.

Alas, in whom now doſt thou put thy truſt?
On whom doſt thou relie, or hope on now?
Ah turne, and (ſtill) liue ſhalt thou with the *Iuſt*,
Ah turne againe, and trebble bleſſed thou:
Thou, then ſhalt be, whereas the *Bleſſed* are, (*Starre.*
Poore Soule, mongſt *Soules*, mongſt *Stars*, a brightſome
Whats

What's *God*? The *Sourſe* of *Goodnes* and the *Spring*.
What is that *Goodnes*? Such a *Goodnes* found
As aye increaſeth without periſhing.
How is it made? In frame and faſhion Round,
Like to a Forme that in it doth containe,
His *End* and his *Beginning* in the ſame.

This *Goodnes*, (firſt) from whence did it proceede?
Three proper *Veines* there be, that forth do runne,
Out of one *ſacred Sea*, from *Heauen* decreede,
Which compaſſe doth, All, what ſo ere ſees Sunne.
Cannot we ſee it? This ESSENCE moſt *Diuine*,
No Mortall Man hath ſeene at any time.

How can it then be, if it neere be ſeene,
That it our mindes (oft lifteth vp on High)
As if in *Viſion* we in *Heauen* had beene?
It makes vs view ſuch *Wonders* with *Faiths* eye,
With *Faiths* cleere eye which ſhines to us ſo bright,
As vnto *Heauen* it is our *Guide* and Light.

What is that *Faith*? A *Gift*, which if *Defaſt*
In him, that firme beleeueth, be not found,
It blindfold leades him (yet with ſteps direct)
Vnto that place, where perfect Ioyes abound.
Where *God*, the *Father*, *Sonne*, and *Holy Ghoſt*,
Doe raigne in *Glorie* great, of *Mightieſt* moſt.

Thou

Thou LIFE which Life art calde, and yet art *Death*,
Thou DEATH, which *Death* art termde, and yet art *Life*,
Say; which of you maintaine my vitall breath,
Within this wretched Vale of Worldly ſtrife?
    Say, which prolongs my *Life*, moſt of you Twaine?
    Or thou LIFE, or thou DEATH: ſay both the ſame.

I (more then LIFE) ſtraight DEATH doth anſwer make.
Nay, I (quoth LIFE) farre more then DEATH, to me,
And for this Cauſe this only Name I take
Of LIFE, which by my meanes alone can be.
    Becauſe whilſt I within thy *Body* liue,
    Death no way can thee hinder, hurt, or grieue.

But I, by cutting off (DEATH ſtraight replies)
This ſlender Thred, whereby Men runne their race,
Bring euery *Faithfull ſoule*, in friendly wiſe,
Where he a better path (for aye) may trace,
    Making him leade a *Life* eternallie,
    A LIFE, that (ſtill) doth liue, and neuer die.

Wherefore, what ere he be, that meanes to ioy
This other LIFE that is *Celeſtiall*,
He muſt not ſcorne (to ſcape from worlds annoy)
Nor thinke it much, to come when DEATH ſhall call.
    For DEATH, not LIFE, doth help vs at the end,
    LIFE is our Foe, but DEATH, our deareſt Friend.

All

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

That *Vertue*, through whofe power rulde is my foule ;
(Only through *Vertuous Loue*, from Loue fet free)
Takes force afrefh as one that would controule :
And finding ftronge within himfelfe to bee,
Vnbridled Will he feekes to bridle now,
And tries to breake what fore he fcarce could bow.

New Lords, new lawes ; New *Cuftomes* breake the Olde,
And where before a dark and miftie clowde,
My minde as in a prifon did infolde,
Now is it loofde from out that gloomie fhrowde :
My Hart doth iump euen iuft with his defire,
And by their Eye know both what to require.

My watchfull *Soule* recouered hath well nie,
The former ftate in which he liued in :
And being free, doth call to memorie,
VVhat (bound) he did forget through wretched fin,
VVhile for his life repentant he attends,
Immortally to liue for his amends.

Not any part there is of Bodie mine,
But filled is with true, not falfe Delight :
Yet doth it grieue ftill at her former Crime,
And with *Remorfe* doth mortifie the Spright,
VVhilft wronged Soule, on Others layes the blame,
Yet reprehends her felfe euen for the fame.

This

This *earthly Beautie* doth the *Sence* delight,
But *Heauenly Beautie* doth the *minde* more pleaſe:
The one the World hath as an Objeƈt right,
And ſeekes the *World* to pleaſure with ſweet eaſe:
But th'other hath *Iehouah* for hir glaſſe,
Nor ſhe for any but for him doth paſſe.

The *Sence* doth burne with *Loues* vnperfeƈt works,
Which like a blaze in th'aire doth flit away:
The *Soule* thirſts after that which neuer hurts,
And hunts for that which neuer will decay:
That, which not ſubieƈt is to any time,
But of itſelfe moſt Perfeƈt and Diuine.

Thou *(Lord)* the *Mortall* and *Immortall* both
Created haſt; marke humbly I require,
How much within my bodie they be wroth;
Marke how within me, gainſt me they conſpire;
VVithin them ſelues they vary ſo and grudge,
That which of both ſhall win tis hard to iudge.

My bad *Conceits* from *Adam* ſprung of yore,
Doo headlong runne to endles death with ſhame:
And leſſe that *Reaſon* do them bridle ſore,
Hardly my *Soule* can paſſe from whence it came.
Then pardon *Lord* the *Courſe* that I haue runne,
And I from *Sinne* a *new Man* will become.

A

A *Tirant* great, *faire Beautie* is in Loue,
When it doth triumph in a louely face:
And who with cold *Diſdaine*, this doth not moue,
Is caught by ſubtill ſweet alluring Grace:
Who ſtands at *Beauties Gaze*, and doth not flie,
Is ſoone entrapt by wilfull *glancing* eye.

This which of true *Loue* is but *Picture* bare,
With ſhadowing Vale doth dimme our cleereſt ſight:
And if to follow it we do not ſpare,
It ſoone deceiues vs with a falſe delight,
And to perpetual priſon ſends our ſoule,
Vnles her fleights by *Reaſon* we controule.

Faire *Pearle*, fine gold, baſe *excrements* of th'earth;
Whats *Beautie*, but a little *White* and *Red?*
Reuiued with a little liuely *Breath*,
With *Winde*, or *Sunne*, or *Sicknes* altered?
All this doth *Time* conſume and bring to nought,
And all what ere into this world is brought.

The faireſt *Colours* drie and vaniſh ſhall;
The *yongſt* muſt pack as well as doth the *Olde:*
All mortall things to mortall death muſt fall,
And therefore firſt were caſt in earthly molde.
That which doth floriſh greene as graſſe to-day,
To morrow withereth like to dried Hay.

Swift

Swift flies our yeares as doth a running ſtreame,
And lothed *Age* comes ſtealing on apace:
Our youth doth paſſe away as twere a Dreame,
And Death doth follow for to take his place:
Death comes, and our *Lifes patent* to his hand
For to reſigne, he ſtraight doth vs command.

Strength to his courſe, and winde vnto his flight,
VVith feathers to his wings, *Time* ioyneth faſt:
And this ſweet life which we ſo much do like,
Though nere ſo loth, yet muſt away at laſt.
The faireſt Flower muſt wither with the weede,
VVhat ſo doth liue, to die was firſt decreede.

Thriſe happie man and trebble bleſt is he,
That neuer treads his ſteps from righteſt way,
Nor with the miſt of VVorld will blinded be:
But keepes right path, and neuer goes aſtray:
Contemning all theſe mundaine *Treaſures* baſe,
In hope to ioy the heauenly *Wealth of Grace.*

VVho dyeth ill, dyes; who dieth well, neuer dies,
But liues a life aboue Eternallie:
Like good *Elias*, who in wondrous wiſe,
VVas from baſe Earth tooke vp to liue in skie:
VVhere bide *Th' eleſt of Chriſt* for euer bleſt,
In Abrahams boſome there for aye to reſt.

For

For thee my HART doth burne like fire (Deare Lord)
Which freefde before like Froft and *chillie Ice*,
For thee to leaue my *finne* I doe accord ;
Through which thy heauenly grace I did defpife.
All *Follies* now, as *Shadowes* vaine Ile leaue,
And vnto thee (the *Subftance* trew) I cleaue.

In thee I burne, and in my felfe I freefe,
Frozen through feare, but burning through thy Loue,
Reafon ore *Senfes* mine, now ouer fees:
And her Authoritie ore them doth proue.
Which makes me humbly call to thee for grace,
Though (proud) before I runne a felfe wild race.

Repentance right, fad *Griefe*, falt *Teares*, fure *Faith*,
Renue in me a forie *Contrite Hart*:
My guiltie *Confcience* oft within me faith,
I Death deferue, yet Merciful thou art:
Sighs from my foule I offer for my Fee,
As *pretious Blood* thou offredft once to mee.

My *Hart* now clenfde (and yet not mine as now)
Sweet *Chrift* to thee his firft Home turnes againe,
From me he flies, and vnto thee doth bow:
I giue it thee, Accept I pray the fame.
Ah *Soueraigne Sauiour*, do not now defpife
A *broken Hart*, for *pleafing Sacrifife*.

Weake is my *Barke* in which my *Life* doth rowe,
My wretched life, through grieuous faults mispent,
And in the World (his *Ocean*) fayles but flow,
Because it falles into the *Occident*:
My fickly *Minde* runnes felf fame doubtfull way,
And *Soule* doth grieue that *Fancie* fo doth ftray.

And though a gentle calmie Winde to blowe,
She findes about her, as fhe frefh doth fayle,
Yet vnder Waters doe I fpie belowe,
The *Foe* of my poore Soule her to affayle:
And in that part wherein he doth efpie
The Ship to leake, in that he clofe doth lie.

Ah, now it grieues me, now I doe repent
My *retchlelfe Race*, that I fo lewd haue runne,
Yet hath my *God* in mercie to me fent
Helpe to my Veffell weake, elfe I vndone:
Hope at the left hand ftandes, that part to guide,
And conftant *Faith* on right hand doth abide.

Earth was my flefh before, and earth againe
Ere long it fhall be, but my Soule on hie,
Shall be lift vp in brighteft *Heauens* to raigne,
If I from falfe alluring *Sinne* can flie:
When at his feete, who firft life to me gaue,
A glorious Seat for euer I fhall haue.

Full

Full 7. times foure of yeeres my life hath runne,
Whil'ſt to my ſelfe a *heauy Burthen* ſore,
To others I a gaineleſſe charge become,
Soyled with beaſtly *Thoughts* vncleanly gore:
    Whil'ſt in true Light being blind I farther goe
    From *Reaſons* path which Iudgement did me ſhow.

Slow to good works, but too too ſwift to ill,
My *Soule* abroad with flitting wings doth flie,
And in the worlds darke bottom of *ſelfe will*,
Mongſt 1000. Snares ſhe careleſly doth lie.
    Where ſenſuall *Senſe* and *Ignorance* aſtray
    Her doubtfull leades, quight out of her right way.

Too obſtinate ſhe headlong forward runnes,
In greateſt *Light* ſhe tumbleth in moſt darke,
Nor takes ſhe thought what of her ſelfe becomes,
Be it right or wrong her courſe ſhe doth not marke:
    So that although Immortall ſhe ſhould liue,
    Moſt mortall Death ſhe ſeekes her ſelfe to giue.

But now thanks to the *Soueraigne King* of all,
She (no more blinde) the dangers gins to ſpie,
And looking backe vnto her former fall,
She doth repent through faith moſt heartily:
    Where ſhe doth ſee of *Heauen* the narrow Gate,
    Which (once) was ſhut, now ope for her eſcape.

 King

King of all *Kinges* which from thy *facred Throne*
Doeſt marke and view from forth the *Heauens* hie,
Thy *Graces* vnto *Adams Offpring* ſhowne,
Of thy great Loue (although vnworthilie)
Thou that do'ſt fill with *true Delight* the minde.
With true *Delight*, wherein true *Ioy* we finde.

Behold how I, ore'laid with grieuous ſinne,
With *Soule* defil'd, with *Heart* infected ſore
Doe flie to thee, thy *Mercie* for to winne,
And with *Repentance* doe my faultes deplore :
Lord if thy *Lawes* and thee I haue offended,
Let mine old *Follies*, with new *Teares* be cleanſed.

My *Sorrowes*, to my *Sinnes* are ſparkes but ſmall,
So loathſome they appeare vnto my ſight ;
On thee, I at thy *Gate of Pittie* call,
Thou art the *Flame* that canſt them purge moſt bright.
The *Bellowes* is *Amendements* pure deſire,
Which doth inflame through thy hotte louing *Fire*

Let thy great *Bountie* me forget, forgiue,
And bad *Conceites* that idle *Fancies* wrought,
Let them no more within me (working) liue,
But to *Confuſion* and *Contempt* be brought :
Oh let not *Sinne* my *Soule* ſtill *Satanize*,
But with thy Spirit the ſame *imparadiſe*.

FINIS

A moſt excellent pathetical, *and paſſionate Letter of Duke* D'Epernoun, MINION, vnto Henry the third, King of France and Polonia, when *through the Duke of Guizes deuiſe and meanes he was forbidden the preſence of the King.*

MY gracious Soueraigne, a great combate had I in my minde, and no little or ſmall adoe, to reſolue my ſelfe what way to take, hauing receiued expreſſe commandement not to approach the royall preſence of your ſacred Maieſtie any more; a

matter of no ſmall conſequence (as that was vnto me) and ſuch as was hard for me to beleeue, and therefore not vnlikelie to be but of long reſolution. Willing I was (my good Lord) to obey your letter, and ſo did I; but yet, (for to make manifeſt the cauſe of ſo ſuddaine an alteration) I did greatly deſire to remoue from my heart, whatſoeuer might haue diſpleaſed your Grace in any of my actions whatſoeuer: yet could I finde none, being thoroughly determined, and wonderouſlie deſirous to anſwer the ſame with my life, and bid you farewell with a liuely and open voyce, before the face of all the world.

I moſt humbly beſeech your Maieſtie to pardon this my Diſobedience, ſeeing I haue not committed this fault (onely) for feare of diſobeying you, but rather, becauſe I am pricked forward by the great affection I owe vnto your ſeruice, more then all the men in the world. I ſee (Sir) I am the onely marke whereat the Enuie and Slaunder of *France* doe drawe their moſt fierce Dartes of their

Rigor

Rigor and Force; I muſt needes vndertake to reſiſt, no leſſe thoſe, who are Enuyers of my good Fortune, then heretofore I haue done the Admirers thereof; not doubting, but that God will giue me the Grace, not onely to repulſe thẽ, but alſo to beat thẽ downe with the only Sun-ſhining Beame of your royall Fauour, which (alone) ſhal ſuffice without any more need of other Armour; being as ſtrong vnto me, as the foundation of a Rocke which no Accidents whatſoever ſhall euer be able to undermine. For I do not place in the ranck of tranſitory thinges, the Friendſhip wherewith your Maieſtie with ſo great affection ſo long time hath honoured me: It hath continued without ceaſing with ſo great Good-will, and ſuſtayned ſo many ſharpe aſſaultes, that I feare nothing at all that it ſhould periſh in one ſmall moment and on the ſodaine. Hap-hazard did not build it, Fortune therefore ſhall not ouerthrow it, and the workes of your Maieſties bountie, ſhall neuer (I hope)

yeeld vnto the malice of the Enemies of my Good.

Neither will I haue any other proofe of the Eternitie of your rare Fauours towards mee, then the anſwer you made vnto one of the Neereſt about your Maieſtie, who affirming you would make me too GREAT; you anſwered; And ſo Great will I make him, that it ſhal not be in my power hereafter to vndoe him, although willingly I would. Theſe are the wordes (worthie Prince) wherewith you haue pricked forwardes the violence of my malicious ill willers; Wordes in trueth, moſt worthie the greateſt, nobleſt and moſt bountifull Monarch of the worlde. In ſo much as I haue engrauen in my ſoule an immortall deſire to make my ſelfe worthie the effectes thereof.

But I muſt not now beholde, nor at this time looke into, what parte your Good-will hath ſhewed it ſelfe moſt firme and moſt affectionate, to make famous my good Fortune

tune. The principall beginning thereof was reſolued vpon with iudgement, the ſequell with reaſon, and the end ſhall not be variable with ill deſtinie. The proceedinges thereof were voluntary; your Maieſtie wil not ſuffer (I truſt) that the chaunce thereof ſhould be forced, you haue raiſed me out of the duſt, vnto the greateſt honours of your high Eſtate, and of an vnworthie younger brother that I was, you haue created me a great *Duke*. I am of your owne faſhioning; I hope you will not ſuffer your worke to be vnperfect: and for to lift me vp vnto the heauens of your greatnes, you will not giue me winges of ſo ſoft a wax that I ſhall melt in the violent lightninges of the rage of mine enemies, to make me miſerablie to ſincke into the bottomleſſe flouds of their bloody deſires. But rather contrarwiſe, that it would pleaſe you to protect me, and to take a certaine kinde of pleaſure and pride, for to ſee, and beholde that the power you haue giuen mee may bee ſufficient to ouerthrow theſe Infidels and baſe Creatures, their aſpiring

aspiring estate being full of discommodities, and their diuelish determinations guiltie of horrible treasons.

But if your Maiestie desire to see the rest and quietnesse of your poore People, imagining that I am the cause of their pouertie and neede, and not the quarrels and conflicts that these lewde fellowes haue attempted; if my prosperitie causeth the trouble of your pleasures, and if you thinke, that ceasing the pretexte of your vnfained Good-will towardes mee, by the same meanes they would cease their euill behaviours also; let vs then (Sir) ouerthrow this good Fortune, let vs remoue that which serues for a colour to the enterprises that these turbulent Companions goe about, to put them selues into possession of your Estate; let vs ouerthrowe the meanes, which they call the Motiues and occasions of their Factions; yet in the ende it shall plainly be seene, that aspiring Ambition & cankred Enuie of these malcontented mindes, is the onely cynders which couers the fire, where

where with they would imbrace your Realm, and the breake-necke ouerthrow, into which they couet to thruſt your people, to accompany thẽ vnto their endles miſeries. But Soueraigne Liege, I doe not hold the liberalitie your royall Perſon hath beſtowed on mee, ſo deare, as I doe the leaſt of your deſires, my obedience ſhall franckly yeeld to you, all that, which your princely Liberalitie hath bountifully giuen vnto me: whether it be to take away the colour of the warres enſuing, or to make it good (in good earneſt) vpon them which beare a ſhewe to deſire it: The loſſe of my Goodes, ſhall be the leaſt of my Croſſes: I haue alwayes conſidered, that Fortune giueth nothing, but what ſhe can alwayes take againe, and that all worldly riches are of the variable condition of the world, and of the vncertaintie of mankinde. Your Maieſtie which gaue mee all whatſoeuer I haue, cannot take any thing, but what was your owne (before) from me; and willingly if you pleaſe will I yeeld vp all I haue without enforcing mine

mine owne will at all: I will more easily discharge my selfe of my Goods, then they may bee taken from mee. I will resigne not only the Estates, the Honors, the Offices, and Possessions, whether they be of mine owne Person, or belonging vnto my deare Wife, but also my life into your princely Handes, I say, that happie and contented life, which I owe vnto your liberall integritie; doe mee I most humbly beseech you, so great a good as to receiue it: Leaue me onely I desire so little as 10000 franckes of yeerely rent, (mine owne poore patrimonie) it shall be enough, that I may maintaine my selfe in your royall Court with the small trayne I had before you knewe mee. I shall haue sufficient, being in your presence, and your onely sight shall bee more vnto mee, then all the treasures of the earth. I will leaue without any griefe at all, vnto your Maiestie the Liuings you haue bestowed on me, without making any other request in this respect, but onely to beseech you most humbly not to suffer that mine enemies, namely

namely thoſe who haue plaied mee no ſmall bad prankes about you, ſhould be put in poſſeſſion and inueſted with my ſpoyles: neither to ſuffer them to finde their happiness through the loſſe of mine owne good Fortune, nor that they may haue cauſe to erect them glorious *Trophees* of mine vndeſerued ouerthrow: for that (only) and only that alone, would be the greateſt aduerſitie, that loſſe of wealth or goods might bring vnto me.

See then my (gracious Lord) the account I make of riches. But of your gracious Fauours I haue in ſuch ample wiſe promiſed my ſelfe the eternitie thereof, and haue taken ſuch a HABIT in the poſſeſſion of the ſame, that this Cuſtome is turned into a naturall Order. I cannot draw breath, but with thẽ, & my life hath no mouing but their *influence:* that day wherein they ſhall bee taken from mee, ſhall be the laſt of my life, and the ſeparation of them, cannot bee without the parting of my ſoule out of this body: which notwithſtanding I will holde for very fortunate, to haue

haue ſo honorable a ſubiect, and will not a little glorie to haue ſo long and well liued; that I haue been thought worthie the friendſhip of ſo great and mightie a Monarch, who hath ſo much eſteemed thereof, as not to haue been able to liue without it.

One of the moſt apparent ſignes that your Royall ſelfe gaue me of your rare Affection toward me is, in that you haue alwaies deſired to haue had me neere about you. Then I moſt humbly beſeech your Maieſtie, let me not (now) be baniſht far from you; Baniſh rather my Fortune then my Perſon, they rather gape at it, than at my ſelfe; It is not at the youngeſt Sonne of VALETTA, that theſe ſpiteful oppreſſors doe ſeeke to take holde of, but it is on the Duke *D'Epernoun*, and to his princely greatnes: they are rather enemies of the Effects, than of the Cauſe, and deſire rather the poſſeſſions than the abſence of the Poſſeſſor. Suffer not then (deare Soueraigne) this his forced withdrawing, whom you haue ſo greatly loued, and change not your

your royall countenance from him at this time, with ill fortune.

Notwithſtanding (moſt gracious Prince) if of my being far off, dependes the reſt and quietnes of your poore people, and the execution of your Maieſties worthie will and pleaſure, I will not gainesay it at all: rather would I bee as low vnder the earth, as you haue raiſed mee on high in dignitie. Your commaundements herein, as in all other things, ſhall bee my Counſellors: your will ſhall be a law vnto me, and your deſires my affections. It is more reaſon that I ſhould periſh, then your Wil & Heaſts be vnaccomplſhed, ſeeing I was not raiſed up, but by thoſe meanes.

I praiſe God, for that he hath left me one comfort in this my luckles deſaſter: that is, to know my ill hap, and not my fault, my hard fortune, and not my King, my Enuious and not my iuſt Enemies doe ſeeke this my fall. My iuſt behauiour hath not any way caufed it, and therefore it will not leaue mee any place

place of repentance, for my foule is free from all ſcruple and doubt, and my vpright intentions of all offences towards your Maieſtie. Beſides this, I haue placed the friendſhip wherewith it hath pleaſed you to honour me, in a perfect heart, not tainted at all. I call thereof to witnes, the *Diuinitie of your excellent Spirit*, which neuer deceiueth it ſelfe in the knowledge of his owne. Amongſt which in deſpight of the rage of his enemies (who are almoſt in deſpaire) I will appeare in loyall ſincereneſſe of zeale, and in dutifull obedience, as the Sunne amidſt the Starres, and I will make it to be ſeene, that the jelouſie of my peſtilent Slaunderers, is a meere iniurie of time, and my life a ſplendant light of your Kingdome. Neyther call I to minde theſe matters, for that I feare you ſuſpect mee of horrible ingratitude or beaſtly forgetfulnes. The rare manner wherewith you haue bound mee vnto you, was ſuch as could not come from a rude *Scythian*, but from a moſt magnanimous King, who hath reſtored

reſtored a wofull heart cruelly wounded, to happie life, being therefore obliged vnto his princely Throne for ever. So that my Actions hereafter, and not my wordes at this preſent time, ſhall anſwere for my continuall loyaltie. I will euermore haue in memorie the liberalitie of my Prince, as a paſſing pleaſing witneſſe of the honorable affection hee hath borne me, and will repute that day accurſed, wherein I ſhall not thinke of the happineſſe he hath done vnto me; being not able as now to doe him any other duetie.

Then (my ſweete Soueraigne) honour me I beſeech you alwayes with your Commaundements; it ſhall be a kinde of comfort vnto mee, to bee euer employed in your Princely Seruice. Adiew, my good Lord, adiew: the greateſt good I poſſeſſe in this life, is, the happie thought of your gracious Fauour. I beſeech you, ſtill to preſerue me therein, and to beleeue that neuer ſoule ſeperated it ſelfe from a goodly bodie, with greater grief then *E'Pernoun* now hath, in being diuided from your Maieſty: and not a little do I complaine, for that Fortune hath no other meanes to beat

mee downe, then in depriuing mee of your noble presence, in such sort as it hath done.

But since it hath pleased God and your Maiestie, I shoulde withdrawe my selfe from you, I beseech his goodnesse, that there may remaine with you as great ioy, as in parting from you, I carry away both heauinesse and anger; that it may please his holy spirit to conduct and fauour you in such sort in your enterprises, that your Good may be as faithfully sustained, as I would desire to see manifested the Fauorers of the troubles of your Realme, and the iust punishment due vnto them, for their rash Wilfulnesse, and ouer presumptuous Boldnesse, to the glorie of God, the encrease of your Maiesties Royaltie, the health of your People, & the contentment of your magnanimous and Princely Desires.

Your no lesse dutifull, then sorrowfull Subiect,
for that he must loose the sweete sight
of your Princely Maiestie.

Iean Louis de Nogaret
Duke *D'Esperneun*.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Verso of title-page—This stanza appears also in Tofte's *Orlando Inamorata* (1598).

Page 3, '*Mistresse Anne Herne*'—see our Introduction on this lady; st. 1, l. 4, '*crased*'=weakened, or query, the Poet's 'fine *madness*'; st. 2, '*Bankroutes*'=bankrupts. Nares, *s.v.* (verb), quotes Byron's *Conspiracy* (by Chapman *not* by Thorpe as he says, who was merely the publisher).

> "He that wins empire with the loss of faithe
> Outbies it, and will *bankrout*" (act iv).

st. 3, l. 2, '*nouell*'=new. So p. 120, st. 2, l. 5. So Shakespeare (sonnets 123, 3), 'nothing *novel*'; l. 3, '*remorse*'=pity—cf. l. 6.

,, 4, l. 4, '*stint*'=stop or cause to cease. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i, sc. 3, 'it stinted and said Ay.' See ll. 45, 49, 58, 59—read 'nere-dying'; l. 6, '*Christall Brooke*'—the maiden name of Mrs. Herne was 'Brooke.' See dedication, p. 5, to her father.

,, 5, '*Sir Calisthines Brooke*'—see our Introduction on this odd Christian-named 'knight'; st. 1, l. 4, '*Surquedrie*'=pride, ostentation; l. 5, '*Coronell*'—"The original Spanish word for *colonel*. This fully accounts for the modern pronunciation of the latter word, *curnel*."

"Afterwards their *coronell*, named Don Sebastian, came forth to intreat that they might part with their armes like souldiers" (Spenser's *State of Ireland*). "He brought the name of *coronel* to town, as some did formerly to the suburbs, that of lieutenant or captain" (Flecknoe's *Enigm. Characters*). That is, as a good travelling name, for disguise. Our early dictionaries also give *coronel* for colonel. (Nares, *s.v.*) So 'coronich' for 'cornice.' The double spelling (then used) is thus accounted for, 'Coronel' Sp., 'Colonello' 'Ital.; st. 2, l. 4, '*Pitie and Remorse*'—really equivalent words, and the second simply *r.gr.*; l. 5, '*Kerns*'=Irish foot-soldiers, poor and savage. Cf. *Richard II.*, act ii, sc. 1, and *Macbeth*, act i, sc. 3; st. 3, l. 3, '*noblest*'=ennoblest; l. 4, '*Palme-rising Fame*'—meaning straight and lofty as a palm, or against all difficulties as the weighted palm-tree (a favorite contemporary metaphor) rise sup the more it is sought to be kept down; also a sub-allusion to the 'palm of victory; l. 6, '*Minion*,' Fr. mignon = favorite—later, deteriorated into a bad sense.

,, 6, l. 5, '*louely Face*'—see Introduction on this as applied to a male in relation to Shakespeare's Sonnets.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

annoy; the 'R. A.' is also unknown, unless Robert Allott — certainly not Armin.

Page 17, st. 1, l. 1, '*Porpose*' = porpoise; l. 6, '*disliude*' = deprived of life. So Chapman (*Odyss*, xxii), "Tolemachus *dislived* Amphimedon"; *ibid.*, '*vnharted*' — similarly deprived of heart; st. 2, ll. 5-6, '*ground*' — a play on the two meanings of the word 'ground,' the musical sense in which it is opposed to 'descant,' and the common sense; st. 3, l. 2, '*mestfull*' = sorrowfull, as onward; st. 4, l, 3, '*e*[*ase*]' — here and elsewhere, where the unique exemplar is slightly imperfect, the *lacunæ* are filled in; l. 5, '*is*' — misprint for 'in.'

,, 18, heading, '*Alba Crudelissima*' — here and elsewhere misprinted in the original 'Alla'; st. 1, l. 1, read '*deare-bought*'; st. 4, l. 3, [And whom] — Mr. Swinburne suggests [Yet me]; l. 4, '*too too*' — note this contemporaneous and later frequent reduplication. So also p. 21, st. 2, l. 2, *et alibi*; l. 5, [Alas] — again Mr. Swinburne suggests, [For all] . . . and l. 6, [Do bu]t . . ., all self-evidently superior readings; last line, '*Troinouant*,' *i.e.*, dated from London.

,, 20, st. 1, l. 2, '*Brands*' = fire-brands or torches; st. 2, l. 4, '*swelt*' = sweat — so swelter; st. 4, l. 3, '*mick*' = much, *r.gr.*; last line, '*Mirth is turnde to Mone*' — another commonplace of contemporary phrasing. See Introduction.

,, 21, st. 2, l. 3, '*mickle*' = much.

,, 22, st. 1, l. 2, read, 'I like mine Alba's angel's heauenly *feature*' = person; l. 3, '*Corse*' = Corpus; st. 2, l. 4, '*A Sdainfull*' = a disdainfull. So *frequenter*. See Introduction.

,, 23, st. 2, l. 3, '*Feature*' = person, as before; st. 3, l. 2, '*Counterfate*' = counterfeit. Cf. p. 17, st. 3, l. 3. So Shakespeare, "fair Portia's *counterfeit*" (*Merchant of Venice*, act iii, sc. 2), "sleep Death's *counterfeit*" (*Macbeth*, act ii, sc. 3), and "*counterfeit* presentment" (*Hamlet*, iii, 4); last line, '*Pano*' — dated thence — see Introduction.

,, 24, st. 1 — this would indicate that 'Alba' was that most dangerous of animals, a young widow — who had given birth to a posthumous child; for else Tofte never could have 'wooed' her as he (still) does in his poem.

,, 25, st. 1, l. 3, '*traine*' = entice or draw in. Sir Richard Baker, in his epistle-dedicatory of his *Apologie for Lay-Mens Writing in Divinity* (1641), having designated his little book a 'tract,' thus continues — "I may justly cal it a tract, seeing *I have beene drawn to write it*, as it were by violence, least I should yeeld myselfe guilty of prophane presumption, for writing in arguments of Divinity, being but a Layman." This is a noticeable illustration of the word in relation to 'track,' 'train,' &c., &c.; st. 3, l. 3, '*For thee into this world I willing came*' — an

st. 3, l. 3, '*nonce*' = the occasion; st. 4, l. 1, '*calleth for his Booke*' = claims benefit of clergy.

Page 36, st. 3, l. 3, '(*my thinkes*)' = me-thinks, as before; l. 5, '*vncouth*' = strange; st. 4, l. 3, '*distiu'd*' — see note on p. 17, st. 1, l. 6.

,, 37, st. 2, l. 4, '*their*' = Victorie and Pomp; last line — dated 'Roma.' On p. 37 see Introduction.

,, 38, st. 1, l. 1, '*Giniper*' = juniper; st. 2, l. 5, Mr. Swinburne suggests to read—

'Shall (though it now sanns blemish be or Staine)'

— certainly better; l. 6, '*Clifts*' = clefts.

,, 39, st. 1, l. 3, '*hugie*'; l. 4, '*glistering.*' So Spenser's *Prothal.*—

"Hot Titan's beames, which then did *glyster* fayre"

l. 6, '*vastie.*' Cf. p. 40, st. 1, l. 6, '*cooly*' — as before, Tofte affects these forms; st. 2, l. 3, '*Idea* — as in Drayton, Daniel, &c.; st. 3, l. 5, read 'Acanthus-like'; st. 4, l. 5, read 'Globe-like world'; last line, dated again from 'Fano.'

,, 40, st. 3, l. 1, '*Sallow*' = willow — still in use both in England and Scotland; st. 3, l. 6, '*feltred*' = matted. This is earlier than Nares's example from Fairfax's *Tasso*:

"His *felter'd* locks that on his bosom fell
On rugged mountains briers' and thorns' resemble."

So Chapman, 'a *feltred* ram' (*Iliad*, iii, 219).

,, 41, st. 1, l. 4, '*Denay*' = denial.

,, 42, st. 4, l. 5, '*haroldise*' = heraldize or proclaim.

,, 43, st. 1, l. 3, '*Tortors*' = tortures.

,, 44, st. 4, l. 4, 'Though not,' &c. Cf. 'Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo' (*Virgil*, Aeneid 7, 312).

,, 45, st. 1, l. 6, '*Noy*' = annoy, as before; st. 4, l. 6, '*lesse*' = unless.

,, 46, st. 3 — see Introduction.

,, 47, st. 2, l. 1 — a proverbial saying as is the previous line 'Honi soit,' &c.; l. 3, '*bay*' = a hunting metaphor — he talks of bringing his foe to 'bay' or 'to an abbaie,' which is when the hunted one 'turns head' and the dogs 'bay' at him. Cf. p. 25, st. 1, l. 4; l. 6, '*lecke*' = lack, but see Introduction.

,, 48, st. 3, l. 5, 'WAR IN that TOVVNE' = Warrington — but see Introduction; st. 4, l. 4, '*Beavv*' = Beau — wrongly spelled, and of wrong gender, but see Introduction.

,, 51, st. 2, l. 1, '*pharisie*' = play the Pharisee who went to the Temple and thanked God he was not as other men; st. 2, l. 6, '*vnpure*' = impure — 'un' was a frequent prefix contemporaneously. See Notes and Illustrations to Robert Armin in this Series; st. 3, l. 3, '*Cote*' = coat-of-arms.

,, 52, st. 2, l. 3, '*vncouth*' = strange, perplexing; st. 3, l. 4, '*Almes*' = a dissyllable.

,, 53, st. 1, l. 1, '*Venus Day*' = Friday (*dies Veneris*); st. 3, l. 2, '*bid*' = abide, or rather abode.

Page 54, st. 2, l. 2, '*bandies*' = drives away or tosses as in the game of tennis, and now of Bandy; but see Introduction, as before, on Tofte's Italianisms.

l. 6, '*ouer*'—query misprint for 'euer'? st. 3, l. 3, '*Exorde*' = persuaded to grant my prayer (*exoratus*).

,, 55, st. 1, l. 4, '*Loves Lobbie*'—a peculiar expression. Query = her mouth generally, but her lips in particular.

,, 57, st. 1, l. 5, '*boord*' = panel.

,, 59, st. 1, l. 2, '*complot*' = plot together; st. 3, l. 6, '*ioy*' = enjoy.

,, 61, st. 1, l. 6, '*Difeafe*' = uneasiness.

,, 63, st. 1, l. 5, '*adulterife*'—another form that Tofte affects; st. 2, l. 6, '*difdained*' = disdainful; st. 3, l. 2, punctuate comma before 'sharper'—the construction is [the] sharper that they shew, the shrewder, &c.; l. 5 = [to] seeke; st. 4, l. 3, '*altering*' = differing.

,, 64, st. 2, l. 2, '*wild*' = willed.

,, 65, st. 2, l. 2, '*dalliance*' = delay; st. 4, l. 5, '*allufive*' = illusive.

,, 66, st. 2—see Introduction; st. 3, l. 2, '*fereniffing*' = enjoying serenity, *i.e.*, in fancied security. Perhaps Tofte meant 'sirenizing' = beauty was playing the siren; st. 4, l. 5, read 'starre-crossed.'

,, 67, st. 2, l. 1, '*Ofpraies*' = osprey or vulture.

,, 68, st. 2, l. 1, '*fteeme*' = esteem; l. 6, '*faire*' = beauty. So *frequenter* in Lodge.

,, 69, st. 3, l. 1—even with 'peereles' as a trisyllable the line (like others) is defective; last line, dated 'Mantua.'

,, 70, st. 1, l. 1, '*liggen*' = lie, recline; st. 2, l. 5, 'CARE . . ILL' = Carill or Caryll = see Introduction; st. 3, l. 5, '*peake*'—Johnson defines it = to make a mean figure, to sneak, and quotes *inter alia*, *Hamlet* (ii, sc. 2):

> "Yet I, a dull and muddy mettled rascal, *peak*
> Like John a-dreames," &c.

st. 4, l. 6, '*Care with L*'—see st. 2, l. 5 and Introduction.

,, 72, st. 2, l. 4, '*[illegible]ment*' = amarement; st. 3, l. 3, '*Quoyne*' = coin; st. 4, l. 2, '*Saft*'—*sic* here and elsewhere = soft—a northern form?

,, 73, st. 4, l. 3, '*Cocitus*' = Cocytus.

,, 74, st. 1, l. 1, '*immur'd*' = surrounded; l. 2, '*Carnatine*' = carnation? —a variant of 'carnadine.'

,, 75, st. 1, l. 1, '*Handkercher*' = handkerchief; st. 4, l. 6, '*Saftly*'—as 'saft' in p. 72, st. 4, l. 2, *et abbi.*

,, 76, st. 1, l. 1, '*ebbie*' = ebony, dark black; l. 2, '*Lauegh and fweete looke on*'—some game or sport apparently. Query—'Laugh and lay down,' a game at cards.

,, 78, st. 1, l. 1, '*[illegible] crofe*' = lamenting, penitent; but see Nares, s.v., full note.

,, [illegible] where 'hawks' are kept; l. 6, '*wherefore*'

= where fore, *i.e.*, where before; st. 2, l. 1, '*Hollow*' = hollo or call.

Page 80, st. 2, l. 4, '*Lawrell*' = poet laurel crowned; st. 4, l. 3, '*ſtraining . . . ſight*' = sight-straining Beauties.

,, 81, st. 3, l. 6, '*falls*' = false.

,, 82, st. 1, l. 4, '*Corſies*' = corrosives: '*rife*'—in the sense of common is still a northern word; st. 4, l. 2, '*ſtalt*'—our misprint for 'ſhalt.'

,, 85, st. 1, l. 1, '*courſe*' = coarse; l. 4, '*line*' = lain; st. 2, l. 1, '*Meſt-full*' = sorrowful, as before; l, 6, '*wretchles*' = retchless, *i.e.*, careless; st. 4, '*Tortoys*' = tortoise — we say the 'crab.'

,, 86, st. 2, l. 5, '*induratise*' = harden; st. 3, l. 6, '*remorſe*' = pity; last line, dated '*Burnham*'—on which see Introduction.

,, 87, st. 4, l. 5, '*Alcinoi daies*' = halycon or peaceful.

,, 88, st. 3, l. 3, '*parture*' = departure; l. 4, '*Tent*' = tenter or frame used by clothiers and dyers for stretching cloth on, *i.e.*, his wits are racked.

,, 91, st. 1-4 — see Introduction.

,, 94, st. 4, l. 5, '*Leſt*' = unless.

,, 95, st. 2, l. 4, '*atonement*' = at-one-ment, reconciliation; st. 4, l. 6, '*muskle*' = muscle.

,, 97, st. 2, l. 4, '*leſt*'—probable misprint for 'leſſe' = unless, but see p. 94; l. 6, '*Trull*' = slattern, and worse, but used, *r. gr.*

,, 98, st. 1, l. 1, '*Say*' = assay; l. 2, '*Corſe*' = corpus, as before.

,, 99, st. 4, l. 1, '*Molle*' = the mole—but see Introduction; l. 3, '*wood*' = mad.

,, 101, st. 4, l. 1 — a proverbial saying; l. 3, '*Alluſions*' = delusions or illusions. Cf. on p. 65, st. 4, l. 5.

,, 102, st. 1, l. 5, '*Carnouale*' = carnival; st. 4, l. 5, '*Petrark*'—see Introduction.

,, 103, st. 4, l. 4, '*rew*' = pity.

,, 104, st. 1-3 — see on these important stanzas our Introduction; st. 2, l. 1. Vide Pliny ii, 55 — not the olive, but the laurel is usually supposed to be exempted from lightning; st. 1, l. 1, '*Tawny and Black*' = mourning colours.

,, 107, st. 3, l. 3, '*Roomth*' = room — why 'th' is added editor knoweth not; but it is not uncommon in authors of the time.

,, 111, st. 4, l. 3, '*vade*' = fade; l. 5, '*Notamie*' = an anatomy, skeleton.

,, 116, st. 1, l. 3, '*raine*' = rein.

,, 117, title page, '*Divine Poems*'— probably a number of shorter 'occasional' pieces are here given as one poem; at any rate only the one poem is in the volume. He continues religously in this poem (or poems) what he has sung 'vainly' in *Alba*.

,, 119, st. 1, l. 4, '*condole*' = mourn or lament? but a somewhat odd use of the word; l. 5, '*knowledge*' = acknowledge; st. 3, l. 5, '*rue*' = pity, as before.

[illegible] = [illegible]. [illegible] 4, '*Tyre*'—his earlier book of [illegible] or accessory title '*Tyre of a Traveller*' (1597); [illegible] 5 '*Stand*'—as in [illegible] '*Stad*' = stump [illegible] See Introduction, [illegible].

- [illegible] = [illegible]
- [illegible]—[illegible] [illegible] 5 '*[illegible]*' = square; l. 6, '*their*' = [illegible] they look in one another's faces, so [illegible] each an aspect of the other.
- [illegible] = [illegible]—the noun '[illegible]' was already com- [illegible] 4, l. 5 '*[illegible]*' = [illegible].
- [illegible] = [illegible].
- [illegible] = collective plural.
- [illegible] = [illegible] as before.
- [illegible]—[illegible] a form affected by Tofte. See Introduction, for other examples.

A. B. G.

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XXXI. ROBERT TOFTE.

Introduction I. i., l. 7, for '*mouth*' read '*month*'; p. xxiv., '*Dnabsuh*' = husband, read backward.

Page 13, l. 3, '*alongſt*'—to be noted. Cf. 94, l. 6.

,, 44, l. 1, '*withouten*,' and 60, l. 1; p. 80, l. 7, *ibid.*

,, 62, l. 10 (from bottom), '*Yearbes*'—noticeable old spelling—pronunciation still, dialectically.

,, 88, l. 13, '*poſte alone*' = all alone.

,, 107, l. 9 (from foot), '*Roomth*'—good old word.

,, 110, st. i. l. 3—qu. '*ſetſt*'?

,, 119, l. 3, '*convertite*'—Shakespearean word.